

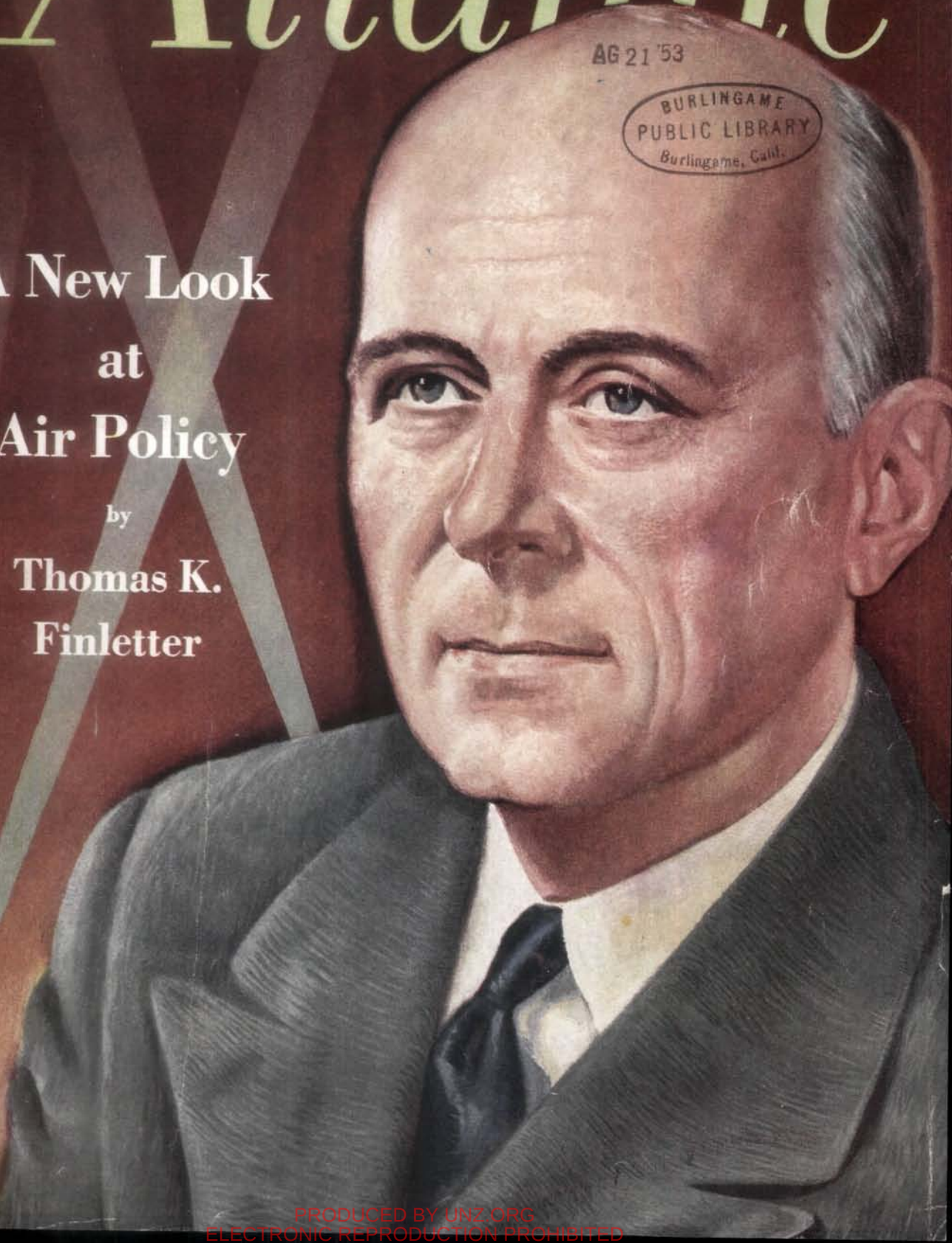
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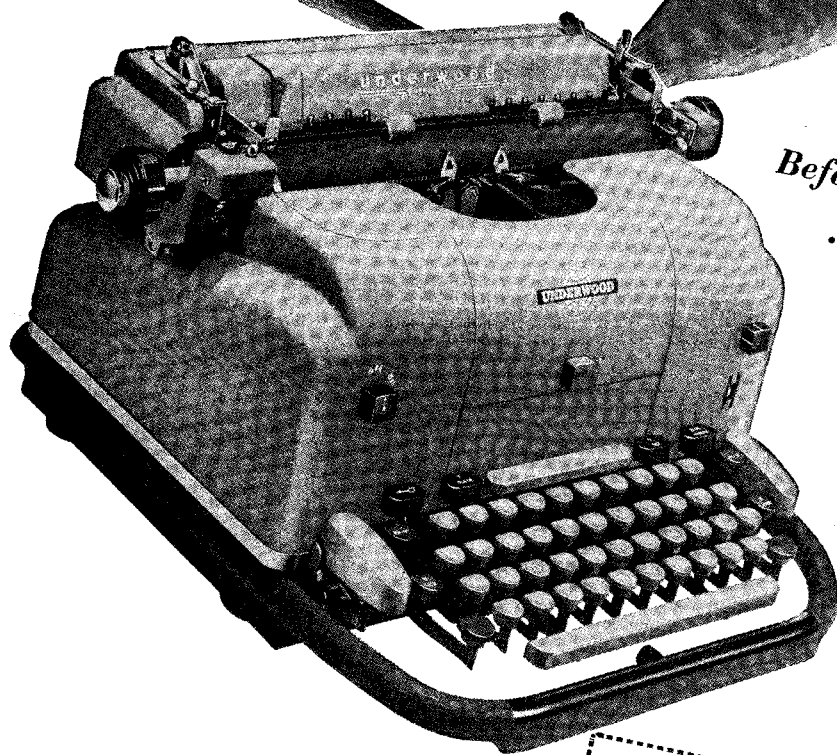
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Washington

UNQUESTIONABLY the most far-reaching issue, foreign or domestic, confronting the Administration is what to do about the hydrogen bomb. It is fitting that in the forefront of those participating in the decision is the man whose persistence was largely responsible for the original determination to go ahead with the development of the H-bomb — Lewis L. Strauss, the new chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

Strauss, a New York investment banker and wartime rear admiral, served previously on the Atomic Energy Commission from 1946 to 1950. He and the immediate past AEC chairman, Gordon Dean, successfully argued the case for the H-bomb against the opposition of David E. Lilienthal and Dean Acheson.

During his previous service on the AEC, Strauss became known as a great dissenter, often constituting the sole opposition within the commission. He had a passion for secrecy, as evidenced by his fight to prevent the shipment of medical radio-isotopes to Sweden. Strauss was an exemplar of a sort of scientific isolationism, though no one ever challenged his knowledge or technical competence.

The hydrogen bomb

Recently, however, there have been indications that Strauss has mellowed in his views and that he favors the release of much more information about atomic matters. A primary reason is that the hydrogen bomb has proved more potent than it was envisaged four years ago, and that, like Frankenstein, it threatens to destroy its creator.

It is no longer a secret that the United States exploded a sort of custom-built thermonuclear —

or hydrogen — weapon in the Pacific last fall. Not only did this device literally obliterate an island one-half by three miles: it also destroyed all the recording instruments, so that its power could only be estimated. Yet this was the Model T stage of thermonuclear development; and scientists are pretty well agreed that the potential of the hydrogen bomb is almost unlimited. One estimate is that the device last fall had an explosive force equivalent to $3\frac{1}{2}$ million tons of TNT. By contrast the plutonium bomb exploded at Hiroshima was calculated to have a force of 20 thousand tons of TNT.

What chills American policy-makers is the forecast that a Russian hydrogen bomb is no more than four years away, perhaps as close as one year. The Administration takes this forecast seriously, especially in view of the unwarranted complacency that attended the early Russian efforts on the plutonium bomb. The effectiveness of American air defense leaves little room for comfort.

That is what is behind the emphasis of the President and his associates on making public more atomic information. For one line of thinking holds that the United States soon must face a showdown with Russia. The only alternative which some of the thinkers see to the possibility of a war of total destruction is effective world disarmament with rigid inspection everywhere. Hence, the thinking goes, the United States should arrange a dramatic demonstration of the H-bomb, coupled with a generous offer to the Soviet Union.

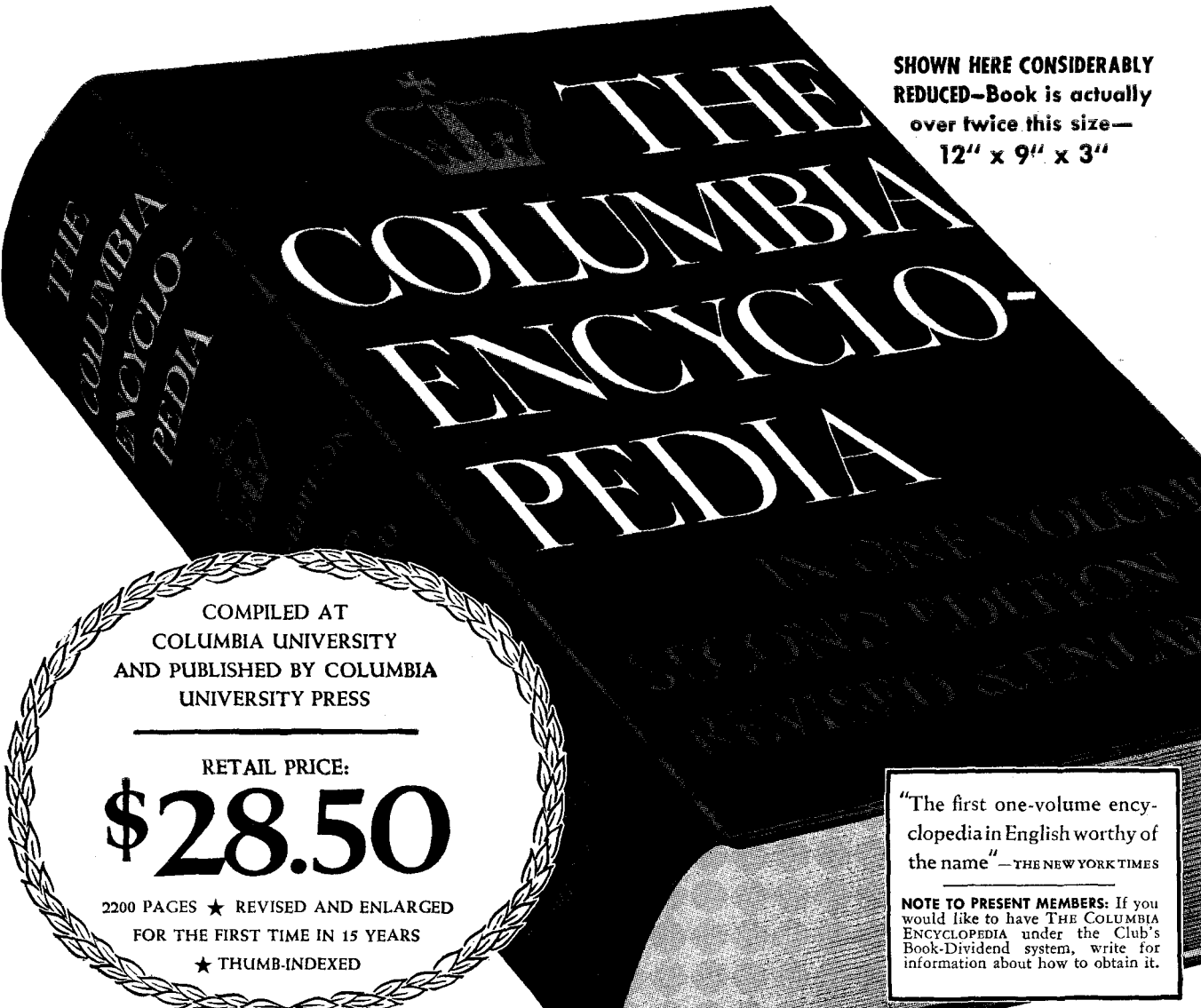
No plan has crystallized, and it is a moot question in any case what this country could bring itself to do if the Russians said no. Thus it is entirely pos-

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



sible that the moral and political hazards implicit in a showdown will lead to a policy based on the hope that American and Russian thermonuclear weapons will somehow cancel themselves out and not be used.

Truce and unification

The heartfelt relief in Washington over the Korean truce was followed by apprehension about the forthcoming political conference. Despite oratory in both parties against admission of Communist China to the United Nations, there was a realization that in all probability this will be a key question. The likelihood stems from the "big etcetera" in the truce—the paragraph providing for discussion of "the peaceful settlement of the Korean question, etcetera."

Moreover, there is growing awareness that the slogan that Red China cannot shoot its way into the UN may have to be reassessed. Fortunately, the capable Lester B. ("Mike") Pearson of Canada, president of the General Assembly, is one of the most trusted statesmen in public life and in a position to mediate between American and British views. The real question is whether there can be any approach to Korean unification without invoking the other Far Eastern issues.

Food behind the Iron Curtain

Secretary Dulles's agreement to go along with Britain and France in a meeting with Russia this fall represented an about-face of American policy on Germany. What brought about the compromise was a last-minute plea from West German Chancellor Adenauer, who faces an election in September, pointing out that the cry for German unity in the wake of the East Berlin riots had become irresistible.

The Germans complained that the United States was inexcusably late in responding to the riots. The American radio station in Berlin, RIAS, is credited by the Germans with having done the most effective job in exploiting the uprising against the Communist overseers of East Germany. But the American food offer, when it finally came, was so delayed that it was viewed as principally a propaganda gambit. Some Germans protested that the East Berliners, like the Warsaw Poles in the 1944 uprising, had been left to wither on the vine.

The offer of food for East Germany, which the Russians promptly rejected, actually was the work of the President's psychological warfare assistant, C. D. Jackson. But the suggestion ran afoul of

State Department fears that the food might go to the wrong people, as well as of objections by Commodity Credit Corporation lawyers who insisted on reimbursement for the surplus items.

It was the ouster of Beria that finally induced the Administration to cut through the red tape and make the offer of food, which presumably would be paid for with Mutual Security funds. If the incident did nothing else, it served to point up the cost of hesitation. For, to be fully effective, psychological warfare must be carried out quickly and without advertising.

Is German unity good for Europe?

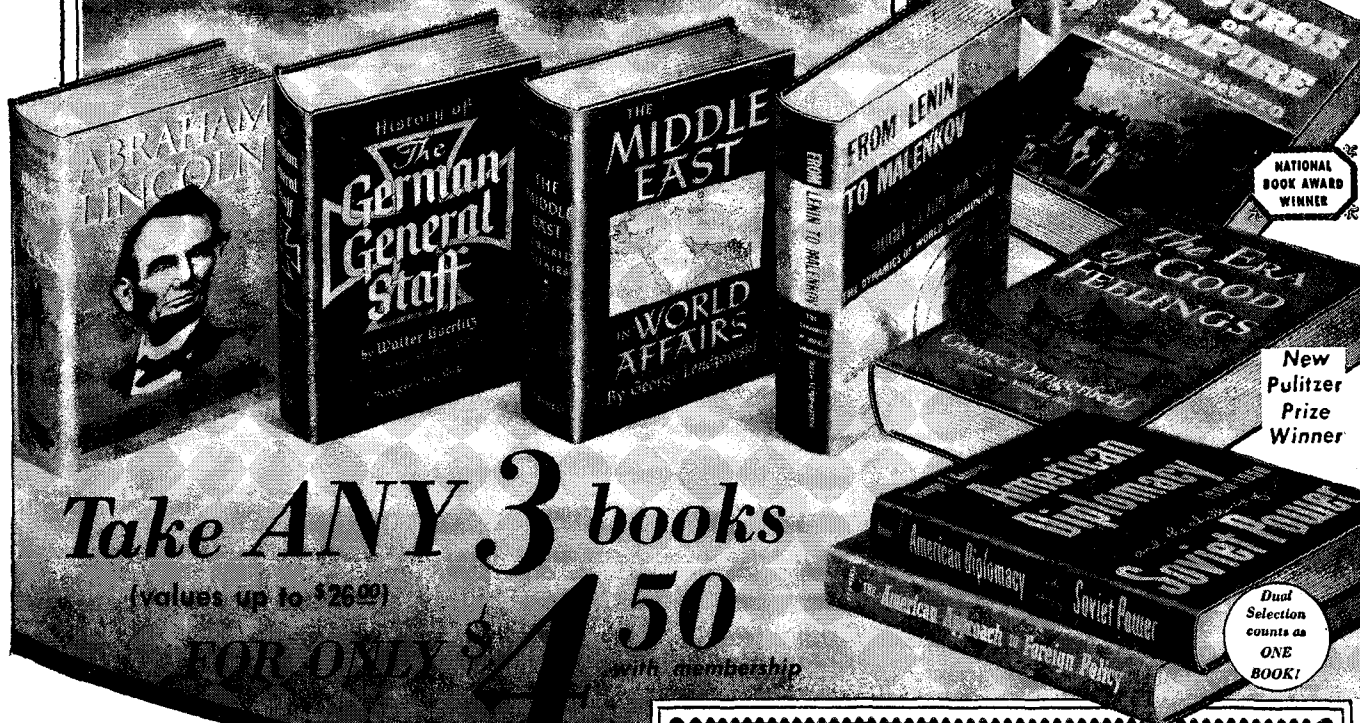
The question of German unity will be a severe test of the resiliency of American policy. Since the Bonn government of West Germany came into being four years ago, a fundamental aim of American policy has been to Europeanize Germany. Indeed, the concept of European unity including a Germany facing westward has been one of Dulles's most cherished dreams.

This aim has been grounded in two practical considerations: 1) a realization urged by NATO military men that only with German manpower can Western Europe be readily defended, and 2) a concurrent realization that only through absorption of Germany into Europe can the danger of German national military power be avoided. The objective was to bring about European unity before German unity became a distraction.

Ironically, the more enthusiastic Adenauer became over a European army as suggested by France, the less sure the French became. Actually, despite the advent of the Schuman Plan on coal and steel, the seeds of continued national fragmentation were sown in the failure to insist in the Marshall Plan on more meaningful steps toward European federation. Some officials here have believed that France would ratify the European Defense Community if only to impose a share of the armament burden on Germany, whose economic resurgence has worried the French. But Secretary Dulles's repeated insistence that EDC is the only way has seemed merely to raise the price.

Unity, to be sure, would not necessarily turn out to be to the Russian advantage in the sense of a Russo-German accord. The harsh treatment of East Germany, plus the fact that several hundred thousand Germans are reported still held by the Russians as slave laborers, probably means that there would be no love for the Communists in a

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unified state. There also is always a chance that in the last analysis the Russians would not agree to free elections in East Germany because of the effect on the satellites.

But if German unity should progress, there unquestionably would be a great spur to both neutralism and ultranationalism in Germany. In agreeing to the inevitable, Dulles is still gambling that the statecraft of the aged Chancellor Adenauer will somehow contrive to keep Germany allied with the West in the larger aim of European unity.

Unlocking the door

Although the Administration was forced to abandon part of its legislative program during the last-minute scramble in Congress, it made a valiant effort on behalf of its plan to admit 240,000 additional immigrants. This plan was designed to make visas available to refugees from behind the Iron Curtain as well as to help relieve population pressures in Italy and Greece and to aid flood victims in Holland.

The bill by no means lifts the onerous restrictions on immigration imposed by the McCarran-Walter Act. Indeed, one of the major defects lies in the fact that under the McCarran-Walter Act, refugees must be able to demonstrate five years of overt opposition to Communism; and such opposition behind the Iron Curtain is often tantamount to a death warrant.

But the Administration decided that half a loaf is better than none. What is remarkable about the bill is that the White House induced one of the most conservative Republicans, Senator Watkins of Utah, to sponsor it, and even obtained the support of the isolationist Senator Dirksen. One report is that in return the Administration allowed Senator Watkins to name a candidate for the directorship of the Bureau of Mines—a point that later caused the President some embarrassment when he had to withdraw the nomination because of the candidate's views on mine safety.

Despite the sponsorship by eighteen Senators and broad support by religious bodies, the bill encountered almost fanatical opposition from Senator McCarran and Representative Walter. McCarran resorted to nu-

merous stalling devices to prevent the Judiciary Committee from acting, thus infuriating Senator Watkins, and he even threatened to delay the adjournment of Congress. The experience served one salient purpose in opening some eyes in the White House to what a formidable foe McCarran can be.

Realistic interest rates

Treasury Secretary Humphrey ran into a barrage of criticism over Federal debt management during the closing days of Congress. In particular there were complaints that in raising the interest rate on long-term bonds to 3¼ per cent the Treasury was unnecessarily liberal and added to financing charges.

The Treasury acknowledges a mistake in not limiting the sale of the new issue to insurance companies and the like, and in not excluding the speculative free riders. It cites the recovery of the bond prices, however, as an indication of the basic soundness of the decision not to continue the artificial pegging of interest rates.

Despite occasional depression talk and some concern about the automobile industry, the prevailing belief is that the main pressures are still inflationary. This belief is heightened by the large remaining backlog of defense spending as well as by the Truman Administration's blunder in underestimating the 1953 cash deficit by \$2 billion.

The move by the Federal Reserve Board to lessen reserve requirements for member banks was supported by the Treasury as necessary to relieve a temporary shortage in the capital market. But the Treasury believes that basically the economy still is best served by a combination of realistic interest rates and an effort to place as much as possible of the government debt on a long-term basis.

Mood of the Capital

As the Administration enjoys a respite from the Congressional session, there are signs that it has learned a few lessons from its attempts to compromise with Congress. The philosophy of compromise is generally thought to have been urged on the President by three principal sources: Major General Wilton B. Persons (retired), the White House liaison man with Congress; Vice President Nixon;

and the President's brother, Dr. Milton Eisenhower. One acquaintance of Milton attributes to him a three-point credo: 1) never lose your temper; 2) always compromise; 3) never cut a man's ears off unless you are willing to cut his head off.

On a number of occasions, however, the President has found that unlimited compromise does not work. And at the close of the session there were indications of firmer leadership. One was on the extension of the excess profits tax, which the Administration and its leaders in Congress handled with considerable finesse. Another was on the stand against the extremes of McCarthyism.

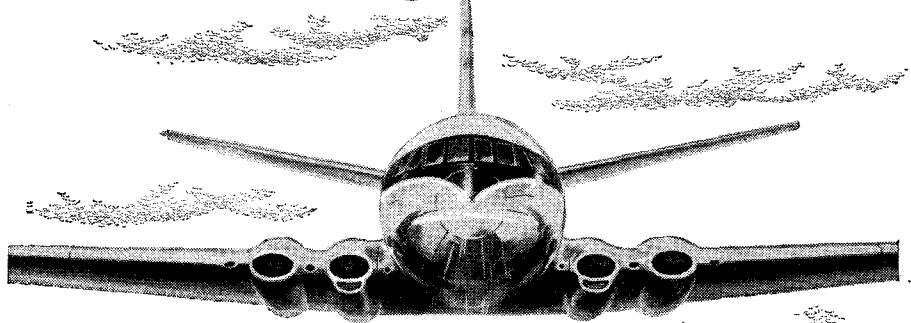
In appointing J. B. Matthews as executive director of the Permanent Investigating Subcommittee, with no vote of approval, McCarthy angered large Protestant groups which felt themselves slandered by Matthews's attack on the clergy. In attempting to divert attention by investigating the CIA, McCarthy forced the Administration to safeguard the secrecy of the CIA. In threatening libel action against the Americans for Democratic Action for distributing reprints of the buried report of the Senate Elections Subcommittee, McCarthy invited a test in court of the truth of the charges about his financial manipulations.

Moreover, in his attacks on Senator Monroney and on the three Democrats who resigned from his subcommittee, McCarthy pointed up the issue of Senate responsibility for what he does with his subcommittee. In fact he united the Senate Democrats, including such respected conservatives as Senators Byrd and McClellan. This in turn has had an effect on the Republicans, who have been struggling to maintain a façade of party unity.

It is still possible, of course, for the Administration to undercut through timidity the victory over McCarthyism. But there is good reason to believe that its strategy is now deliberate. When, with White House knowledge, three representatives of the National Conference of Christians and Jews sent a telegram excoriating the attacks on the clergy, the President promptly replied that such attacks are "alien to America." And those words will stick.

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Indo-China

As the summer monsoon rains poured down, the French in Indo-China were being plagued with the results of their own half-way policies — the half-hearted war they have waged on the Viet Minh for seven years and the half-measure of freedom they have granted the three Associated States.

Under the terms of agreements France made in 1949 with Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos, these governments are now independent “within the French Union” and may “exercise to the fullest extent all the attributes and prerogatives which pertain to [their] internal sovereignty.” Their independence has been recognized by thirty-seven nations. Vietnam has diplomatic representation in the principal capitals of the Free World, and Cambodia and Laos would also if they could afford it.

But sovereignty involves power, and the power in Indo-China, or in those sections not controlled by the Viet Minh, is in the hands of the French. A French general whose name, Henri Navarre, fascinates the symbolists of the publicity office is the commander-in-chief of all the armed forces. French officers “advise” the high commands of the armies of the three states, and many of their units are commanded by French officers and trained by French noncoms.

Officials of the three governments are French-trained former functionaries in the old colonial administration. Those in the top jobs were selected for their posts by the French. In key areas where France has a strong military or economic interest, as in the port of Haiphong, or in Moncay on the Chinese border, a French *délégué* is stationed, again to “advise” the official nominally in charge.

It is against this behind-the-scenes control that the young King of Cambodia has been protesting so vigorously. In his outbursts of righteousness, Norodom Sihanouk has shown courage, energy, and a clever sense of public relations. He has maneuvered the French into a corner.

If they give in to his demands, it will be apparent to the world that they have knuckled under and they will be forced to grant similar concessions to

Vietnam, where their military situation is far more parlous than in Cambodia, and where they have need of some firm controls. If they hold out, they will be stamped as tyrants. Viet Minh propagandists know how to make use of their dilemma.

Paris decides

If the French were as able in the field of public relations as their enemy and their protégé, they would long since have issued an uncompromising promise of complete independence for all of Indo-China — after the war. Even now such a declaration would give the peoples of Indo-China a new outlook on the struggle.

The announcement could be exploited by newspapers, by posters, by tracts dropped over enemy areas, and by word of mouth. It would counteract the Red propaganda about French imperialism. It would convince the people of the French-controlled areas, most of whom are now quite apathetic about the war, that victory would have some real meaning. It should even put some pep into the lagging spirits of the Vietnamese troops in the field.

The reasons why the French continue to hold out against making such an announcement lie not in Saigon but in Paris. As it is on so many subjects, the Chamber of Deputies is divided right down the middle on the question of Indo-China. The parties of the Right support the war and vote to continue it. The parties of the Left want France to pull out of Asia.

The actual split comes somewhere in the ranks of the Radical Socialists. Pierre Mendès-France of that party, who failed by only three votes to form a government during the extended crisis in the summer, had often expressed his desire to “negotiate” with Ho Chi Minh. That means, in effect, to give up the fight. Enough members of his own party voted against him on that issue to prevent his becoming premier.

Among the parties of the Right but not from any one of them, there is said in Saigon to be a solid bloc of forty votes which concentrate on maintaining France's power in the former colonies. In a par-

liament as delicately balanced as the Chamber of Deputies, forty votes throw more weight than their mere numerical value. No cabinet of the Right-Center can be formed without the support of this bloc.

The deputies who cast those votes are the voices of the firms with huge investments in Indo-China, such as Denis Frères, the coastal shippers, and Chargeurs Réunis, the consolidated shipping line between Europe and Saigon. Then there are the corporations owning rubber plantations and coal mines, and the large import-export houses. Indo-China was, before the war, a profitable proposition. It could be again. But the investors fear for their properties. They think independence has gone far enough, that the firm hand of French control is needed to stave off expropriation.

How strong is Tam?

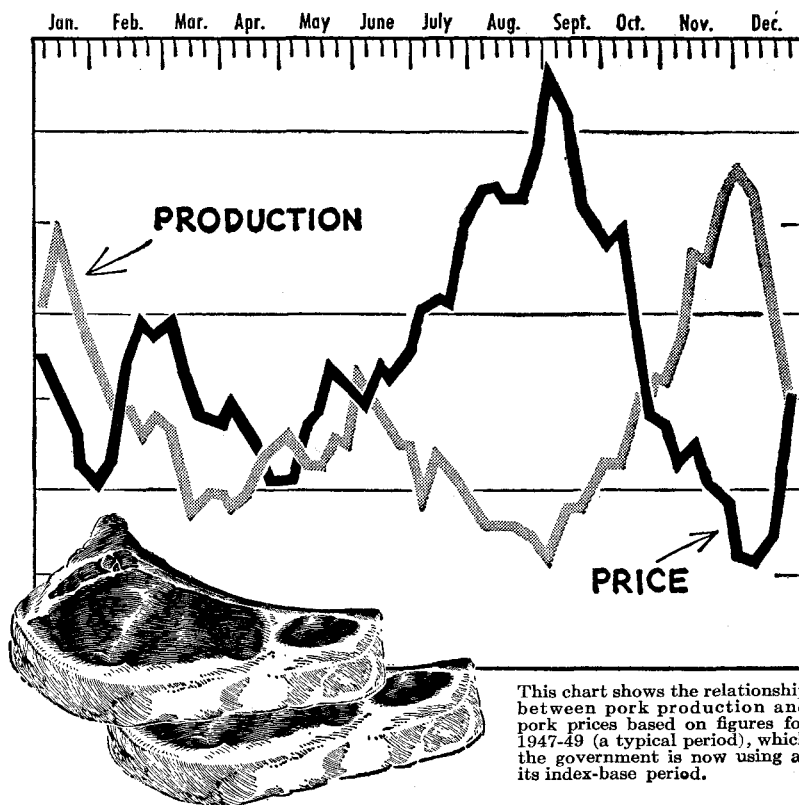
Vietnam is by far the largest and most important of the three states. It runs for 1200 miles along the coast of the China Sea, from China in the north to Siam in the southwest. It comprises the old French colony of Cochin China in the south and the protectorates of Annam in the center and Tonkin in the north. Although the capital is Saigon, in the south, the war is run from Hanoi, in the north, which has become a sort of second capital.

Monarch of the 22 million Vietnamese is Bao Dai, descendant of the Annamese emperors. The French brought him out of retirement to seat him on the throne in 1949. He had retired in 1946 when the French for a few months recognized the Vietnamese Republic of Ho Chi Minh, still recognized as the legal government by all the Iron Curtain countries.

There is no national legislature in Vietnam. Government is by fiat. The premier, Nguyen Van Tam, who was appointed by Bao Dai, has the dubious distinction of being the only prime minister of a modern state to hold citizenship in another nation. He and more than half his cabinet are French citizens, thanks to their pre-war status as colonial civil servants in Cochin China.

Tam describes himself as a "moderate nationalist." He operates on the premise that no small, weak country like Vietnam can hope to

What law sends pork prices up in summer... down again in winter?



This chart shows the relationship between pork production and pork prices based on figures for 1947-49 (a typical period), which the government is now using as its index-base period.

THE well-known law of *supply and demand*. With pork, it works like this:

More than half the pigs are born in spring—also according to law, the *law of nature*. They spend a good 6 months growing to pork chop size.

As a result, fewer pigs are ready for market during the summer months. And meat packers have to pay higher prices in order to get enough pork to fill customers' orders.

Then, along about the time the first leaves fall, all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens as with any other perishable commodity (strawberries, eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

The price just naturally goes down!

The chart above shows how the cycle goes. *Less pork—higher prices*

through the summer followed by *more pork, lower prices* during the winter.

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exist in the world of today without a powerful friend and protector. His attempt to ally himself with French hounds and nationalist hares has made him the butt of criticism from both sides. The French think him ungrateful for past favors because of his annoying requests. He keeps pressing, for instance, for additional Vietnamese generals; there are only two in the whole Vietnamese army of 200,000 troops. He is also insisting on the evacuation by the French of the imposing Norodom Palace, a little Versailles in Saigon where the Commissioner General has his office.

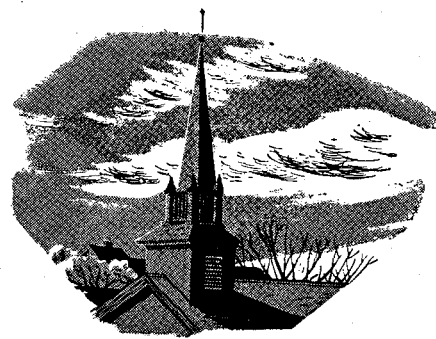
On the other hand the Vietnamese resent Tam's toadying to the French on major issues. They say that his land reform bill was loaded to favor the big French plantation owners.

Vietnam security measures

It is not easy to judge how strong the current of opposition to Tam is running. All newspapers are strictly censored. They cannot publish a word of criticism of the Tam government, of Bao Dai, or of the French. Furthermore each day Saigon's seventeen Vietnamese and Chinese editors receive from the censor a list of official releases which must appear in the next day's editions. They may be ordered to praise the minister of veterans' affairs for a speech on pensions, or to report that the wife of General Nguyen Van Tam visited wounded soldiers in the hospital.

The whole of each paper, including the advertisements, is combed by the censor just before the presses roll. Editors who have violated censorship have found their papers suspended for six weeks, and in extreme cases they themselves have wound up in concentration camps.

A Vietnamese may be arrested by any of four types of secret police: either the military or the civilian "security branch" of either the Vietnamese government or the French High Commissioner. There is no such thing as habeas corpus. Saigon residents say an arrested citizen rarely is told the charges made against him. The police power is intended as a security measure against the Viet Minh underground. Vietnamese blame both Premier Tam and the French for using it as a political weapon where no issue of Communism is involved.



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If there is a real focal point for the combined anti-Tam, anti-French, anti-Viet Minh sentiment, it lies in the person of the able and intelligent governor of North Vietnam, Nguyen huu Tri. From the point of view of national politics his Tonkinese background is a drawback. However, he is so strong a rival of Tam that the premier fired him from his post a year ago. Six months later, under pressure from Bao Dai, Tam was forced to recall him.

The war in the delta

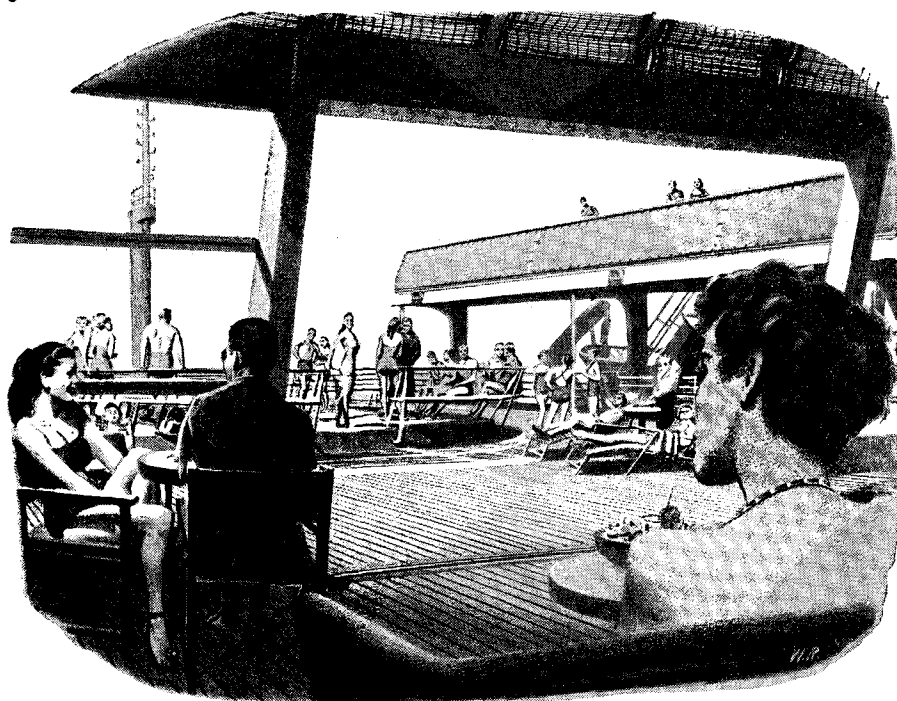
In Hanoi a visitor from the outside world really becomes conscious of the closeness of the war. Because Cochinchina has been fairly successfully cleared of Viet Minh guerrillas, Saigon radiates a false aura of peace. By day in Hanoi trucks rattle through the streets in convoys of soldiers — French, Vietnamese, Moroccans, Algerians, Senegalese, and Germans of the Foreign Legion. By night, in the distance, is the rumble of artillery.

In the Red River delta and in the mountains of the Tai country, the French have been losing the war. After six years of fighting they still don't control the rich rice lands of the delta. They collect from the area only one third of the pre-war level of rice production. Some of the missing two thirds has been lost because land is out of cultivation. Most of it is going to supply the Viet Minh.

French armored units patrol the delta during the day, but by night the Franco-Vietnamese troops retire to their blockhouses. Then the Viet Minh move about the delta at will. Many a rice farmer who watches from his paddy, as the tanks move by in the daytime, changes his role after dark to plant a string of mines along the roads or to lob a few mortar shells into the nearest French outpost.

The entire French strategy has been built around protection of the delta. To maintain even its tenuous daylight hold on the rice fields, the High Command has sacrificed all the mountain areas the Viet Minh have chosen to attack.

As tokens of counteroffensives, the French hang on to a few fortified posts scattered through the hills of northwestern Vietnam. The two most important are Nasan, where the Foreign Legion beat off a series of



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major Viet Minh assaults last fall, and Laichau, far up in the corner of Indo-China on the Yunnan border. Using coolie labor, the Franco-Vietnamese troops dig themselves into a perimeter defense around an airstrip. When they are surrounded, they get supplies by air from Hanoi. The garrisons are troops that might well be used to form a mobile reserve.

It was this strategy of retreating to strong points that the High Command chose to employ in Laos when the Viet Minh attacked that sleepy little country in April. The French abandoned a new \$100,000 airstrip at Sam Neua, just built with American money, to retire to a prepared position on the Plaine des Jarres.

The Viet Minh by-passed that plateau without firing a shot and headed for Luang-prabang, home of the King of Laos. In a panic the High Command flew five battalions of troops to transform that peaceful town into another hedgehog. The Viet Minh, influenced by the approach of the rainy season or by orders from Moscow and Peking, withdrew without testing the defenses of either position. The French claimed a victory.

One thing observers of the war were not able to understand was why General Raoul Salan never took advantage of his strategic position at Nasan. There some 5000 well-trained troops were stationed less than 100 miles from the trail along which most of the Viet Minh supplies had to move into Laos. The officers and soldiers of this polyglot army are professionals. If ordered to take the offensive, they will attack with efficiency and skill.

Early in his command General Navarre began talking about attacking and ending the war in eighteen months. In mid-July 5000 French Union paratroopers landed at Langson in the Tonkin delta, 10 miles from the Chinese frontier, blew up bridges, captured the garrison, and threatened to cut supply lines. The French claimed a clear victory here, but an offensive on a major scale means sizable casualties, and casualties are anathema to ministers in Paris whose government must face a vote of confidence every day, and to deputies who may be tumbled into an election any week. From 10,000 miles away, even victory doesn't seem worth the cost in blood and votes.

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South Africa

PRIME MINISTER D. F. Malan's smashing victory in South Africa's general election on April 15 means the likelihood of a long period of Nationalist Party government. About a million English-speaking South Africans are resigning themselves to playing a minor political role in their homeland, although it promises to include a militant rear-guard action against the Afrikanerization of the country.

The fact is that Dr. Malan's victory, which substantially increased his control of Parliament, was won on less than a majority of the votes cast. Robert Stimson, BBC correspondent, made this explanation: "In the general election more people voted against the Nationalists than for them. This was because South Africa has and has always had an electoral system that makes a country vote more valuable than a town vote. The founders of the Union thought it reasonable that there should be a weightage in favor of the sparsely populated Platteland constituencies. It is in the Platteland, or countryside, that the National Party has its most solid core of support, and this explains why the National Party, although it secured fewer than half the total number of votes, won a decisive victory in terms of parliamentary seats."

To the outside world it may seem obvious that the Union's most urgent problem is to create immediately a social pattern giving hope and a voice to the 10 million non-Europeans in the multiracial society. To South Africans, on the other hand, the crux of the political struggle lies between the two white nations and their ideologies. The Nationalist Afrikaner aim is to create South Africans in the Afrikaner National-Socialist image, with the Afrikaner white, his language, and his flag paramount. The Opposition ideal is a South African nation in which the two nationalities — English and Boer — would fuse.

In July, Parliament sat in joint session to determine whether or not 48,000 voting Coloreds of mixed blood should be taken off the common roll and given communal franchise with four representatives in Parliament. So it would appear that the struggle really centers on race policy.

But this semblance is more apparent than real. In South Africa's constitution the same clause that entrenches protection of the Coloreds' voting rights — which they have held for one hundred years — protects the equal status of the two European languages, English and Afrikaans. A threat to the Colored franchise is an equal threat to the status of English, and it is this indirect threat to the language which musters the greatest opposition to changing the Colored vote.

The Nationalists' majority of 29 in the lower house of Parliament is not enough to give them the two-thirds vote required by the Constitution on this particular issue. To pass their bill to segregate the Coloreds, the Nationalists will have to persuade 15 of the Opposition to go along.

As bait the Nationalists have proposed re-entrenching the status of English, but their promises carry little weight because of past Nationalist attempts to circumvent the Constitution and because of Nationalist determination to invalidate the testing right of the High Court of Appeal, South Africa's Supreme Court.

The Opposition has a great fear that, given a Parliament whose Acts could neither be limited by the Constitution nor tested by the courts, a Broederbond Republic, based on Boer white supremacy, might be put over. So for these reasons, more than through concern for Colored rights, a change in the Colored franchise by extraconstitutional means is opposed. The bill failed of passage on the first two readings. A third reading was then scheduled for August 19.

Natal's new party

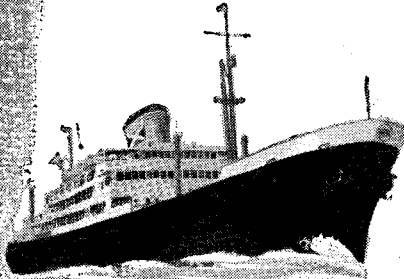
Out of post-election soul-searching and the current constitutional crisis two new parties have been born since the Nationalist victory, each of them expressing some phase of the Opposition's frustration and indicating future strategy.

From Natal, the most English of the four provinces, comes the Federal Union Party. Its object is to reshape, within the Act of Union, the present quasi-unitary system to one of federation and so,

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Federalists say, protect the white minority and a large part of the non-European population. Many leaders of the movement come from the ranks of the Torch Commando, the militant servicemen's organization, once 150,000 strong, which worked with the United Party in the effort to defeat the Nationalists.

With the backing of the Opposition press, the federal plan has been derided by the United Party leader, J. G. N. Strauss, as a "constitutional monstrosity." However, it provides an alternative to the Nationalists' Broederbond Republic and may act as a brake on extremists within the Nationalist Party.

Its appeal is to those who, like its instigator, Senator Heaton Nicholls, feel that the Union has completely failed and that the English-speaking people "are to be driven out of South Africa." So thoughtful a recruit as Arthur Keppel-Jones, lecturer in history at Witwatersrand University and author of the prophetic *When Smuts Goes*, looks on it as a move to rescue a part of the Union from subjugation and emigration and to save the whites from being driven into the sea.

How far Natal, with its great Indian population and anti-Indian feeling, will go toward the party's principle of a "progressive rather than repressive non-European policy" probably will determine its strength. Initially, at least, it frightened the Nationalists into angry threats of economic reprisal.

The Minister of Economic Affairs, Eric Louw, warned Natal that the province, with its great seaport of Durban and its sugar industry and hydroelectric plants, could hardly expect its usual share of foreign capital and foreign currency because, he claimed, its political attitude "greatly harmed South Africa's credit in the United States." Nationalist opponents wonder wryly why espousal of federation is less legitimate than espousal of a republic.

Margaret Ballinger's Liberals

A Liberal Party also has, at last, been organized, which will give a home to the Union's many liberals and, at the very least, serve as an educational forum. Except for the defunct Communist Party, it is the

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only political party in the nation's history open throughout the country to Europeans and non-Europeans alike. Its policy is to return to the old Cape Colony policy of equal rights for all civilized persons and opportunity for all to become civilized, as Margaret Ballinger, M.P. and president of the party, describes it.

In 1937 cool, blue-eyed Mrs. Ballinger left her post as lecturer in history at Witwatersrand University to campaign for representative among the natives in the eastern Cape Province, and she has been returned ever since. Her Scotch father was a burgher of the old Orange Free State who fought with the Boers, but no pro-Boer sympathy has blinded her to the just demands of others of whatever color.

In and out of Parliament she has championed non-Europeans, and when she rises to speak in the House of Assembly even the Nationalists, for the most part, listen respectfully. Now she presides over the Liberal Party, flanked by Alan Paton, author of *Cry, the Beloved Country*, and Afrikaner Leo Marquard, head of the Oxford University Press in South Africa.

The new opposition

The strongest Government-supporting newspaper, the *Transvaler*, describes these parties as "un-South African in essence" and concludes "they hate the Afrikaner Nationalist so much and are so powerless to overcome him with their own resources that they do not scruple to seek recruits for their fight among the non-European proletariat."

The Liberal Party, however, is patted on the back by the Opposition press, which sees in it a check on extremists. Almost with a sigh of relief, the party is welcomed by United Party supporters as evidence to which all whites can point to prove to non-Europeans that they have friends among Europeans.

Although these new parties will weaken the official Opposition by contesting United Party seats in provincial and parliamentary elections, they will unite in fighting Nationalist racial and constitutional policies, so to that extent they are in opposition. At any rate, Opposition and Government supporters alike

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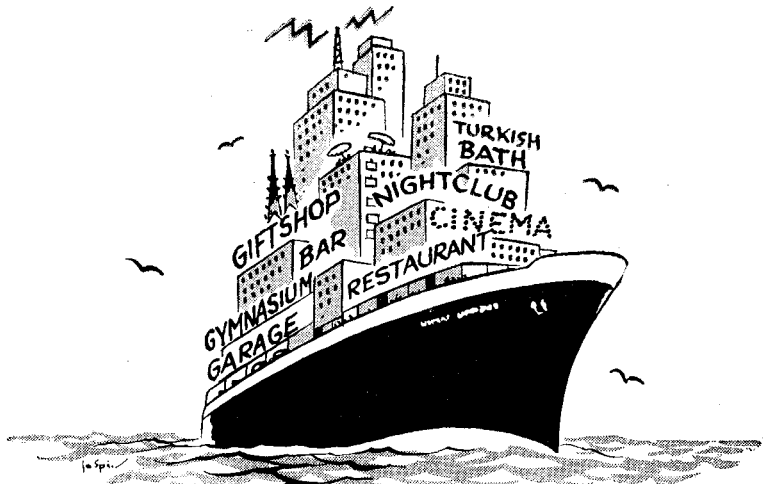
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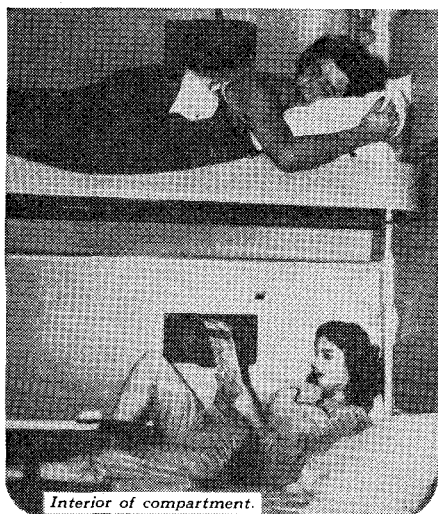
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agree that they clear the air and provide expression for the hard thinking which the fight of the general election generated.

Rift among the Nationalists

In Nationalist ranks as well, there are signs of a rift. Here it centers on the pace at which they should move toward a republic. From the Prime Minister down, there is agreement on the goal of a republic but division with respect to timing. Basically, it is an isolationist versus nonisolationist disagreement.

On his return from the Coronation, Prime Minister Malan stated that South Africa would remain within the Commonwealth because "in the present state of the world no people can follow a policy of isolation." At the same time, of course, he reaffirmed the Nationalist Government's republican policy.

Yet on Coronation Day pro-republic protest meetings were held in several towns, and various Republican Leagues were formed. There were speeches in which the Governor General was described as a symbol of "the Afrikaner's servitude," and the people were warned that "the hair of a Samson of his people (Prime Minister Malan) who is going to lay his head in the lap of a Delilah in a palace (Queen Elizabeth II) may be shorn."

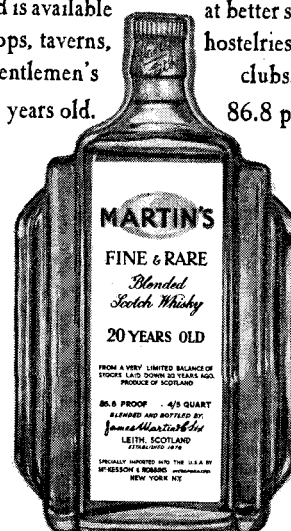
During the Prime Minister's absence the Acting Prime Minister, J. G. Strydom, Minister of Lands and most uncompromising republican leader in the party, took occasion to state that the Nationalist Party is a republican party "in its soul and essence."

For a time the 79-year-old Prime Minister can be counted on to hold his disciplined party in line. What might follow should Mr. Strydom, who is regarded within the party as a somewhat controversial figure, succeed him as Prime Minister is the question that many South Africans are now pondering.

Undoubtedly, responsible leaders on both sides see that the upshot of his disaffection could, if extremist irritates extremist, precipitate the creation of an Ulster and a republic. This danger should cause hotheads to walk warily.

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The Russians in Focus

by
HAROLD J. BERMAN

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However confusing, this splintering is healthy for the country, for at last it seems that South Africans are facing their problem, the English-speaking in particular. Since the Boer War the Afrikaner has been gathering strength to turn that defeat into victory, which he felt he grasped in the 1953 election. The Nationalist Party is the political expression of militant Afrikanerdom.

Now it is the turn of the English-speaking South African to mobilize his forces behind his democratic faiths, and in doing so he cannot escape the need to hammer out a race policy based on Western civilization's concept of the worth of the individual. Otherwise he must move into the Nationalist camp. So these new parties are evidence that he is beginning to see that his survival in South Africa is knit as closely to enlightened race policy as the Nationalist Afrikaner's is allied to white supremacy.

The racial struggle

As in the American Civil War, South Africa's conflict is a constitutional one aggravated and enflamed by differences in racial attitude, although no one expects armed conflict, however often the dread words "civil war" have been bandied about in the past year. In the midst of 10 million non-Europeans both sides draw back from that abyss. Yet the issues remain comparable to those that caused the Civil War, and South Africans in both camps are preparing themselves for a long struggle to win the nationhood they never have achieved.

The ABC of the struggle is that if Afrikaner supremacy is not acceptable, white supremacy also must be rejected, for one presupposes the other. English-speaking South Africans and their many democratic Afrikaner friends are beginning to see this at last, and to consider what kind of country they wish to see fifty years, instead of a mere five years, from now.

The new parties express the new attitude, although they are only straws in the wind at the moment. But forty years ago the Afrikaner Bond was little more, and today its descendant is the Broederbond, which works underground for a National-Socialist republic and to which the Prime Minister and most of the Cabinet belong.

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What, for example, did God's angel mean when he said:

"Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women..."?

Was she to be "full of grace" only temporarily—and "blessed amongst women" only during her life on earth?

This is not reasonable in view of Mary's unique role as the earthly mother of the Son of God. Nor can we discard and forget Mary if we believe Holy Scripture, for there we find Mary's words (Luke 1:48): "...henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Where, excepting among Catholics, does anyone honor Mary as did God Himself?

"But," you may insist, "show me a miracle! And prove that the Blessed Virgin had anything to do with it."

We might, of course, recall that Christ's mother appeared to Bernadette at Lourdes in France, and that scientifically-authenticated cures have been occurring there ever since. Or we might cite similar apparitions to the three children at Fatima, Portugal, and the subsequent awesome spectacle of the sun spinning and dancing on its axis and then seeming to plunge toward the earth... a spectacle witnessed by 70,000 persons. And we could mention Mary's prophecies concerning the conditions under which Russia would be converted.

But Catholics don't require earth-



shaking supernatural demonstrations to attest Mary's love, nor to prove her influence at the throne of God. It's the little "miracles" that take place in their daily lives when... in faith and trust... they pray: "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee..."

Catholics pray for one another. They also ask the saints in Heaven to join them in prayer. "I believe," says the Apostles' creed, "in the communion of saints." And Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is in Catholic hearts the greatest of the saints. So we ask her to intercede for us with God... and God has often performed miracles in answer to her prayer.

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India to America



WE are happy to announce that beginning in the October issue, *The Atlantic* in co-operation with Intercultural Publications, Inc., will bring its readers a series of supplements devoted to the arts and letters of various foreign countries. The first of these supplements, *Perspective of India*, will present the work of contemporary writers and painters of India selected by Harvey Breit, Assistant Editor of the New York Times Book Review. The second, edited by Charles Rolo of the Atlantic staff, will appear early in 1954 and will deal with the Low Countries. A third on Japan is now in contemplation.

Intercultural Publications was established in 1952 by The Ford Foundation to help bring about better world understanding through the exchange of cultural materials. Examples of the cultural achievements of our own country are disseminated abroad by the magazine *Perspectives USA*, which is published quarterly in English, French, German and Italian. In the Atlantic Supplements a cross-section of the culture of other lands will be brought to American readers.

Our first Supplement, *Perspective of India*, is a selection of the work of contemporary Indian authors. In it will be found essays tracing the Western influence in India and others discussing the problems which face the world's newest and largest republic in a troubled world; papers on the spiritual influence of Gandhi; articles on Indian music, dance and film; a medley of short stories; an anthology of Indian poetry translated from the vernacular languages and color reproductions of contemporary Indian art.

Edward Weeks

Editor of the *Atlantic*

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Can the Liberals Rally?"

SIR:

Mayor Joseph S. Clark's article, "Can the Liberals Rally?" (July *Atlantic*), is a monument to the potential of democracy.

With the best interests of the survival of our country as a vital agent of Christian endeavor throughout the world, Mayor Clark has equated the implication of liberalism with the ideological as well as practical elements of American strength. It is this strength of Christian ideas, as well as the evidence of their daily practice, upon which the United States must rest its case.

Whether Republicans or Democrats, it is my most fervent hope that under President Eisenhower we can re-evaluate our democracy and ourselves, accepting the great challenge of individual contribution which Mayor Clark's timely words suggest.

WILLIAM V. BROKAW
U.S.S. Monssen DD-798
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SIR:

Mayor Joseph S. Clark's definition of a liberal as "one who believes in utilizing the full force of government for the advancement of social, political, and economic justice at the municipal, state, national, and international levels" is most unfortunate. The identification of liberalism with this particular approach to government is the very rock on which the liberal movement in this country has foundered in the past decade.

Liberalism is too all-embracing to be so narrowly defined. The rise of Protestantism; the development of the political ideas which spawned the

French and American Revolutions; and, in economics, the triumph of the free market over mercantilism, all may properly be identified as liberal movements. Obviously, resort to government action is no common denominator which explains the essence of liberalism.

A liberal is one who advocates the progressive reform of existing institutions (or, at times, the defense of existing institutions) to the end that individual rights and dignity may be affirmed, human existence ennobled, and the general welfare uplifted. It is the function of the liberal to build a house in which conservatism may be prevailed upon to abide, and then to advance to a new frontier and build another.

It is perhaps understandable that Mayor Clark, being both a reform Democrat and a liberal, should consider the prevailing *idée fixe* of the former to be the intention of the latter. But in making this unsound assumption, he necessarily fails to establish a position about which American liberals today can rally with the moral force he rightfully recognizes as being essential.

EDWIN C. KEPLER
Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR:

Mayor Clark's article should spur all Republicans to make certain that so-called "liberals" of Mayor Clark's persuasion shall be unsuccessful in the struggle, as he puts it, for President Eisenhower's mind.

Mayor Clark's definition of a liberal and his blithe dismissal of the semantics of the term are characteristic of the interests seeking to

cloak big government and planned economy in the raiment of the liberal tradition.

I trust it is not by accident that the *Atlantic* publishes in the same issue Mr. Thurman Arnold's magnificent testament of faith in free enterprise. Let us hope that Mr. Arnold is as good a prophet for the latter part of this century as was Adam Smith in his time. Mr. Arnold, as he speaks here, is a true contemporary liberal.

DANIEL B. CAUDLE
Coral Gables, Fla.

I Personally —

SIR:

It must take a very special type of mentality, particularly characterized by patience and persistence, to be able to listen, in the course of two months, to all the LPs of Haydn, or Mozart, or whomsoever. I refer, of course, to the activities of C. G. Burke as reported in John M. Conly's article, "Collector's Item," in the May *Atlantic*.

In listening to those records, Mr. Burke heard some great music — and he heard some fine performances of that music. But — and I fear in much larger proportion — he also heard dull, uninspired, rhetorical exercises and unspeakably bad performances. LPs, in fact, offer a fine opportunity to hear examples of inferior music, for we all know that the new small companies, in order to meet the stiff competition, have searched high and low for items neglected by the major companies.

The blurbs on their records tell of the "unjust neglect" the works have suffered, and proceed to extol their



She lives in a wooden packing box....



Vikki is an attractive little 2-year-old girl, with blonde hair and blue eyes. She likes dolls, and is a healthy youngster. But her future is dark and clouded by want and privation. She lives in a packing box — in a small town in Greece — with her widowed mother Sophia, brother George (11 years old), sister Mary (6½ years old), and her grandmother.

Two adults and three children — in a packing box as home — their only income is about \$6 a week earned by Sophia from working in a weaving factory. Brother George, now a 4th grader, will go to work to help the family when he finishes grammar school. But that's four years away.

Her late father, who died recently in a trucking accident, provided for the family needs, but today there is not enough for even the bare essentials. Vikki needs clothes, shoes, and a new coat. And she must have more food. For us, it is so little, but for her and her family it is everything — their only chance for survival.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Vikki or another needy child through the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just \$96 a year (\$8 a month), SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes, and supplementary food — delivered in your name in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, Lebanon, or Yugoslavia. Or you can sponsor a child in Korea for \$10 a month.

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AM-6

merits. In a few cases it is true, and the music lover owes the company a debt of gratitude for a rewarding experience, but in a large number of instances a hearing demonstrates forcefully that there were excellent reasons for consignment to oblivion.

Mr. Burke implies that we are now getting performances on LPs the like of which we could not have expected on 78s because the performers in former times, realizing that reproduction techniques were limited, were somewhat careless in their performance standards. This I take violent exception to!

The great artists have always brought their powers to bear on giving the best performance they were capable of at the moment. Limited reproduction techniques have never placed any damper on the artistic expression of Schnabel, Gieseking, Szigeti, the Budapest Quartet. Toscanini has given us a long series of superb performances, most of them the definitive ones of the works, and this despite a history of the most stupid, bungling handling of the acoustical and engineering problems that can be imagined. Paradoxically, Beecham gave us better interpretations on 78s than on LPs; his recent releases have shown a marked decline in the powers which gave us so many sterling performances in former years.

On the other hand, the people who were giving mediocre or poor performances in the old days are still giving the same quality on LP, for the excellent reason that this is all they are capable of.

BERNARD J. DOODY
Dayton, Ohio

SIR:

Dr. J. Roswell Gallagher's thesis, "Why They Rebel," in the June *Atlantic* is entirely one-sided.

That there is a parents' side to the question goes without saying, but Dr. Gallagher hardly touches on the causes for anxiety on the part of parents. The school of thought which blames parents for the bad behavior of juveniles usually cites the good qualities of modern adolescents in defense of progressive education. The parent never gets any praise for what is right with teenagers, but he certainly gets the blame for whatever is wrong with them.

Why are the problems of youth given all the emphasis? Don't the

experts know that there are problems throughout a human lifetime?

It is easy to say to parents, "Discuss your problems with your son and daughter." How much are the parents' problems going to weigh with the girl and boy who only see and hear youths' side of problems, portrayed in the movies or presented in discussions on the radio, in the classroom, and in treatises like Dr. Gallagher's?

If parents are to make the growing boy work, how are they going to cope with the present-day emphasis on machinery for lifting the load of labor off human muscles? Not all parents are wealthy enough to buy every kind of gadget. Is it the parents' fault alone that the adolescent with the size and strength to do a man's work gets on the school bus every morning just like a six-year-old?

MARY S. RANTALA
Maple, Wis.

SIR:

Responding to Frederick Ebright's poetic query in "Matinee" (July *Atlantic*):—

Yes, he is still alive, that pert perennial young man

Who sang against the backdrop beside the painted sea;

And so are all the others—who now with great élan

Perform eight nights a week on invidious TV!

ROBERT DOWNING
The Players
New York City

SIR:

N. J. Berrill's fascinating piece, "Detectives of Time," in the July *Atlantic* makes two references to Mount Mazuma.

We know it as Mount Mazama, and for it a famed mountain-climbing organization, "The Mazamas," is named.

He attaches the name "Newberry" to the crater which was left when Mount Mazama blew off its head. Crater Lake afterwards formed therein.

We have long known as Newberry Crater the extinct volcano southeast of Bend in which are found Paulina and East Lakes. This, we have been told, is the largest of all dead volcanic craters.

Newberry Crater, by highway, is approximately 70 miles from Crater Lake (Mazama Crater).

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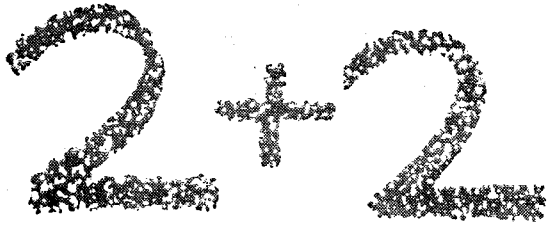
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But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



is less than enough

Forty years ago a fellow who could do a little “figuring” could get by. But that simple old world has complicated itself so rapidly that the same fellow today would be mathematically illiterate.

As a nation, we’re not quite illiterate in mathematics—but we’re not in good shape either.

For some reason, our youngsters have been shying away from math in junior high school and in high school. The United States Office of Education reports that only 20 per cent of high-school students are taking mathematics.

But research is the pioneer land of America’s future, and mathematics is the road map of research. If something isn’t done soon, our country may find itself feeling its way blindly through a supersonic, atomic miracle age, mathematically unarmed for either peace or war.

Teachers, business leaders, military men got pretty alarmed about this loss of mathematical brains. And so, frankly, did General Electric.

Recently we did something about it. We printed a booklet for boys and girls in junior and senior

high school called “Why Study Math?” It points out the advantage of getting your math young, proves that you can learn math even though you’re not a “genius,” demonstrates that math is valuable although a youngster may not intend to become a scientist.

We printed half a million of these booklets here in Schenectady, turned our back for a couple of months, and found that the whole 500,000 were gone. Now we’re rushing a second half million for school opening in the fall.

Meanwhile the author of “Why Study Math?” is working on a sequel, “Math at General Electric,” which explains how mathematics is used at General Electric in 22 different kinds of jobs.

General Electric is interested in helping America’s young brains think their way toward successful careers. We don’t expect to sell a single turbine or lamp with these two booklets. But perhaps we may help light up the road for a boy who, without mathematics, might miss his fair chance to be an Edison or a Steinmetz.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC



The United States is spending huge sums each year for an inadequate military force, while with even less money we could achieve an air-atomic power which might of itself prevent World War III. Yet we are cutting back our air-atomic deterrent, THOMAS K. FINLETTER warns, in a mistaken attempt to perpetuate "balance" among the armed services. Mr. Finletter, who was Chairman of the Air Policy Commission throughout one of the most exhaustive studies ever made in time of peace, became Secretary for the Air Force in 1950.

A NEW LOOK AT AIR POLICY

by THOMAS K. FINLETTER

Air policy has its ups and downs. At the moment it is in one of its downs. The 143-wing Air Force has been temporarily abandoned. This is not good for the country. Our national safety and the hopes of our foreign policy depend largely on the kind of air power we have. This is not because of any special importance of the element air, as opposed to the elements ground and sea. It is because air power is atomic power, and atomic power is the most terrible military weapon man has ever had in his hands. It is also because the Russians as well as we have air-atomic power; and theirs is growing every day.

The United States simply must have a supremacy in air-atomic power which will be overwhelming. There is a minimum level of air-atomic power we must have at all times — a level which must have a big margin of superiority over the Russians. We will not have it unless we reverse the recent decisions which have interfered with our planned build-up of air-atomic power.

There are serious, perhaps unmanageable, forces at work which make it doubtful whether we shall get the kind of air power we need. These are not sinister forces. They come from the legitimate differences of opinion in a free country, and above all from those defeating compromises with clear-minded policy which are so natural to free governments. Compromises will not build an air-atomic force of the kind I am talking of. Nothing but a clear and very

uncompromising recognition of the importance of this weapon will produce the air policy we must have.

Free countries have one advantage in working out policies of this kind: the right of free discussion. I shall use this right to argue that we go back to the policy we had before the recent decision to cut air power, and that we go it one better by putting even more emphasis than we did on air-atomic power as the keystone of our military forces.

The decision to cut the Air Force back from the 143-wing level involves a real dispute of policy. Let us not be confused by the technicalities — lead time, uncommitted funds, unspent funds, and all the rest of those complicated details whose only effect is, and indeed may have been intended to be, to confuse and stifle a discussion on the merits.

The policy issue is between the air-atomic priority theory and the balanced force theory. I shall argue in this article for the air-atomic priority theory, in which I deeply believe.

The air-atomic theory is based on the following propositions: —

The atomic bomb combined with the airplane has revolutionized warfare. A war may now be decided in the first weeks or days of combat.

Russian atomic power — bombs plus the ability to deliver them on the centers of power of the Free World — is now substantial. The Russians could make a serious atomic attack now. Soon — and

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for planning purposes I would define soon as within two to three years — a Russian atomic attack on our cities and our industry and those of our main allies would be so serious as to raise the question whether the Free World could fight back.

The Russians may start a war with an atomic blitz of this kind. Here there can be a difference of opinion — but not, I believe, of assumption. There are those who believe that the Russians will keep away from a general war as long as possible; that they are doing so well in the cold war that there is no point in their starting a hot one. This may be. But even the most convinced believer that the Russians will not make general war would not want to put us in the position of being in jeopardy of a Russian decision. The assumption, for our planning purposes, must be that the Russians may make an atomic blitz at any time after they are in a position to do it.

There are those, too, who believe that the Russian state may break up, or that the present or some future regime may become peaceably inclined. Anything is possible. But I suggest that we wait until these things happen before we start making our national policy on the premise that they have happened.

Even if the Russians do not make an atomic blitz, the air-atomic power they soon will have will give them a much stronger position in the cold war than they now have. Unless we build up a counter blitz which will be materially more impressive than theirs, our political position will be badly hurt in three areas.

First, in the continental United States. It is intolerable that we should be open to a Russian atomic blitz without having in our hands the most terrible counter atomic blow this country can build.

Second, in the rest of the NATO territory. If we do not have a counter to possible Russian atomic attack, all our military plans in SHAPE for the defense of Europe will be nullified, and the political effects in some European countries may be disastrous. The Free World has to be strong as well as right.

Third, in the Gray Areas — the long line of contact of the Free World with Communism from the eastern extremity of NATO in Turkey to NATO's western extremity in Alaska, as well as the areas back of the line of contact which are not firmly bound to the cause of freedom. The political effect of Russia's ability to make an air-atomic attack without our having a proper counter to it would be most serious in all this territory. The Gray Areas are more vulnerable, politically and militarily, than NATO territory because the Gray Areas do not have a political base such as the North Atlantic Treaty to hold them together, or a combined military force like NATO's for their common defense. An answer to this new Russian

atomic power must be found. We must have a devastating counter to it.

According to the air-atomic priority theory, the military answer lies in the Free World's having a force-in-being centered in United States air-atomic power.

2

THE backbone of the Free World counter to Russian air-atomic power must be overwhelmingly stronger air-atomic power. And the Russians and everyone else must know it is overwhelming. The United States alone can provide the bombs and the planes that together make it up.

The prime political purpose of this force is to stop the Russians from starting a general war. Its purpose, also, is to give political strength to the Free World during the cold war, and it must be able to save the Free World from disaster in the unlikely event that the Russians would start a war in the face of such an overwhelming counter blast.

This is something worth paying for. But this force will be able to do all these things only if it is strong enough. It will be no good at all unless it is very good.

To get an overwhelming counter air-atomic force we will have to set up in our military planning a Priority 1. The charter member would be the Air Force's Strategic Air Command and those parts of Navy carrier air that can properly be assigned to this task.

There would be other forces in Priority 1, but they would have to prove their case. Air defense of the U.S., for example — and considerably more of it than the present military budget can possibly provide. There can be nothing like absolute air defense against a Russian atomic blitz — especially a sneak attack — but that does not justify us in having our air defenses at the inadequate level they are now. Also the ground divisions that were assigned by the U.S. to NATO (about 6) and other divisions mainly for training in the U.S. Also naval forces to protect the sea lanes, mainly against submarines. But unassigned, general-purpose forces, which do not directly meet the Russian air-atomic threat or are not needed to carry out the treaty obligations to NATO — these should not be in Priority 1.

It is no answer to this to say that we need these general-purpose forces because they could be used to defend the areas outside NATO territory — such as, say, Indo-China. The fact is that the United States is not building military forces to hold the Gray Areas comparable to those we have in NATO.

Perhaps we should have such forces. I do not think we should, for the simple reason that as long as we have no political union such as NATO in the Gray Areas, the forces that would be required to hold this vast territory are far beyond any practical

possibility. Our main reliance to hold the Gray Areas must be on diplomacy, backed by our world-wide air-atomic power.

But in any case even if we were ready to pay the huge costs — many billions of dollars annually — that would be necessary to provide the forces to contain the Communists in the Gray Areas, they should be in Priority 2, not in Priority 1. And they should not be planned for until the Priority 1 requirements are filled. This is not the way it works now. We do have Priority 2 and lower forces in our military establishment now, and they cut into and deprive us of the kind and amount of Priority 1 power we ought to have. We should never have Priority 2 forces at the expense of the vital Priority 1, especially not at the expense of air-atomic power. Only by a tightly planned force with the priorities strictly enforced will we get the combination we are seeking — an overwhelmingly strong military force-in-being, adequate for the purposes of our foreign policy, at a bearable cost which the economy can and the people will support, year in and year out, as long as the Russians act the way they do.

3

IN opposition to the air-priority theory is the balanced force concept, which has the advantage of being not only theory but practice. Only once since 1945 has the balanced force theory failed to dominate our military planning.

The balanced force concept calls for a roughly equal division of the defense dollar among the three services — Army, Navy, and Air Force. Priorities are made by each service within itself. But no over-all strategic concept, no proper relating of the forces to our national objectives, no preoccupation with the rising Russian air-atomic threat, dominates the decision as to how much each of the services is to have. Under the balanced force method we get too much of some forces and too little of others.

In the main this is not the fault of individuals but of the system — the statutory structure of the Defense Department and the lack of arrangements within the government for the proper relating of foreign policy to the size and nature of the military services, and vice versa. Individuals can, and do, direct the governmental machinery wisely or unwisely, and thus have considerable influence on the results. But the structure and procedures of the government make compromise — that is, about one dollar each to the Army, Navy, and Air Force — the normal and almost irresistible course.

The story of our military budget since the end of World War II shows how firmly entrenched the balanced force method is. The first phase was the demobilization from the end of the war to the beginning of the Korean War. Economic considerations ruled. We had just been through a great war

with budgets running to over \$100 billion a year and with big deficits; we had to work to get back into balance. During this phase the Director of the Budget and the other economic advisers in government had the greatest influence in deciding the force levels of the armed services. It was they who recommended the ceiling figure for the defense budget to the President; and the man who recommends in government is in a key position. The ceiling figure then went to the Secretary of Defense, who passed it on to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who were told to make recommendations of force levels which would come within the assigned dollar limit. The Joint Chiefs, each representing his own service, made what was in effect a treaty setting up force levels — so many divisions, so many warships, so many air wings — which in fact brought the budgets of the Army, Navy, and Air Force out in roughly balancing dollar amounts. It could not be otherwise. When three independent services divide a deficit by unanimous agreement it is almost sure to come out in roughly three equal parts.

After the Korean War began, the system changed. The shock of this brutal aggression, with American troops taking heavy casualties and being pushed backward to the Pusan perimeter, shifted the emphasis from the economic to the military. Under the new system, which grew apace with the changing climate of opinion, it was not the dollar limit but the military need which took first place. The first recommendation as to the size of the military establishment we were to have, not just for Korea but world-wide, was now made by the Joint Chiefs, and without any previously assigned limitation as to what it must cost. The military requirement, not the dollar limit, was the first step in the process. This was a heavy, and I think unfair, burden to put on the Joint Chiefs. They had to, and did, observe the form of the Constitutional precept that they should make military recommendations only. But in fact when they recommended certain force levels — so many divisions, so many ships, so many air wings — they were making judgments of the highest foreign policy and economic significance.

Neither of these two methods is right. The assigned dollar limit system is bad because an economic man should not make the key recommendation on a subject with such a high military and foreign policy content. The Joint Chiefs system is not good because military men should not make the key recommendation on such a subject, either.

However, the main point about this Joint Chiefs system is that as the Army, Navy, and Air Force jumped forward in size, they did so in balanced fashion. The dollar budgets went up roughly equally. The Navy trailed somewhat, but Army and Air Force kept about even in the budgets of 1951 and 1952. As the Air Force went from 48 wings to 95, the Army and the Navy went up apace. The balanced force method still applied.

So it went until the fall of 1951. Then a decision of great moment was made. The balanced force method was broken. By decision of the Joint Chiefs — unanimous and approved all the way through the Secretary of Defense, the President, and the Congress — the Air Force, then at 95 authorized wings, was jumped to 143 authorized wings, while the force levels of Army and Navy stayed where they were. One change only was made by higher authority: the President on the advice of his economic advisers stretched the date of readiness of the Air Force from the date recommended by the Defense Department by one year, from June 30, 1954, to June 30, 1955.

This was a major victory for the air-atomic priority principle — but only a partial one. For there was a great deal of built-in “balance” in the levels of forces already established. But still it was a victory of considerable importance.

The 1951 air-atomic decision was reflected in a budget for Fiscal Year 1953 of which the Air Force got much more than the Army and Navy. The decision was carried over into the Fiscal Year 1954 budget which Mr. Truman proposed just as he left office. The 1954 Truman budget called for \$16.7 billion for the Air Force and only \$12.1 for the Army and \$11.3 for the Navy.

This partial victory for the air-atomic priority method did not last long. The normal pulls to the balanced equal-division-of-the-money method were too much for it, and it has now been crushed — let us hope for a while only.

Under the unfortunate system which requires a defeated Administration to propose and the new Administration to dispose of the national budget for the first fiscal year of the new Administration, the Truman figures and the victory of the air-atomic priority method had to be reviewed by the incoming Administration before the new Defense Department officials could possibly have fully learned their trade.

The review was made by the civilian officials of the Department of Defense, as it should have been. The Secretary of Defense should recommend the force levels to the President and Congress. The force levels are a very mixed matter of foreign and military policy, and it is the Secretary of Defense's duty to translate the foreign policy given to him by the President and the Secretary of State into military strengths. But the Secretary of Defense should have the most complete military advice before he makes this important strategic decision of the force levels. It is reckless for him to make a force level decision without the most exhaustive study of the subject with his military men. Yet there seems to be a considerable doubt whether any military men, the Joint Chiefs of Staff or any others, were consulted by the Secretary of Defense before he made this recent cutback in air power. And this was a great strategic decision of our time.

In any case the review was fatal to the air-atomic idea; \$5 billion was taken off the Air Force budget, \$1.7 off the Navy, and the Army was increased by \$1.5 billion. The Army had the most money, the Air Force second, and the Navy third; but broadly we were back with the balanced forces. The emphasis on air-atomic power that had obtained for a year and a half was smashed. The brief era when the air-atomic principle had its foot in the door was now but a moment of history. The priorities, the low as well as the very highest, were back in equal status. And the country was started down the tracks toward a time of peril.

The 143-wing force was centered on one controlling purpose: to have an “atomic capability” — atomic bombs, aircraft (planes and guided missiles), and defenses against Russian attack (air defense and tactical air) — so strong that the Russians would not dare to strike at us or the rest of the Free World.

The time to be ready for this Russian air-atomic danger is now. But the danger will get worse with each month. From 1954 on it will be at a serious point — and it is for 1954 on that the 143-wing force was planned. It is also from 1954 on that the great damage of the \$5 billion cut in appropriations will be felt. Of course we will have stronger air power next year and the year after than we have now — that will be the result of the appropriations made in previous years. But we will not have, from now on, and notably from 1955 to 1957, anything like the deterrent power to Russian attack that the 143-wing force would have provided. We are building deliberately a period of weakness in our deterrent power. We are cutting back our air-atomic deterrent while the Russians, we may be sure, are redoubling their efforts at this sign of American vacillation and weakness.

The decision cutting back our air-atomic power apparently is about to be reviewed. But even if the cutback is wholly reversed, precious time will have been lost and much damage to our air-atomic build-up will have been done. And in view of the vigor with which the decision to cut back has been defended before Congress and the people, it will be very difficult to repudiate it.

4

THE balanced force method is, though, defended by many as the right way of planning our armed forces. Warfare, it is said, requires the effective interplay of all arms. The land, sea, and air must work together as an integrated team. We must avoid a single weapon concept. By the proper balance of all arms we must make up a single, concentrated, and flexible striking unit.

There are two difficulties. First, this is a theory for fighting a war of a kind that will never happen again; it ignores the happenings since 1945 in the

greatest technological revolution in armaments in all history — a revolution that has utterly changed the nature of warfare and has developed a weapon which in all probability will be decisive in the early weeks or days of a war. A balanced force is just what we do not want to handle this new weapon. We want imbalance; we want concentration on having superiority in the decisive weapon, not having a lot of indecisive weapons and letting the enemy get superiority in the one weapon that will give the decision to the side which will have superiority in it.

Second, the balanced force concept fails to take into account that we are building a force under entirely different foreign policy and economic considerations than obtained during World War II. Then our foreign policy was simple: to beat Germany and Japan. To do this almost all we could get of anything was useful, and economically the sky was the limit. Now our foreign policy is complicated, and, economically, we are trying to keep expenditures down. For the purposes of our foreign policy we have to have the kind of force which fits in with our political purposes and commitments. Dividing up the military budget and the military forces into three arbitrary parts will not produce that kind of force. Economically we have to use priorities. Since we cannot have all we want of everything, we have first to get all we need of the most important things; and only after the high priority needs have been met can we afford, militarily, the items of second and lower importance.

The balanced force method is incompatible with a system of first things first. It never can produce, in a time of limited funds, the military force we need. The result is militarily bad and there is not even the partially saving grace that balanced forces are cheaper economically.

We are paying a huge sum every year for an inadequate force when for somewhat less money we could get a force which might of itself prevent World War III. The secondary forces — those in Priority 2 or lower — run into several billions of dollars a year which would be saved if the air-atomic priority method were followed. We would have to debit against these savings the cost of the increases in the Priority 1 items we are not now getting but should be. We probably also would have to deduct from the savings the cost of additional Mutual Security aid (to build up NATO air which is now much too low). Balancing these debits and credits, I estimate that the air-atomic method, if strictly applied, would produce a very much stronger striking force for about \$2 billion under the \$36 billion budget submitted by the present Administration. But, to do this, the theory would have to be really strictly applied.

The reader may wonder why this balanced force concept has such a sway. It is, I believe, for these reasons: —

First, the organization of the Defense Department under existing legislation makes compromise among the claims of the three armed services almost unavoidable.

Second, the tendency of a nation which has won the latest war, especially a defense-minded nation with no intention of attacking anyone, is to think too much in terms of the forces and techniques that have just produced victory — that is, to look backwards and, understandably, to believe that what worked before will work again. Much of our military advice comes from men whose experience is deeply grounded in the warfare of World War II. It is very difficult for such men to set aside ruthlessly the lessons of their proven experience for the uncertainties of the unproven future. And the lessons of the experience are strong for balanced forces; that is what we had in World War II.

Third, the failure to relate properly our military planning to our foreign policy. The National Security Council exists for this purpose, but in practice the important decisions are often made outside the Security Council without the proper intermeshing of military, political, and economic considerations.

Fourth, the lack in the government of adequate representation of the air-atomic point of view. No cabinet member today can present to the President, the Congress, or the people the uncompromised arguments for the importance of this all-important weapon. The Secretary of Defense represents all three points of view — land, sea, and air. So, too, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission can argue for atom bombs, but he cannot speak for the air power which carries them against an enemy and defends against them when they are in the hands of an enemy. By the time the arguments for air-atomic power, generated in the submerged Departments of the Air Force and Navy, get to the President, the Congress, and the people under the present system, the beliefs of the men who know intimately the facts of the revolutionary nature of air-atomics have become so diluted by economic decisions and by compromises that they do not get the hearing they should.

5

I HOPE I have made clear how deeply entrenched the balanced force method is. The statutory structure of the Defense Department is not going to be changed overnight; nor is the method of relating foreign policy to military policy and vice versa. And yet we are facing the certainty that unless we reverse our military plans about air-atomic power, our present margin of superiority over Russia in atomic-air will dwindle down and down, perhaps to the point where the superiority is theirs. For we may be quite certain that if we give them the

chance the Russians will take it. They do not have to compromise with anyone when they want to give priority to building atomic weapons and the planes that carry them.

We are too ready to think that because we have and probably will continue to have a superiority in atomic bombs, we will always have a greater atomic power than Russia. Atomic bombs do not deliver themselves. They have to be carried. And carrying them is a very difficult and complicated business. Look at a map. And they have to be defended against, when they are carried by an enemy. Unless we reverse this balanced force business, we are likely to find our atomic lead dangerously cut because we will not have the air wings to carry the weapons and to defend against them.

Let us remember also that the Russians have one great advantage over us. If it suited their purposes they would not hesitate to make a sneak atomic attack, without warning, on us and our friends — and the world knows it. It is therefore not enough for us to have a small lead in these decisive weapons and in the means of carrying them. We must have a clear, overwhelming superiority in both respects. Priority 1 must therefore be kept at an unmistakable level of power. The balanced force notion is keeping us from having this minimum level.

What to do about it? Changes in the legal structure of the Defense Department are not the answer; they would take too long. It might be possible, though, to get amendments to the Atomic Energy Act to permit the most effective move that could be made to put atomic-air back in the place it should be — to allow the United States Government to tell the American people very fully the facts of the air-atomic situation today, and where it will be, say, two, four, six years hence.

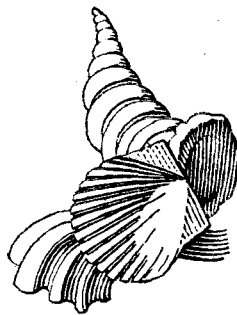
It is being suggested more and more insistently

by those who know the air-atomic facts that the American people ought to be told about this very serious situation affecting their country and themselves; and that they could be told, without revealing to the Russians anything of importance they do not know. Nothing would do more to rid us of this balanced force incubus which is doing us such damage. If the facts of the air-atomic situation were made known officially and fully to the American people, the balanced force notion would blow up overnight. The people would not stand for it.

But as a practical matter what has to be done must be done quickly. The most immediate and urgently needed step is a basic change in the present down-grading of air-atomic power.

The effects of this cutback in air-atomic power will reach a peak in from two to three years from now. This is when the "paper wings," the full 143-wing force, would have been flying — but now will not be. This also is when the Russian atomic-air will be two to three years closer to the point in time when the Russians will be able to risk a devastating air-atomic attack on the cities of the United States and the rest of the Free World.

Whether the Russians will have reached and passed this point in two to three years no one can say with absolute assurance. But we do know that we are cutting our own air-atomic power for that period — and for as long thereafter as the present policy is not changed. We are playing with our biggest military asset. We are cutting and perhaps imperiling the margin of superiority we have so far had in this greatest of all weapons. We are handing the Russians the chance to close the air-atomic gap and, if we persist in degrading air-atomic power long enough, even to pull ahead of us. Every month that goes by without a reversal of the anti-atomic-air policy strengthens the Russian position relative to us.





Reverence for the sea is an instinct implanted in the human race from the earliest times. The Greeks poured libations into the ocean; the Romans, a proud people, frequently addressed it in terms verging on the fulsome. H. F. ELLIS, whom Atlantic readers will remember for "The Imperfect Foreigners" in the April issue, examines, by way of contrast, the seafaring tendencies of the present day.

THE DECLINE OF BATHING

by H. F. ELLIS

I SHALL not go further into the sea today. I shall lie here, with my feet in the ocean and my elbows on shore, feeling aggrieved.

This has nothing to do with advancing years. I still have the use of my arms and legs, numb though the latter are at this moment; and I am more like a fish in the water, even now, than I am out of it. No, the reason I do not care to wade out and breast the waves is that I have taken a violent and solidly grounded dislike to the bathers already out there breasting them. There are too many of them, for one thing. For another, their attitude towards the sea seems to me to be all wrong: it is frivolous and lacking in respect. Many of them *cavort*. Third and most damaging indictment, they affront the surface of the ocean with a variety of unseemly contraptions — of the kind that very young children play with in their bedtime baths, but larger. Experience tells me that if I try to swim peaceably about in this seething area I am likely to be splashed by strangers, or even struck on the head by a rubber ball flung by some graybeard to his mate.

So I shall lie here at the edge of the ripples, cold, sullen, and aggrieved, and brood on the decline and fall of British bathing.

There was a time when the entry of the sea-bather into the water was an affair of dignity and decorum, quite unlike the onset of the shrieking family who have just swept past me carrying an inflated rubber hippopotamus. I am thinking of the era of the bathing machine, that superb Victorian conveyance that carried the bather right into the water and spared him — and, more important, her — the embarrassment of walking across the sands with the ankles showing. The era lasted, I am glad to say, into Edwardian days, and I can just recall, as in a vague dream, the long row of these wheeled hen-houses that used to stand securely on the sand above the high-tide mark, the old horse that dragged them axle-deep into the sea, the steps that were let down

at one end to afford a dignified access to the water.

Whether the business of undressing proceeded while the vehicle was actually in motion, or was completed before the journey down the beach began, I cannot now remember. It is a matter for the social historian. Certainly there was some means, when all was ready, of attracting the attention of the attendant, who thereupon let down the steps and unbarred the door. It was a great moment, never experienced by these modern bathers, when (after giving the man time to withdraw to a respectful distance) one unhitched the inner fastenings of the door and threw it wide. One was already at sea! Nothing met the eager gaze except the illimitable vista of sea and sky framed in the opening. The sunlight was dazzling after the sealed gloom of the machine, and the little waves made gentle plashings against the wheels.

Yes, but where was the horse? The solution must be that the vehicle, after entering the water, described a half-circle, bringing the horse inshore to be unshipped for its next task, and presenting the rear of the machine (with door) to the horizon.

It was not only in the mode of entry into the water that the machine age excelled the present. Our costumes, too, were more dignified. We wore knee-length bathing dresses — "beachwear" was not a term in use in pre-1914 days — but I doubt very much whether men went in for horizontal stripes quite so generally as humorous drawings of the time would lead one to suppose; a plain dark blue, buttoning on the shoulders, is my recollection of the mode for men of taste and discretion. Of women's costumes I can recall no more than that they were dark, discreet, and floated to the surface in astonishing quantities whenever, which was rarely, their owners became immersed to the waist. The effect of this billowing out in the water could be flowerlike, but generally wasn't.

Thus clad, we stepped down boldly but quietly

into the sea, clinging to a rope attached to the machine which at once lent confidence against the assaults of the waves and kept us in touch, like the thread in the Labyrinth, with base. These ropes, as I remember, were not very long, but no one complained about that; we were not ambitious, and in any case the foolhardy could always let go.

After the era of the bathing machine came the era of the hut. In the upheaval of the First World War the last of the old wheeled machines passed away — perhaps the Army found a use for them — and in their place stood row upon row of little wooden cabins. These huts — known as bathhouses across the Atlantic and by no means to be confused with the miniature bungalows, verandaed and fitted up with cupboards and even iceboxes, of the present day — were sited at some distance from the sea, for in the general breakdown of moral standards that followed the war men, and even women, did not scruple to walk openly right across the beach, clad only in bathing dresses covered by a simple wrap and with rope-soled shoes on their feet.

Huts — or bathhouses — not unlike the ones of which I am speaking can still be seen today, generally at the more popular resorts where they are hired out to the shyer folk by corporation employees. But the essence of the between-the-wars hut was that it was privately owned, or rented for the season, and that the key to it was regularly left behind at the house owing to a misunderstanding. This key business led to recriminations and the waste of much time while the family stood round holding picnic baskets and arguing; but the difficulty was solved after the first fortnight by hiding the key overnight under a flat stone. Thereafter, with the key immediately available, there was no delay. We were able to get straight on with the argument as to whether the men or women of the party were to have first use of the hut.

The average hut measured internally perhaps six feet by four and was simply furnished. A plank across the back to form a seat, two or more rusty hooks, part of an old cracked mirror, and a sweeping-out brush — these you could count on. Additional obstructions normally present were the clothes of the people who had changed ahead of you, several buckets and spades, quantities of sand, and a surprising number of brothers and cousins undressing simultaneously. It was awkward at times and not an uncommon thing, when you had got one leg of your bathing dress on, to find the other leg-hole already occupied; but these huts had the advantage that, however chilly the day, however cold and gray the sea, you were glad to get out of them.

It has to be admitted that there was some decline in dignity during this era. But our relations with the sea remained, to my mind, correct: friendly but not contemptuous. When we had taken off our wraps and shoes at the edge of the dry sand, bundled the shoes in the wraps and laid them down in a neat

pile with a stone on top, we walked waist-deep into the water, ducked our heads as a precaution against sunstroke, and swam twenty majestic overarm side strokes straight out towards the horizon. Then we rolled over on our backs and floated. This concluded the bath proper (though some kicked their legs about while floating — fat, baldish men in the main, who were not much liked), and we were at liberty to return to the shallows and lie there with the ripples running over our toes. I do not remember that I was ever, while in this position — *It is quite all right, Madam. I am not seriously injured* — I do not remember that I was ever, in those days, run over by the outer cover of an old automobile tire.

Our costumes, though less full than in the machine age, were seemly; women's, for instance, had not yet come in half in the middle; so that we were able, after bathing, to lie decorously on the sands, smoking a cigarette and dreading the moment when we should have to return to the hut, to the close atmosphere of discarded towels and the insuperable difficulty of pulling on socks without sitting on a bench on which others, with the thoughtlessness of first-comers, had already sat in wet bathing things. There were drawbacks, but they were great days.

In the Hut Era, the number of huts, being finite even at the most popular resorts, controlled the number of people who could bathe at any one time. No such control operates now. We have reached the era of alfresco bathing.

The word alfresco is not entirely satisfactory. Sea-bathing is inevitably in the open air, in any age. Still, the term must suffice to indicate the change from private to public dressing and undressing on our beaches. Somewhere in the thirties, it must have been, that the British decided to dispense, on all but the most closely controlled stretches of coast, with the cramping restrictions of the hut. The habit spread rapidly, another disruptive war came to give it impetus, until now, on a fine summer day, the whole coastline is dotted with little heaps of discarded clothing. A far cry, this, from the stately days of the horse-drawn bathing machine.

If I object to this alfresco bathing, it is on no prudish grounds; indeed I shall shortly be returning to my own little heap of clothing. I blame it for making the sea too crowded; and to the overpopulation of the sea I attribute the sad lack of respect among bathers in their approach to it. One ought — we certainly used — to bathe with a certain sense of awe, raising timid eyes to the vast horizon, conscious of being intruders in this tremendous element. But what if the tremendous element is itself outnumbered? What if the horizon is obscured by a thousand dripping torsos? The bather loses all sense of awe and decency. He becomes overweening. He scoops the sea about and smacks its surface with hideous instruments, after the manner of Xerxes.

What may be called the Marine Appliance is the

outward sign of this mistaken attitude towards the sea. The Bathing Machine Era had its rope, certainly, and the Hut Era its water wings; but both were handled with something of reluctance and discarded at the earliest opportunity. Nowadays hardly a bather goes to his task empty-handed. Where the sea is suitable he carries a surfboard; where it is not, he pushes ahead of him into the water such enormities as inflated ducks, rubber rafts, and vast blown-up mattresses. This is to make a mockery of the ocean, and no good can come of it. One has only to remember what happened to Xerxes.

I shall not, then, go further into the sea today.

But tomorrow I may. Or next year. Or perhaps the year after that. For there are signs that a fourth bathing era is under way, the Deep-Sea or Diving Era. There is a move among bathers to

equip themselves with flippers and goggles and dive many fathoms below the surface to look for seaweed and to stare into the cold, cruel eyes of octopuses. The movement is spreading fast, and I welcome it.

Of what this may mean, or come to mean, in terms of dressing and undressing fashions, I have no knowledge. It may be that preparations for bathing will be carried out in boats or diving bells rented for the season. But the point seems to me unimportant. What matters is that the great multitude of bathers will be out of sight, hidden away in caves and grottoes, rediscovering their respect for the sea.

I shall not be with them. I shall be wading out waist-deep into the untroubled water and swimming twenty majestic overarm side strokes straight out towards the horizon. Then I shall roll over on my back and float. Perhaps — for, though not fat, I am baldish — I may even kick my legs about a bit.



KINDS OF WIND

by MAY SARTON

WIND in the stiff green wheat,
A thistly sound and sweet;
Wind in the barley tassels,
A heavy silk that rustles;
Wind seething in the leaves,
Waves on unbreaking waves.
The greening wind is kind,
Coming from West or South
All gently to unbind.

There is a fiercer blast
That fills the whole sky's mouth,
That comes from North or East,
A god who can break through
The massive clouds to show
The coldest purest blue,
Or sometimes sudden snow.
Impersonal, immense,
It rushes toward silence.

Who feels this other wind,
Less gentle and less kind,
This cleansing ruthless will,
Learns the wind's heart is still,
Learns that pure love lies there
With grave wide open eyes,
The huge, the quiet skies,
The depth on depth of air.



The Atlantic Serial



A graduate of Annapolis, VICE ADMIRAL LESLIE C. STEVENS, USN (Ret.), served in the Navy for thirty-six years as a specialist in naval aviation and foreign intelligence. In 1917, while still in the Academy, he began his study of Russian history. He learned to read and write the language and when, in 1947, he was sent to Moscow as our naval attaché, he was able as few of our representatives are to meet the Russians on their own terms. During his years of duty in the country, he talked to the people in all walks of life, often under observation, but finding numerous opportunities for unsupervised conversations. From his continuous encounters with the Russian people, he has written a book, Russian Assignment, which will be published under our imprint in October and from which the Atlantic is drawing several extended installments.

RUSSIAN ASSIGNMENT

by VICE ADMIRAL LESLIE C. STEVENS, USN (Ret.)

10

NEAR Pushkin Square is a small jewel of an old church. I do not know its name, but it is done in pale green and rose and cream, and it is a complex little mass of lily domes and arches, weighed down by great crosses and heavy golden chains. I wandered past it this afternoon and stopped for a long time just to look at it. It is such a strange combination of loveliness and bizarre structure that it seemed that with pencil and paper some of its complications might be solved and perhaps enough of its form caught to serve as a basis for a drawing which would help me to remember it.

Across the street was the deep embrasure of a bricked-up doorway. It should be possible to stand there for a few moments and make a quick sketch without attracting the attention of the crowds that were hurrying past in the cold twilight. I gave it a try. I was so much out of sight and the light was so dim that nobody noticed me but one small boy, who, when he saw what I was doing, much preferred to throw stones at the crows. All at once a uniformed militiaman appeared beside me and thrust his long nose close to my rough sketch.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Sketching," I replied.

"Why?"

I explained that I was trying to get the layout of the domes and cornices so that perhaps I could make a more pleasing drawing when I got home.

"You can't do that," he said.

"Why not?"

"It is forbidden."

"I don't believe it. Why should it be forbidden to make a sketch of a lovely old church like that?"

"It's forbidden." He was in no mood for argument, so I put away my pencil and paper and moved on, consoling myself with the thought that it was getting too dark to see in any case.

Now that I am home, it is hard to understand my resentment of this minor interference. I had taken every precaution not to draw a crowd, and successfully, for only one small boy had paid attention. After all, it's their country, not mine. Yet the incident seemed symbolic of Russia.

The preparations for the Revolution Day parade have much in common with those for the eight-hundredth anniversary of Moscow. There are the same huge portraits of Stalin and the Politburo in the same places, and everywhere are the same scarlet flags and decorations. The same two platforms for entertainment are in the square outside our windows, but owing to the weather the crowds in the evening are much smaller. For several days the weather has not been too bad, but today, the day of the parade, it turned thoroughly miserable with first heavy fog and then mist, hail, and snow.

Our tickets did not arrive the night before, but

we were not disturbed, as tickets for such things usually arrive at the last moment. We dressed warmly and sat around until it became clear that for some reason the American military were not to be invited. So we watched the parade from our windows, and were really glad to be warm and dry.

In the evening we went to Molotov's reception at Spirodonovka House — the authentic Spirodonovka House, which is kept by the Soviets for just such occasions. There was a great congestion of cars at the entrance gate, with a veil of snow shining in the headlights between cars. Before we reached the entrance the police opened the doors of our car and verified our identity.

Molotov has a remarkably large square head, a pale color, and a brisk assured air. He and his wife stood under the gleaming bell of a big crystal chandelier to greet the guests, who came pouring in in evening clothes or uniforms dripping with gold lace, with an occasional Russian in drab day clothes. I recognized Rybalko, the great general of tanks during the war. He is an enormous man, with a big, naked, shaven head.

The house had much paneling and carving, and there were good rugs on the floors, including one wonderful Persian hunting rug. Cocktails were passed, and then rows of chairs were placed near a white-and-gold grand piano. Nell, Duncan Hill, and I found ourselves in an adjoining room among the artists who were to entertain. Bassos and tenors paced back and forth, trilling and exercising their voices during the applause, and the great Oistrakh tuned his priceless violin.

After the concert an orchestra played Strauss waltzes for dancing in the ballroom, and the supper rooms were thrown open. There were roasts and game, salads, fish, caviar and wines, and later, ice cream and champagne. Molotov passed from room to room, followed by attendants with trays laden with bottles and delicate glasses. Everywhere he stopped, a group of Russians would gather around him, the attendants would fill the glasses for everyone, and Molotov, all smiles and heartiness, would drink bottoms up with them. The amount of champagne that he consumed thus was impressive. The last group he came to included Voroshilov, still a handsome man, with a diamond star at his collar.

When Molotov left we followed him out and got our own wraps while Madame Molotov wrapped herself in a handsome mink coat and a lace head scarf. Our car was announced, and we left through a cloud of snowflakes.

Today was supposed to be Natasha's day off, but she showed up as usual, saying that it was warmer and more peaceful here than in the one room where she lived with her daughter's family.

"Natasha, what happened to your husband?" I asked as she chopped some cabbage with a long sharp knife.

"Dead!" she said, her wrinkled face a bit grimmer than usual.

"Has he been dead long?"

"He died in 1923."

"I should think that a handsome woman like you would have had more than one husband since then."

Her face wrinkled still more into a toothless grin. "I could never find anyone as handsome as he! Oh, but he was a fine specimen of a man!"

"How did he happen to die?" I asked.

"He was a Chechen, a tribesman from the mountains in the Caucasus. He died because he was so handsome." She continued her chopping, knowing that I would urge her on. When I did, she went on. "We were married here in Moscow, and then he took me to Tiflis. You can see the snowy mountains from Tiflis, and we had not been there two days until he said he was lonely for them. I knew that he was lonely, not for the mountains, but for a girl that was among them. But what could I do? He went up in the mountains to his own tribe, to see this girl. And the next time I saw him he was all chopped up in little pieces."

"What do you mean?" I asked, horrified.

"Chopped up in little pieces, just like that!" she said, demonstrating vividly on a piece of cabbage. "They laid the pieces in little packages on my doorstep."

11

I WENT today for an aimless ride on the Metro. It is a very good subway, with each underground station done in a different pattern and design with different colors of Ural granite. It is difficult for me to get enthusiastic over utilitarian art, however. A long-haired, bright-eyed lad in a leather jacket sat next to me, and when I asked some questions about the Metro he took great pride in telling me all about it. He was a student at Moscow University, and when we finally got off at Sverdlovsk Square we went into a bar on Gorky Street for a mug of beer.

The conversation inevitably reached the stage of comparisons between America and Soviet Russia. He did not question my remarks until I said that we had freedom of speech in America, whereas the Russians did not.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Someone has been telling you things that are not true. We have freedom of speech here, just as in America."

"But no one has freedom to disagree with the regime," I said.

"But yes! In the University there is one evening every week that is set aside for debate. Anyone can get up and say anything he wants. He can disagree with what the government does, ask questions about anything, and speak his mind freely."

I was frankly surprised, and told him so. But he went on. "Of course, our government is very wise and very good. If anyone criticizes it, there are people in the University who are specially trained

to answer criticism. They answer all such questions and put him straight."

"But suppose he does not agree with those answers?"

"He must agree with them, because they are right. And before the debate is over, he must admit in public that they are right."

"But what if he still cannot agree?"

"If he does not admit in public that he was wrong, he cannot stay in the University. We cannot have such wrong-thinkers in such a place, when there are thousands who would like to be there for whom we do not have room."

It was no use trying to explain freedom of speech to the young Soviet mind, for the roots of our differences go very deep.

I returned to the restaurant for my appointment with Petrov, the agricultural expert, but was not surprised when he did not show up. There are many reasons why none but the most naïve or the most reckless Russian would pursue an acquaintance with an American, and Petrov seemed to me to be neither naïve nor reckless. I sat there alone over a mug of beer.

However, the evening was not lost. At the table next to mine sat a grizzled little Georgian. He had a thick roll of ruble notes of good-sized denominations and was apparently out for a good time. With him was an amazon of a woman, gaily dressed in a way one does not see in Moscow. The little man caught my eye, raised his glass to me, and winked. I moved over to their table. He was inclined to be talkative, and when I asked him how life was in the Transcaucasus, he launched into an elaborate statement to the effect that it was pretty tough. The red-faced amazon beside him caught him up short and told him to be quiet. Two or three times he tried to return to the subject, but his companion, eying me suspiciously, would not have it.

Meanwhile a brawl started across the room. I do not know what started it, but I was conscious of a sudden burst of loud words. A big bull-necked fair-haired young soldier was half out of his seat and banging the table with his huge fist, thrusting his face into the face of his companion, who was only a slightly smaller edition of the same type. Suddenly the big lad seized a heavy, half-empty glass mug of beer and threw it, beer and all, at his companion. The mug crashed against the wall, and two or three neighboring Russians ducked under their tables. Shouts went up egging them on, and everyone looked on excitedly. One of the waiters joined the argument, trying to make peace, and apparently was successful, for things soon quieted down. But not for long, for in a few minutes the two soldiers were again shouting and shaking their fists in each other's face.

This time a neatly uniformed militiaman showed up and told the soldiers they would have to get out.

"Where to?" asked the big blond lad belligerently, and a shout went up from the onlookers — "Yes, where to?" The policeman looked a little at a loss for an answer, shrugged his shoulders, and started to talk quietly with them. It was the better part of an hour before I left the place, and even then the two soldiers were still arguing as though the militiaman were not there, their argument occasionally rising to a crescendo of table banging, while the militiaman hovered rather helplessly around.

Rumors are thick around Moscow that all of the present Soviet currency is to be called in and replaced with new money at a new and lower value. As a result all the people have been trying to spend their money before they get caught. The stores have been so jammed that the militiamen had to be called to manage the crowds, and now the five largest stores have closed their doors. With characteristic Russian deviousness they are closed "for repairs" or "for inventory," but everyone knows that those are not the reasons. Another rumor is that bread rationing will end. Maybe so, but without a free press all Russia is continually shaken by rumors.

Last night the radio announced that as of that moment the existing money is no good, but it can be exchanged in the morning at the rate of ten old rubles for one new one. There will be no change in prices, and bread rationing is abolished. Already there are queues for blocks outside the bakeries, but most of them are completely sold out. It is easy to see the reason for the currency reform, for it is one way of controlling inflation. It shakes down all the people who have made and kept any money, and probably many of them made it illegitimately. However, it works a tremendous injustice on anyone who has any money that he came by honestly. It is just before Christmas, and countless Russian families are done out of the possibility of buying anything for Christmas. I do not think they will soon forget it.

It also will be a long time before Nell forgives the Soviets for what they have done to her. I put enough faith in the rumors that have been going around to have gotten rid of all my rubles, but Nell had about a hundred and fifty dollars' worth that she was saving for Christmas, and they are now worth fifteen dollars. In addition, we were having a dinner party last night, which always means an extra girl to help serve, who gets the equivalent of five dollars in rubles. So that girl's pay for one evening cost Nell fifty bucks.

Up until now we haven't been able to get any new rubles, and since we have used up all the old ones we can't buy any food. We are living on Spam and Vienna sausages. There is an additional shadow for this merry Christmas in that the rate of diplo-

matic exchange has been cut from twelve to eight, which means that everything we buy here will cost us 50 per cent more than it did before.

Such decrees show why Soviet prices in terms of American money are meaningless. There is no free market in rubles anywhere in the world and, without that, there is no standard of comparison. The only way of understanding what prices mean to the Russian is to put them in terms of how many hours or days he must work in order to buy a given article, and on that basis prices are even higher for the Russian than they are for the foreigners who are here. I tried to buy a pair of the soft fur boots one sees occasionally and was told that they were so scarce that there would not only be much difficulty in finding them, but that if a pair could be located they would cost well over a hundred dollars. That is too much for me, and to a Russian it would mean a month's pay.

12

MOST of the time the big thermometer in the archway at the entrance to the court of the Embassy hovers around zero. Once or twice it has gone as low as eighteen or twenty below. Even without looking at the thermometer, one can recognize the below-zero mark. Zero weather is fairly comfortable, but when one steps outside into temperatures below that, one knows it. The air bites and hurts when you take it deep into your lungs, and you can feel your nostrils freezing up with each incoming breath and thawing when you exhale. The snow gets hard and brittle, and of course all the automobiles are broken down and hours late because of starting troubles. The people on the streets, wrapped in rags and makeshift clothes of all sorts, look pinched and blue and miserable. Russians have no more resistance to the cold than any other people, and sometimes, on seeing their obvious misery, it seems to me they have less. Inside the apartment the windows are covered with frost patterns — forests of ferns, and wonderful scenes that I haven't seen since I was a child.

Occasionally there comes a brief thaw, and then there is sometimes an interesting element of hazard in walking through the narrow streets, for big blocks of ice and snow slide off the steep-pitched roofs to crash onto the sidewalks below.

There are dozens of theaters in Moscow, but with the exception of half a dozen or so they are bare and uncomfortable. The Bolshoy and the Red Army Theater are the only ones that are really luxurious.

The acting, like so many things in Russia, goes to extremes, for it is either excellent to the point of greatness or it is very amateurish. In addition to the regular theaters, nearly every big factory or organization goes in for its own amateur productions.

We saw some competent acting in one of Chekhov's plays at the Railroad Workers' theater, and a distinctly amateurish show at the famous Gypsy Theater. If the degree of state support is reflected in costumes and scenery, the Gypsy Theater is having its troubles.

One thing that the great theaters do is to reproduce in careful detail the types and costumes which are shown in old pictures and illustrations associated with a play. There are some fine old illustrated editions of such things as Gogol's *Dead Souls* or *The Inspector-General*, and it seems as though their pictures were taken directly from MXAT. If they were to put on *Alice in Wonderland*, there is no doubt that the Tenniel illustrations would come to life as never before.

Last night we went to see *The Pickwick Club* at MXAT, and the costumes and faces were like old English Christmas cards. Yet unless the Russians have something fairly authentic to guide them, they often go far astray. Every American Negro in their plays looks and acts like the end man in an old minstrel show, and the Deep South of Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes* was given a weird atmosphere by surroundings of giant cactus.

The back lots and open spaces that in America would be parking areas for automobiles are flooded with water in Moscow and turned into ice-skating rinks. I tried one of them today, but with indifferent success. Perhaps it is true that anyone who has once learned to skate will always be able to do so, but the skates of today are different. They have evolved sharp prongs on the ends of the runners. After a few exhilarating moments, when it would seem that things were going all right, one of those prongs would dig into some little irregularity in the ice and stop with amazing suddenness, sending me sliding across the ice on everything but the skates.

There was no lack of help and advice from the Russian skaters of all ages — "Uncle! See how I do it!" — but it did not take me long to decide that Valodya, my chauffeur, would have to do a major operation on those devilish little prongs before such a public could be faced again.

Last night we were invited to the Bolshoy Theater to a special program in honor of the thirtieth anniversary of the Red Army. It was a full-dress occasion. Stalin and all of the Politburo were there, in a box by the stage. Stalin's appearance put to rest the rumors that are always rising up about his bad health. It was a long evening, beginning at six and lasting until nearly midnight, with many speeches and with spectacular dancing and excellent choir music put on by the Red Army. When they began to show a movie that was to trace the thirty years of development of the Red Army, Stalin and the Politburo left their boxes. Most of the foreigners left the theater then, thinking that

the evening was practically over. But Stalin had merely shifted to another box at the back of the theater, from which the movie could be seen to better advantage.

At the end of the movie there was another speech, mostly in praise of Stalin, and when it was over, the audience turned towards Stalin and applauded long and loudly. At last Stalin got up, and made what seemed to be an impromptu speech. His voice was thin and rather high-pitched, giving an effect that was incongruous with his swarthy face and his squat, broad-shouldered figure. He thanked them for their praise, and said that it was not he alone who had won the war — after all, the Red Army had something to do with it! This brought a somewhat surprised but genuine laugh from the house. I must have been almost the only Russian-speaking foreigner who had stayed on long enough to hear Stalin speak, for this morning the press correspondents were swarming to my office to find out what Stalin, who almost never speaks in public, had really said.

13

ONCE more my knowledge of the language has paid off and I have found out for myself that the dark side of the Soviet Union is not only very black but very pervasive. At a reception last night at one of the satellite embassies I met a fine-grained, gracious Russian woman, neither beautiful nor plain. She did not speak any English since her foreign connections are in eastern Europe. We talked for a long time, and she flattered me by saying that she thought there were few foreigners who have as much sympathetic feeling for purely Russian things. At last she began to tell me about herself.

She had been a student in a Leningrad university when her mother, who was all she had in the world, suddenly disappeared. There was no reason for it, as they had lived a quiet, inoffensive life. Her mother had been employed as a sewing woman in one of the shops of the dressmaking trust and had been content with her lot, particularly since her daughter was doing well in the university. Nevertheless the girl suspected that her mother had been arrested for some unknown reason, and she became more sure when she reported the disappearance to the police and found that they showed only the most perfunctory interest in her report.

Not long afterwards, the worried girl was called before the authorities of the university and told that she must leave because her mother had been found to be an enemy of the people. She was much more disturbed about her mother than about herself, for she could sew and type, and both those skills were in demand. She went to the police again to find out what had happened to her mother, but they would tell her nothing. Then she started hunting for a job.

Everywhere she went it was the same story. The employment manager would say that they were in need of typists or seamstresses and that they were delighted to have someone like her. Then she would be given the usual forms to be filled out and told to report for work the following morning. But when she would show up, she would be told that the position they had in mind had just been filled, or that the establishment had suddenly been given unexpected orders to cut down on its force, or was to be closed for repairs. Perhaps in a few months they might have a place for her, but as for the moment there were always excuses and evasions.

At first she thought that all this was just hard luck, but it eventually became clear to her that the real reason was that she had filled in the forms truthfully, saying that she did not know where her mother was or what she was doing. Her money soon ran out and she became actually hungry and desperate, so, the next place she tried, she put on the forms that her mother had died when she was a child. This time she was promptly employed as a typist.

Several years went by, and, although disappointed to have had her education terminated and still worried about her mother, she was afraid to pursue the matter further for fear of losing the livelihood that had been so difficult for her to get. One day she received a letter from her mother from a town in Siberia, saying that she had completed her prison term and been released, but would never be permitted to leave that Siberian town, and asking her to come to see her if she possibly could. So, when her vacation came, she went to Siberia, and there she found her mother.

Tears began to roll down the cheeks of this fine, delicate Russian woman as she told me this. We were in a quiet corner of one of the rooms, and I stood between her and the chattering guests so that they could not see her tears.

Varya, as I shall call her, told me that her mother was so completely broken that she hardly recognized her. Her mother told her again and again that she did not know what she had done. "Perhaps I did do something terrible. Perhaps I even committed a murder. I do not know, for I am confused and cannot remember things clearly. The only thing I do remember is that I had repeated some political anecdotes about Stalin which had made me laugh when I heard them. I told them that, but they kept asking me day after day, night after night, what else I had done. They would give me salted fish to eat, with no water to drink. And then, while they were questioning me, they would pour themselves water from a cold pitcher, and give me none. I became so confused that I did not know what I was doing. I know I signed something to get it over with, but I do not know what it was."

Soon after Varya's return to Leningrad, the police

sent for her. "We notice," they said, "that you have been to Siberia to see your mother. We also notice that in your application for your present position you said that your mother was dead. Please explain that."

"I lied," said Varya. "I had to lie to keep alive. It was your system that made me lie."

"Why did you not come to us when you were first in trouble? That is what the police are for — to help people in trouble."

Varya told them truthfully that she had never thought of doing that. They said that they could understand this, but that now she had committed a serious crime in lying. Still, they had no reason to believe that she was not a loyal Soviet citizen. She could prove her loyalty by doing something for the state. All she had to do was to report to them on certain things in which they were interested, and which affected the safety of the state. "Otherwise," and they shrugged their shoulders, "we can only believe that you are a traitor as well as a liar, and it will go hard with you."

By this time, although I still stood so as to shield her from anyone who might pass by, Varya had composed herself. Out of the corner of my eye I saw an embassy attaché hovering about. Varya had seen him also. "Please do not think badly of me," she whispered, and then, as she held out her hand to me to say good-by, she added, for the benefit of the approaching attaché, "Nevertheless, I am sure you do not understand what the Soviet Union is really trying to do. Your ideas and mine are so far apart that I do not think we should talk with each other again."

All of this is of course an old story. The tale of the forced informer has been told over and over again in books on Soviet Russia, but its very stereotyped familiarity is what makes it so terrible to me now. Although all Americans here are continually aware of the possibility of provocation and plants, no motive for such deviousness seems possible in either this case or that of Petrov, who told me that the Russian people were ripe for a new revolution. And because of the very fact that my opportunities to talk with Russians have been so limited, such experiences convince me that the appraisal of the regime which they imply is not due to isolated cases, but is a common condition and a real force.

There is a vast difference between reading about such things in a book or hearing of them at second or third hand and experiencing them directly yourself. Things which one accepts intellectually become much more real when they become emotionally part of one's own self.

A murder mystery may be exciting, but it is not pleasant when one actually lives it. I am learning what I came to Russia to find out for myself. And although it holds the attention, it is hard on the nerves. The emotional experience of trying to

shield this weeping woman from observation as she told me her story will not soon be forgotten.

14

ONE degree above freezing, with the streets flooded with half-frozen slush, giving a chill, springlike effect mostly supported by the floods of sunlight. No sooner had we left the Embassy in the blue car than Nell saw a peasant woman with big bundles of pussy willows. After minor difficulties due to having to turn around in the traffic and to the ever-present police, who insisted that such things could not be sold on the streets but should be confined to the markets, we bought some. Valodya herded the woman, bundles and all, to the car in order to make the sale, relying partly on our diplomatic immunity and partly on the fact that the police scold rather than act in such cases.

Then over the Kamyenny Most — the Stone Bridge — to leave a note at the British Embassy. For some reason, the golden onion-shaped cupolas and domes of the Kremlin churches looked dull and tarnished in the sunlight. Valodya said that pussy willows were favorite decorations for graves, and that they were also much in evidence in the Russian churches at Easter services.

Then on to the Balashovsky Market, reached through narrow muddy alleys. The faces and the padded clothing of the rows of women behind the stalls were much more interesting than the things they sold. Sly, shrewd, pleasant faces with narrow, smiling eyes, big, rosy-cheeked, high-cheekboned faces, dour faces, but all of them full of character and curiosity about what was going on around them. Potatoes, cabbages, mangel-wurzels, sticks of horseradish, strings of dried mushrooms, chopped-up salads, frozen fish like smelts, washcloths made of strings of dried grass, and crowded rows of milk cans with milk slopping everywhere and everyone drinking out of the glasses in which the milk was measured. Russians are always eating, in the theaters, at football games, on the street. Here they were eating raw carrots, cabbage leaves, even bits of tallow from the quarters of raw beef.

From there we drove to the commission shops at the lower end of Stolyeshnikov Lane and sent Valodya home with the car to take Natasha shopping, leaving us to walk home. The commission shops, which are state-operated antique or second-hand stores, were all closed from three to four for lunch — further evidence that the competitive system serves the customer better than bureaucracy — so we walked up the hill to Gorky Street blinded by the blaze of sunlight reflected in the pools of slush and water everywhere.

I turned on the radio in the cozy little room opposite the Kremlin and listened to the programs in honor of some sort of anniversary in connection

with Maxim Gorky. Never a week passes that is not crowded with anniversaries of all sorts. One of the programs was a visit to the Gorky Museum. As usual, it was very well done — one could hear the crowds of visitors talking, and the museum attendants described the various exhibits as they always do to the crowds. It was a children's program, and one old man took the microphone to tell of how Gorky had been kind to him when they were both young. Gorky's love for the people and for children in particular was well brought out.

Then someone described Gorky's visit to America. Whenever America is mentioned, one always braces oneself for the slap, and sure enough, it came. Gorky's impression of America was that it was a civilization of Stones and Things, without soul, heart, feeling, or kindness — the natural result of a capitalist order, and such a contrast to the warmhearted, child-loving Soviet world of True Democracy.

Nothing here is ever dished up on its own merits — there must be purpose, meaning, and planning in everything. Skiing and skating are not to be done because one likes to ski or skate, but because they are good for you. The old plays, Chekhov and Ostrovsky in particular, are immeasurably superior to contemporary drama in the theaters, but even they must have revolutionary significance — which Chekhov has in an amazing way that I did not realize until coming here — or else they must portray the evils and follies of bourgeois life, particularly the greed and selfishness that is provoked by money and property under the capitalist order. Even music must now make a positive contribution to ideology.

Neutrality in the class struggle is a crime, and "He who is not for me is against me" is a conception which forms the great sea of life, all of whose manifestations are only waves on the surface of that struggle. It is difficult to think of any human activity which does not fit into that pattern, and it seems to me that the classical ballet and some, but not all, of the endless variations of the charming, urgent *chastushki* songs — folk songs in the making — are the only things that are not made to conform and direct their energies to serve. Even these are so characteristically and traditionally Russian that they strengthen the thread of nationalist pride and feeling, which also serves the state.

15

I AM weary, and thoroughly depressed. There is always some sort of crisis in the making here, usually due to someone either actually or potentially putting himself in the power of the Russian state, which is very apt to be merciless in using that power. Here Americans cannot afford to do things which would be perfectly normal anywhere else in the world. For another thing, we are about to lose Bob

Dreher. His time is up, and his exit visa has been requested. His experience in Odessa has been invaluable, and he will be missed very much. The Navy told me that it would be a long time before they could send a relief for Dreher, because of a shortage of Russian-speaking officers, and it becomes increasingly evident to me that none but Russian-speaking ones should be sent.

Since long before my arrival, no service attachés have been permitted by the Soviets to travel in Russia, except for one trip to Leningrad made by Willie Edenberg. Nevertheless, I got off a long, careful letter making a try. It is no mean task to compose a request for permission to travel which might have some chance of being even looked at by this suspicious government, and the ground for this one has been in process of preparation for months. It asked for permission to visit Kiev, which has some of the most famous and glorious churches and monasteries of all the Russias, or Kazan, the capital of the Tatar Republic, or Samarkand, where Tamerlane is buried, or the ancient Khorazm which was laid waste by Jenghiz Khan and which is studded with little-known archeological remains. My honest personal reasons for wanting to visit any of these places were given plainly, but it is probable that there will be no answer other than a long burst of silence.

Being a naval aviator, I must fly at least every three months or I will not long remain an aviator. There is an airplane assigned to me on the books of the Navy Department, but it is inconceivable that it could ever be brought here. Even the Ambassador's plane must be kept outside of Russia and its infrequent trips are extraordinarily difficult to arrange. I therefore must go outside Russia to do my flying.

My visa for Berlin came back exactly as it had been requested, for travel both ways by either airplane or train. The last time I went out, an effort was made to get that sort of visa, but it did not come through until a few hours before my departure, and then for airplane only. By that time it was too late to do anything about it. Most of the foreigners believe that train travel, even to Berlin, is deliberately discouraged by the Soviets in order to isolate foreigners as much as possible from the people. It is worth remembering how effective a little bit of considerate treatment can be, for now it is very easy to wonder if, after all, it wasn't just some stupid mistake that failed to get such a visa before.

Early in the morning Nell drove out with me to Vnukovo Airport to see me off for Berlin. In the settled country, the roads are strung out with people, going or coming from somewhere on foot, seated on the tops of loads in open trucks, or in low sleighs drawn by unkempt little horses with big stiff wooden bows arching over their necks. In the city there were fewer people up and about than on these

country roads. The one distinguishing mark of Great Russia is the complete lack of farmhouses or farm buildings. The Russians do not live on separate farms, but cluster into villages, where the huts and houses are snugly strung along a single street, as close together as in an Indiana or a Nebraska small town. There is not even a separate word in the Russian language that means "the country" — one says "in the village" instead.

Germany seemed very fresh and neat, with its shining, rain-washed streets. Everywhere the yellow forsythia was in bloom, and the lilacs were breaking out with small, vivid green leaves. For the first time, the English and French on the trilingual signs at the edges of the various zones of Berlin seemed more outlandish to me than the Russian.

My second night in Berlin, General Clay had a very large sit-down dinner at Harneck House, the luxurious ex-German club which is now used for social affairs as well as for housing very senior transient officers. Being Admiral Schuirmann's house guest, I was invited. The very tops of the American, British, and French governments were there: Koenig, the soldierly-looking Robertson, and Clay himself, with a hospitable smile on his otherwise rather severe, almost morose face. I had a grand time with the food, which impressed my Moscow taste more than anything else, and with my dinner companions, neither of whose names, to my regret, I remember, although one of them was a blue-eyed, dark-haired, high-colored beauty.

With all my flight time in and my chores completed, I headed for the Silesia Station. I was the only foreigner on a long, long train which literally swarmed with Russian troops. My wagon was filled with senior Russian army officers, most of them from tank divisions, going home on leave or on transfer, accompanied in a few cases by wives and children. The *nachalnik*, or head man, of the wagon — he has more authority than a porter in America, but includes a porter's duties in his responsibilities — seemed a little bewildered when he took me to my compartment to find that it was already full of Russians, so he picked another compartment at random, and soon my parachute bags and bundles were stowed in the big boxlike space under the lower berth.

While the last package was being put away, a tank officer came in with some enormous suitcases and more bundles, which made the stowage in our double compartment a bit complicated, but not impossible. He was on the far side of middle age, with sandy gray hair and a slightly angular, convex aspect to his face that was vaguely reminiscent of one of the flat corners of a large nut. Sometimes he looked surprisingly young, and at other times old and worn. His hands were big workman's hands. He had come to Berlin with the conquering army

in 1945 and, except for his annual leave, which he had received regularly, had been there ever since. His family had been with him for a while, but had gone back to his home in Leningrad, and his name was Vassily.

We talked, off and on, through the end of the afternoon. He slipped out for a nip of vodka with someone. Soon after he returned, a handsome young colonel with a healthy red face and fair, wavy hair, and a broad chest covered with medals, came in and said to Vassily, "Let's eat." The train to Brest still carries no restaurant car, and there was no water on board, not even for washing or flushing. The new arrival was not so reserved as Vassily.

"Who's that?" he asked, jerking a thumb towards me.

"American. He's going to Moscow."

"Would he drink with us?"

"Ask him and see."

Then Nikolai, the bemedaled newcomer, addressed himself to me. "Why are you going to Moscow?"

"I work there."

"What sort of work?"

"In the American Embassy. I'm the American naval attaché."

"Ah, spy!" His face lit up with sudden spite.

"What do you mean 'spy'? Look at this uniform! How can one be a spy, when it is clear to everyone who I am? Everyone in Moscow who knows me knows that I am an American and knows that I am not a spy."

His spite died down. "Will you drink vodka with us?"

So we wrestled with the bags to bring out food and drink. Nikolai went out and brought back an unopened bottle of vodka, some food, and some large plastic tumblers. He couldn't knock the cork out, so he pushed it in with a powerful finger. I poured myself a large drink, and passed the bottle back. Neither would take it. "More! More!" they said. And they simply sat there, hanging their heads and looking sad and sorrowful, refusing to pour themselves a drop, until at last I filled my tumbler to the brim. Then they brightened up and did likewise, and we drank to each other's health.

Did you ever chew on a half-inch strip of raw bacon? Fortunately, the bacon wasn't quite as obligatory as the vodka, and my Swiss cheese went well with their black bread. It was pleasant enough, with food in plenty. Nikolai, who had commanded an artillery regiment, must have counted my ribbons a dozen times. I think I had one or two more than he, which filled him with great respect. Russians, even the Soviets, have a tremendous veneration for rank, and when the meaning of my broad stripes was explained, he bowed to the floor, with two fingers extended in the formal Eastern gesture of sweeping, outturned palm.

We ate and drank and talked, not about politics,

which, though difficult to avoid, is apt to be dangerous for all concerned, but mostly about the war. Both were very proud of their Soviet Union, its accomplishments, and its aims, and during all the time I talked with them gave not the slightest indication of disaffection. But all of us had seen enough of war, and we all agreed that war was a bad thing.

"Nevertheless, there will be war," Nikolai said, suddenly and somberly.

"Perhaps," I replied. "It would be too bad."

"Yes, too bad. But *budyet* (it will come). And soon."

I scoffed. "Neither your country nor mine wants war."

"Lock the door, Vassily." He lowered his voice and said, intensely and emphatically, "*Budyet! Budyet!*"

I still protested, but Vassily backed him up. "*Budyet! Budyet voinal!*"

I told them that not only did my country genuinely not want war, but that under our form of government it was impossible for us to start one. I told them that the continual blare in the Russian press about capitalist warmongering was not founded on fact, and was dangerous. Every time our voices rose a bit, one of them would put up a hand to caution quiet. Someone knocked on the door.

"Don't let him in," said Nikolai, and after a few more raps whoever it was passed on.

"*Budyet!* And soon — very soon!"

"How soon?"

"Three months!" and Nikolai held up three fingers.

Again I scoffed. "But why? Why are you so sure?"

Another rap on the door. "Tell them they can't come in. *Nyetzya* (forbidden)."

"But why? My country will never start a war," I said in a lowered voice.

Nikolai fished in his inside pocket. "Show him your party card, Vassily."

And they both showed me their red booklets of membership in the Communist Party of Bolsheviks — the fundamental requisite of all power and influence, the mark of the modern aristocracy. I looked the cards over, and handed them back.

"*Budyet voinal! Boo-oo-oodyet!*" and again the three fingers. "*Boo-oodyet!* And it will be not your doing, but the will of Moscow!"

A strange creep went down my back. But by this time the door was thundering and voices were shouting outside. "Let them in!" I said, suddenly realizing that the train had been stopped for some time. "It's the Polish frontier!"

We hunted for our documents. The hawk-nosed, proud-looking Polish officer, with his strange mor-

tarboard cap and his attendants, looked at the tumblers and the fragments of food, and did not view us with undue suspicion.

After they had gone and the train was again under way, we talked for a long time. They said that, although there was no doubt that America and England would lose the war, it was unnecessary and a great mistake, but — *boo-oodyet!* They asked me if I had a family.

"Yes — a wife and a son."

"Where are they? In America?"

"The son is in New York. My wife is in Moscow."

Nikolai winced and put his hands over his face. "That is a bad place to have your wife."

He was on his way to somewhere in the south, but he was a native Muscovite. If by any chance he should come to Moscow, I could go underground, and he would help me and be like a son to me. And so on into the night. But it was eerie, to see their intent, earnest faces in the dim, smoke-filled compartment, and to have the future laid on the line for me with so much conviction. I shall long hear that "*Boo-oodyet!*" in my ears. For three months, at least.

The next morning, I was awakened by Vassily's long legs descending from the upper berth. I watched him wrap them in heavy cloths before putting on his boots, and was conscious of being very, very thirsty. The oranges which Schuirmann's German maid had put up for me saved our lives. I didn't run across Nikolai until midafternoon, when I gave him the usual Russian greeting.

"How are you feeling?"

"Very, very bad!"

It was easy to tell one was in Poland because of the little shrines to be seen by the roadside, sometimes painted a bright blue, sometimes draped in faded flowers. The train stopped for a long time at Siedlce, to take on water, among other things. I got some beer at the station buffet and then walked the platform.

I tried to make up my mind about the significance of the evening before. Remembering Pearl Harbor, I knew that I must make no mistake. I appraised it as an outgrowth of the genuine camaraderie that exists everywhere between military people, who are not the makers of wars but the ones who fight them. Almost always there is a certain respect for the professional soldier or sailor of the other side, although not for the policies which he carries out. I also decided that it was most probable that my friends had no real inside information, but were reflecting the current talk of the Red Army and the Party. After that I felt better — but not much. "*Boo-oo-oodyet*" still whispered in my ears.

(To be continued)



JOSEPHINE JOHNSON is a native of Missouri whose first short story appeared in the *Atlantic* and who won the Pulitzer Prize with her beautifully descriptive novel, *Now in November*. Three years ago, she and her husband bought three acres on the outskirts of Cincinnati and a majestic house a hundred and thirty years old. There were bats in the attic — uncouthed thousands who did not wish to be dislodged; and that struggle Miss Johnson described in her memorable article, “Tenants of the House” (August, 1952). Now, in a series of fresh essays, she depicts the explorations which she and her children have carried out in the summer and early autumn.

SEPTEMBER HARVEST

by JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

I

AT the eastern corner of our ancient house is an old woodpile. Under the beautiful shadow of the wild cherry trees and maple it has lain for years and is now overgrown with grapevines and honeysuckle, and has sheltered chipmunks and the itinerant skunks that wandered through on summer nights. In the comparatively small space these logs and crumbling timber cover, an infinite, minute world goes on, almost soundless, often invisible, but continuous, shifting, full of faint scents and changing lights. By early autumn the grape and honeysuckle are covered by the weightless sprawling vines of the wild cucumber, whose lace-like spires of flowers have changed to prickly clusters of fruit, and whose twisting hands, delicate as watch springs, have grabbed on to every perpendicular stalk they can wrap themselves about. Their mindless, loving spirals circle the Queen Anne’s lace, and the handles of the broken wheelbarrow carry their luminous green fruits, which dangle like spiny hedgehogs under the wide umbrella leaves.

The various bees of the world, from the great mumbling giants to the small brown velvet bees like winged moles, move over the cucumber vines, which flower and fruit at the same time. In the early morning these cucumber leaves are stiff and spread out in the dew like lily pads, but as the sun moves slowly over the woodpile, they collapse weakly into soft mushy rags, and the path of the sun is marked by their fainting shapes. But no matter how closely I watched I could not detect that mystic moment when the *cluster* of cucumber pods, silver and sticky as a bunch of burs, became *one* cucumber. Was it chosen to grow of all the lot, and the rest reluctantly drop away? Oh never mind us, it doesn’t matter; we’ll just wither up here in the grass while you grow big and strong —

or did one secretly *devour* the rest, spines and all, on some moonlit night, and emerge The One next morning? The world of animal and insect clicks along with such business-like cruelty that the word actually has no meaning any more in reference to anything but man, and the vegetables doubtless share this glorious innocence, this immunity from the tribunal god. And there is no spiritual squealing on each other.

By the summer’s end the woodpile is a mass of bindweed vines with their small white flowers, of morning-glories whose delicate seed-pods are shaped like winged buds, and the enormous grape leaves are insect-riddled and some shadowy as lace. In the dark cool recesses under the logs grows the shelf fungus, velvety and soft like white kid gloves, and the swollen body of a brown earth cricket moves along the shelves, preoccupied and withdrawn in its pregnancy, waiting for the signal of its time. Sleek as a chestnut, but not at all as cheerful as a cricket, she steps sullenly around the small white cups of the bird’s-nest fungus, some filled with the minute egg spores, waiting for a bird not larger than a bee, and some empty and white as porcelain.

The English ivy that grows in a mat outward from the house and never climbs, seeming unable to attach itself to the painted brick, creeps each year nearer to the wild vines of the woodpile; and watching a wasp pick its elegant nervous path along the sliding and the shining leaves one realizes suddenly the *moving* floor that insects tread — the delicately articulated, shifting floor of leaves. The ivy bends and trembles under the wasp’s foot, while we clump heavily over the solid floor of earth.

While pondering on this I saw a small black spider asleep above a leaf, his head bowed on his

arms (or feet) like a sleeping cat, when suddenly the small, black, toady head jerked up and I looked directly into the creature's eyes. What an overwhelming experience! Those glittering darts of jet seemed the essence of unwinking evil. Refined and crystal evil of such purity that it held you frozen to the heart. For a long and horrid moment we stared at each other, and then it disappeared among the ivy leaves. As I thawed slowly back to normal it occurred to me that the encounter may have made some impression the other way around. What did *it* think of me in that chilling moment? "My god!" was he saying to his wife (or do these spiders have wives? — at least to some fellow arachnid), "those great, empty, evil pools of green! Cold as autumn algae. I *saw myself* swimming in them! How shall I ever forget this?" And they would huddle together like two black, hairy toads, thinking of what incredible situations one encounters in this world.

2

WE HAD little or no vegetable garden this year. The small rich plot of ground that our neighbor hopefully plows for us each year with his tractor starts out with a beautiful rich and chocolate bareness, and stakes are set up to give a professional and tidy air. Then comes the selection of vegetables, which is remarkably limited since the children like only beans and carrots and cucumbers, and the rest of us are subject to strange wandering allergies which rule out tomatoes and Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, and cabbage. And potatoes, which our predecessors grew by the bushel, will yield for us nothing but strange little plants like old Christmas trees stripped of needles and heavy with bright beetle balls. So we planted a few rows of beans and cucumbers and a row of corn.

Then up through the glistening chocolate soil all around these rows came the native crop of cockle and wild amaranth, dock and sorrel, and the bindweed — which, given time, would cover all the world, including the various oceans, and the earth would hurtle through space, a globe of green clinging vines like a monstrous ivy ball. This is always a cause of considerable shame and sorrow to us through each summer, but this autumn, wandering through our seedy jungle, I thought (with that stubborn core of brightness and sunshine which is innate in our incurably gloomy souls) — I thought, no, by heaven, the fruits of neglect are many and wonderful, and the harvest, although *different* from other people's, has a richness all its own! It is not that we would not *prefer* the golden and substantial harvest of the more industrious man, the cellar, freezer, flowing bin; but faced with the wages of sin, the devious soul inclines to polish up the tarnished

coin and use it in those darker realms where it has a value all its own.

Well, this harvest of ours is a tide of morning-glory vines, whose leaves have turned to a gold and dying brown, and some of a polished eggplant color, and in the tide float blossoms of pure and delicate purple and magenta. Also there are green branches of the wormwood weed, delicate and lace-like, branched like cedar trees, with an indescribable aromatic autumn scent, like fir and spice and marigold. The wild green and red amaranth, though an ugly and furry weed, has a long ancestry, both as a food for ancient people and as the center of religious rites. As Dr. Edgar Anderson points out in his book, *Plants, Man and Life*, the seeds are still used by primitive people as grain and can be popped — and were by the Aztecs, who mixed them with human blood, made images and ate them in a sort of communion ceremony. They are also planted among other grain to frustrate devils, and as I look about me in our garden I feel we may have overdone this devil-insurance a bit, and may be at the mercy of our protectors, as so often happens in this devious life.

Taking Dr. Anderson's word for the edibility of our crop, we gathered a few stalks and beat out the glittering black seeds that looked like bird-shot and were each smaller than a pinhead. My husband resorted to various devices to rid the seed of chaff, blowing on it in the manner of the ancient gleaners, until he looked like an engraving of the West Wind driving ships at sea, and then using the water treatment by which all — or most — of the bright-eyed seeds fell to the bottom and the chaff floated. This last worked fairly well, and when they were towed and dry we got out a frying pan and dumped them in.

In the meantime the children had decided this was the day to dig up the ant lions and change them into a smaller home. They passed them about for us to inspect their louse-shaped bodies and scimitar-shaped horns, and held out the lions with one hand while they shook the seeds in the frying pan with the other and talked about their "popping well." The bright black beads of amaranth did begin popping soon, but though we tried two batches, one delicately fried in oil, we could not keep them from scorching, and they tasted about as delicious as burned sand. They may well require that added gastronomical touch of human blood, but the general feeling was to give the amaranth back to the Aztecs where it came from.

In the tangle of the manifold weeds, the praying mantis (a valuable insect and more effective against the devils than red amaranth, if you have something to protect) comes each year and builds its spongy nest. One of the strangest sights is the laying of the mantis eggs. These are laid nest and all in one curious, foamy operation, as though the

mantis had become a green tube of shaving cream, and out of her abdomen foams the gold froth which gradually hardens in the air like a brittle sponge, and clings to the vines or weed stems through the winter, holding the eggs, from which will step briskly minute mantes in the spring.

I found one enormous female suspended among the buckwheat vines, her thin thorny arms in the ominous posture, not of prayer but of anticipation; and near her a furry brown-gold caterpillar came crawling along the vines. It came nearer and nearer, and she watched with her pale terrible eyes its nibbling progress around a leaf. Then the caterpillar came to the end of its leaf and reached out blindly to eat on, its jaws grazing the mantis on her leg. In that moment it became suddenly and terribly aware of the pin-point eyes in their gray orbs watching above it, and retreated, humping, hurrying, actually *rippling* with horror, at the incredible nearness of its death.

The mantis was probably already satiated and about to bear her nest, because later when I brought her a new grasshopper, stump-winged still, with only gray lumps where its wings should have been, and unable to do anything but crawl, she regarded it coldly, and did not stir, seeming to be preoccupied inwardly with herself and the spongy delivery which was to come.

All around us the land is flat for a mile or so, gashed and white with the gravel quarries, and underlain with ancient limestone and acres of glacial stones. There are old and new quarries and some of the old have filled in to small lakes, blue and pure as only a quarry lake can be. And some of the gashes and holes have become small ponds and arroyos, with a willow-rooted, algae-blurred life of their own.

Toward the end of summer these willow ditches dry down to a mere leaf filled dampness, and along the final margin the algae cling to the hairy willow roots and dry, white and web-like, like rows of fishermen's nets all up and down the length of the vanished pool. In the fragrant shadow of the dying willows, in the bed of ancient black willow leaves from other years, and small white pebbles, there is a minute world of little, dry, dead things, fragile and of myriad shapes—tiny shells like rams' horns, pure white among the black leaves, and the hollow halves of microscopic burs, prickly and brown as porcupines. The transparent wing of a cicada is there and the white ghost of a dragonfly. Under the curled cottonwood leaves whose dry cupped paws are not gray, not brown, but sepia, the color of old faded photographs, are the

larger whorled shells of the snails, abandoned to the winter, and once I found the delicate backbone of a bird.

This small aromatic world of falling golden willow leaves and rounded stones is almost uninhabited, except for the water thrush and the field sparrows. The dragonflies have gone and the frogs are sleeping. I have sometimes imagined it peopled with a small sturdy race of beings, not fairies, God forbid, but little persons two inches high with heads about the size and shape of the head of a clothespin, who live industrious pleasant lives, with only small stumpy wings, if any, to overcome the handicap of their size, who have no magic tricks or wands, and who do not indulge in that superior malice or sentimental wiping away of bunny tears which is the fairies' stock in trade.

I have loathed fairies ever since the days of Tinker Bell and the mean slyness of the Alcott fairy who gave the bracelet that pricked. Loathed them at first furtively and guiltily, knowing them to be somehow the literary disguise of adult authority, the power and the sermon sneaking in on silly rainbow wings with thin legs and gauzy dresses, all-wise, all-powerful under its fragility, always beautiful (for the fat and forty love the image of themselves in golden hair, barefooted on the flowers), insistent as mosquitoes, preaching at the helpless human child. Well, these little people I have concocted for the willow ditches are cheerful, work for their lives and not their souls, are ingenious in the use of all that grows wild (*they* know what to do with amaranth seeds), make themselves quilts out of the milkweed down instead of floating around on it on their tiptoes, make themselves thatched cottages in the summer and burrow under the roots of trees in winter, and are never found tapping innocent fresh babies on the dome with prickly wands.

This September ended with a long dry wind that seemed to have blown without stopping from some western desert. For several days it blew, full of dust scents and the dryness of sagebrush, carrying eastward our own autumn smells of falling maple leaves, green walnut, and the warm lemon odor of quince and yellow apple. With such level blowing all scents must have reached the ocean shores of the Atlantic and, unimpaired, mingled with foam and cooling sands, the smell of salt and fish and marshes. And though, at last, lost there in the sound and smell of breaking water, have sifted downward on the beaches, under the same autumn moon that saw them starting eastward on their journey.



Military critic and editorial writer, BRIGADIER GENERAL S. L. A. MARSHALL (Ret.) is a veteran of both World Wars who was in Korea at the time of the Chinese attack, as Infantry Operations Analyst with the Eighth Army. In his book The River and the Gauntlet, he calls the pull back down the peninsula the longest retreat in American history, and the fight for extrication from the Red trap one of the decisive battles of the twentieth century. General Marshall served as Chief Historian for the European Theater of Operations during World War II, and is today military critic of the Detroit News.

OUR MISTAKES IN KOREA

by BRIGADIER GENERAL S. L. A. MARSHALL (Ret.)

I

WHATEVER need be said in disparagement of our three years of fighting operations in Korea, it may at least be claimed for them that they possessed the virtue of a rare consistency. Under one Administration they were begun with an air of excessive expectation based upon estimates which were inspired by wishful optimism. Under a second Administration, they are promising to lapse into uneasy quiet amid illusions that are no less remarkable than those which encouraged the initial decision.

Now, looking backward from this time of precarious truce, it can be seen that the ends are no different from the middle. From first to last the failure to budget the expenses of the Korean War, as if keeping them from sight would make the experience less painful, has been symptomatic of a national ailment. We have been reaching for something just around the corner without first moving to the intersection.

In the first summer, we plunged on a sure thing, though the axiom has it that in war nothing is sure. We said we did it because there was no alternative to precipitate action; the future of collective security was at stake, and aggression left unchecked would soon ring the world with fire.

So went the reasoning. But let's look at the record. The decision to intervene was unanimous in the political and military councils of government. But no move toward even partial mobilization accompanied it. The reserves were not called. An ammunition build-up was not programmed, though in some types the stocks were nil. For three months thereafter the Defense Secretary continued to hack at our fighting resources. Relations between State and the Pentagon remained as cold as if they represented opposite sides in a war.

It is said that the original planners mistakenly

calculated that they were dealing with a gook army and an essentially craven people who would collapse as soon as mobile men and modern weapons blew a hot breath their way. But the play didn't follow the lines as written.

Initially two American divisions were sent from Japan along with a token air force and a hope that nothing more would be needed. It proved not enough, and so a third was sent along, to be rocked back on its heels. Belatedly a fourth division had been alerted in the United States. Moving into the battle along the Naktong line, its weight was still insufficient to alter the balance.

When at last, in late summer, two additional divisions were landed behind the enemy lines at Inchon, the show, in so far as American field strength was concerned, was all but complete. One more division was added in the hour when the seemingly shattered Communist enemy was being pursued to the Yalu River. Strategy was then at its wishful best; it was wishing out of existence a Red Chinese Army which was already over the border.

So there were seven American divisions to reap the disappointment of the wish and to know the shock of defeat when Communist China, with many times the fighting power of North Korea, entered the war. There were still seven in the following spring. By then the heroic Eighth Army, having been driven from North Korea, was already on the rebound. It was considered the appropriate time for the Joint Chiefs of Staff and others in high place to pass the word that the war was a strategic and tactical stalemate. Concern for Europe influenced the decision; Europe was rated the "decisive" area; so additional American divisions were sent there. This was by way of saying that to stop aggression and make collective security work, it is

better to give over a battle which could be won for the sake of one which, under existing conditions, would certainly be lost.

Under both Administrations American policy continued to be guided on the estimates of that hour. At the time of the truce there were still seven American divisions in Korea. There were also sixteen ROK divisions, a British Commonwealth division, a Turkish brigade, and numerous stout battalions from other nations.

But when they manned their fire trenches, there was about one fighting man to every 40 yards of distance. Along the general front they were outnumbered by the enemy three to one. The works they held were eggshell thin compared with the depth of the Chinese entrenchments. They consisted really of one line of bunkered trenches slashed through the ridgetops from coast to coast with an occasional half-organized backstop position somewhat to the rear. The Communist defensive zone was entrenched for 20,000 yards back, four times the depth of World War I systems. Their diggings were engineered to provide maximum protection against atomic attack. Ours were not.

So, as forces stand, the war could be properly described as a tactical stalemate. We had the power and they had the push and the people. For two years the situation remained in equipoise mainly because we were motorized and had a tremendous advantage in air and artillery. There had never been sufficient infantry either to do an adequate job of sealing a defensive front or of composing a strategic reserve so that the Eighth Army could really function as an army, using one corps as a maneuver wing. Instead of that, it could meet offensive opportunities only by inching battalions forward.

The UN side, and in particular the United States, which was the major power holding the command seat, accepted a drawn war as inevitable simply out of unwillingness to raise a sufficient infantry. An additional four solid divisions — meaning approximately 60,000 men — might have made all the difference.

But no such augmentation was ever requested and no one arose to ask why not. It is a tender subject in the United States — this one of how many men should be sent to a rifle line where death ever presses close. Too many Americans grow emotional about it, and too few Congressmen are willing to look it in the eye. But the chance for victory rides on having the sufficient number; and when either political or economic considerations finally limit purely military requirements, we ask, if not for stalemate, then for defeat.

Even so, the deliberate political design by which two Administrations treated the Korean War as if it were an insoluble military problem served to achieve one major object. It confused the American public and, confusing it, dulled its memory.

But our confusion is like a low back pain: the hurt is not less because the doctors say there is nothing wrong with the patient.

2

IN the second summer of the war, the great illusion was that since we had acknowledged stalemate, the Communists must also see that the game was tied and would be hurting just as hard for a truce. As negotiations began, spokesmen for the Joint Chiefs said privately that the fighting would probably end within three weeks — that it might take as long as six weeks but, on the other hand, could come within six days. President Truman radiated the same optimism. He and the Chiefs seem not to have read of Brest Litovsk or to have known that Mao had praised Communist tactics there as the perfect model for any future negotiation. So again things didn't happen as wished, and some of the by-products of the excessive hope put an additional load on national action.

A limited troop rotation policy was already in effect, having been mothered by necessity. The initial forces had been kept too long and pushed too hard; not to have afforded them relief would have been inexcusable.

But rotation, as it came in full flower under the seeming promise of a quick truce, was a glorified game of musical chairs. Though the fighting pressure had eased, a contract was made with the combat soldier that he would do less than one year in Korea. Provided a truce came forth, there was no great jeopardy in the contract. But if the enemy used the table to prolong the war and harry the United States, it meant that the administrative load among the fighting units would be so greatly increased as to leave little time for training. It meant also that the American divisions of the Eighth Army would henceforth be a half-seasoned body of fighting men barred by regulations from becoming any better than that.

That is the reality. Stuck with its own brain-child, the Army praised rotation as one of the miracles of the Korean War, a bulwark to fighting morale and a conservator of our human material. Analyzed in the field, where men were fighting, it proved to be none of these things.

No doubt something is added to the fighter's morale by the knowledge that in a certain month he will turn home again, provided he lives that long. But what is gained is more than offset by the fact that he never develops any great sense of unity with his company. Reporting to the front for the first time, he joins four or five men in a bunker, and his association with them is likely to be the only feel that he gets of his unit during his first month in combat, or until the unit goes into reserve. By the time he makes a few buddies among the trained men, they are gone on their way. Then, despite his

own brief schooling in the front line, he must break in the newly arriving strangers.

Rotation is also a killer of men rather than a saver. There are never enough experienced men to fill the rugged assignments and let the new hands break in gradually. Because of the personnel pinch, men frequently are called on to join a patrol into enemy country their first night in line. Their greenness sometimes proves fatal to the whole group. Such is the turnover that Americans have no chance to develop skill in patrolling. In scouting quality, diversification of maneuver, and catlike caution, they are rarely a match for the Chinese.

Rotation has also furthered that degradation of the Army which is partly the consequence of slide-rule methods in the Pentagon and penny-wise economy in the Bureau of the Budget. Men are not paid what they're worth and are not acknowledged the dignity which they have won under fire. In Korea, companies were commanded by lieutenants, and platoons were frequently led by privates and corporals, with no immediate chance for promotion.

Recently a case study was made in one division of the turnover during a thirty-day period. It was perhaps not too significant that of the 1200 replacements incoming, the quota of noncommissioned officers had less than 10 per cent of the grades needed for a body of that number. But it was rather startling to discover that of the 1300 outgoing veterans who had done their time, the quota was still only 40 per cent of what it should have been.

A brigadier of artillery put it this way: "The trouble with rotation isn't that we haven't made it work, but that someone in Washington will get the idea that it's good."

3

DURING the third summer, the illusion that a truce would arrive on winged feet still hung on. The new hope which came to bloom beside it was that by building a still stronger ROK Army we would shortly find an easy exit from our Korean venture.

The history of this effort, and in particular the tardiness of the decision, shows conclusively that it was inspired by dreams of liquidating our commitments and getting back to the old rocking chair rather than by the hope for military victory.

During the first year of mobile war, South Korea as a potential reservoir of military help to us was virtually ignored, and that was the time when the help was most needed. Americans "choggied" their own supply up the ridge trails to join the fire fight, and wore themselves out in so doing, though there were thousands of Korean backs ready to do the pioneer work. The organization of the Korean Service Corps, which now has a regiment with each of our divisions, came along later. It has been a splendid help.

In that year there were only two competent ROK divisions equipped with organic artillery and a reasonable complement of other heavy weapons. The others got along as best they could without systematized heavy fire support, and it is a wonder that any survived. Yet the Army of the United States did not so much as send one headquarters battery to Korea to initiate a training establishment for ROK artillerymen so that there would be ready men when the guns became available. The word in Washington at that time was that the policy-makers feared to build up the ROK Army lest Syngman Rhee become uncontrollable. Whether that is the true explanation, or the neglect of the force was due to pure sluggishness, is perhaps beyond proof.

But it was not until the leash had been pulled on General Van Fleet's forward operations and talk of truce filled the air that the ROK build-up started. The army is now proceeding toward twenty-division organization with an over-all strength of 600,000. There is little fat in the administrative rear, and most of its strength is squeezed toward the fighting components. Here, of course, is the great paradox of the situation. The modern ROK Army was born on the battlefield out of a stricken nation which had nothing to give but raw manpower. Deprived of our economic help, the Republic could not keep its present army for sixty days.

To rear a modern and well-rounded military establishment and, behind this façade, then to attempt to make a backward nation catch up with the present, while assisting in the revitalizing of its economy, is quite a reversal of the normal processes of history. It is a unique experiment. It is expensive; and to the American who still thinks that military power in any form is a parasite upon the political body, it seems an unnecessary waste of his money and an outrage against Korea's underprivileged people.

Rhee was audacious in expecting us to support twenty ROK divisions, which is more than we had in our own establishment. But Rhee saw perhaps more clearly than we that he would continue to face the Chinese.

That carries us along to the great illusion of the current summer — the wishful hope that soon after the signing of a truce the Communist Chinese will fold their tents, mount their camels, and steal away. Is there any reason in it or is it just another butterfly thought?

Following World War II, the term "vacuum area" was coined to describe the war-ravaged country which, stripped of police power and means of livelihood, became dependent on outside help if it was to survive in nationhood. Greece was such a place for a time. So were the other Balkans. We went to Greece's rescue. Russia filled the vacuum elsewhere in the peninsula and in Central Europe and never thereafter loosed its grip.

Yet, with this recent example before us, we have failed to envisage the over-all political condition that will obtain in the Korean peninsula now that the truce is signed. Since South Korea is, for the time being, invalidated and dependent on us largely for military supply and what is needed to keep life in a now surplus population, we more or less vaguely see that for some years ahead we shall have to fill the vacuum, serving as backer, banker, and supplier. Either that or South Korea, left a hopeless derelict, will be salvaged by Communist neighbors.

But where our thinking falls short — and this applies to our policy-makers — is in our failure to consider that North Korea, economically, politically, and militarily, is a worse wreck than the territory south of the 38th Parallel and that this vacuum is certain to be filled by a major power.

Communist China permitted General Nam Il of North Korea to front as chief delegate at Panmunjom. It was an act of political tact in marked contrast with our policy of keeping the South Korean delegate at the bottom of the totem pole. Behind Nam Il's impeccable front, however, lies only the shattered façade of a puppet state which has never known independence and is now too ill to experiment toward it. Of the more than a million Communists manning the front in Korea, not more than 50,000 of the combat element was North Korean. The interior police power is under supervision by the Chinese. The people till their land to keep the Chinese army fed, and subsist on what is left. Their heavy industry is in ruins; their commerce is limited to the traffic in war materials.

Briefly pictured, here is a situation from which the troops of Red China cannot possibly withdraw. For if that were to be done, a chaotic and despond-

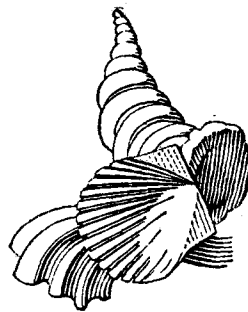
ent people would embrace the help and faith offered from the Free World. All that now gives North Korea a semblance of unity is the military operations of Red China which the North Koreans now serve.

Red China did not enter the war with the object of throwing over her own prestige and sacrificing her power position at the last moment. To expect such stupid generosity of her is almost criminal folly. The Chinese aim is to defeat the United States and UN coalition, and possibly, beyond that, to expand her territory. So when our statesmen express the pious hope that in a "reconciliation period" which follows a truce, Red China can be persuaded to withdraw, they are blind to fundamental political realities. Red China can't withdraw; nor can water flow uphill.

Korea is a strategically profitless area for the United States, of no use as a defensive base, a springboard to nowhere, a sinkhole for our military power. We don't belong there.

But because of that, to think now of how we can stage an extrication before we have taken any measure of what the post-truce struggle might become, is only to extend the wayward course we have already traveled. It is a time for steadiness, waiting and seeing, and a rugged realism in our appreciation of the situation instead of the pipe-dreaming which has mocked the effort thus far. The retention of a strong American garrison in Korea during the period ahead while the Republic is growing up to its armed establishment might well mean the saving of Southeast Asia and even help to cool off Red China.

Quite a few things enter into the prevention of world war and the preserving of peace. It's infinitely helpful when the strongest power acts both willing and resolute.





Reared on a farm in Utah and later in Colombia, South America, GRANT CANNON now lives in a century-old house on the outskirts of Cincinnati with his wife, Josephine Johnson, and their three children. During the war Mr. Cannon served as a combat intelligence officer with the Fifth Air Force, and since that time he has been managing editor of the Farm Quarterly — a job, he writes us, “which pleases me enormously because of the aesthetic satisfactions which come from publishing such a beautiful as well as useful magazine.”

NITROGEN WILL FEED US

by GRANT CANNON

I

MOST of us, if asked, would say that the population of the United States is 150 million. We would, of course, be wrong. To get that figure, we rounded off some 1.1 million from the 1950 census estimate to make it easier to remember; then, we overlooked the fact that we are growing at the rate of more than 6000 persons a day or about the population of the State of Iowa each year. Every 9 seconds a new baby comes squalling into our community, whereas we lose a person to death but once every 21 seconds; and every 2 minutes a bewildered immigrant steps across our border, while we have a departure but once in 17 minutes. The result: a net gain of one person every 14 seconds.

Today, we have around 158 million people. A conservative estimate gives us 175 million at the next census and over 200 million when we count again in 1970. Project the population a few years beyond this and you begin to wonder whether we shall be facing the fate that Malthus predicted for every growing country.

This is not to say that we are on the verge of starvation. The population of the United States would have to reach a billion before our cultivated acres per person even compared to the .39 acre per person in China today, so blessed are we in good land. It does mean, however, that we shall have to accelerate production if we want to continue eating our high-protein meat diet and not slip to the cereal diet of the Orient.

During the past fifty years our food supply has kept pace with our more than doubled population and even piled up surpluses because of three important agricultural developments. We have increased our crop land by 10 per cent by land clearing and drainage and, more recently, by such difficult and expensive irrigation projects as Boulder Dam and Grand Coulee. We have switched to

tractor agriculture and reduced our grain-eating horse and mule population from a high of 26 million to less than 6 million. And we created hybrid corn, which has meant an increase in production of this, our largest, crop of around 20 per cent.

But we have pretty well exhausted the possibilities of at least two of these aids. Hybridization is being used to increase production of crops other than corn, but the horse and mule population can't shrink much more without endangering racing and western movie making, and the amount of land which we can still bring under cultivation is extremely limited. We have considerably more land under cultivation than any other country in the world today, and we have just about reached the limit of expansion. A diminishing water supply and rugged topography will make new land a most expensive commodity. As a matter of fact, though we have increased our tillable land by 10 per cent during the last fifty years, we have been slipping backward during the last ten of them, losing land to cities, highway construction, airports, industry, and to erosion. Our best hope for feeding ourselves in the future is to increase production on the land we have and to make better use of the food we produce. *Our most important tool in accomplishing this will undoubtedly be nitrogen* — both as a fertilizer to help us produce more food and as an actual feed for ruminants to help us stretch our supply of animal feeds.

Nitrogen is a colorless, odorless, inert gas which is needed by every living thing, whether plant or animal, for its existence. There is plenty of it. Around 80 per cent of the atmosphere is nitrogen — it has been estimated that there are 20 million tons of it over each square mile of the earth's surface. But to be useful in agriculture or to man in industry or as an explosive, the nitrogen must be fixed — that is, combined with some other element such as

hydrogen or oxygen. Natural forces have been fixing nitrogen since the beginning of life on this planet and even before that, and now man has learned how to fix it synthetically.

Every flash of lightning fixes in the atmosphere nitrogen which later falls on the earth with the rain. Someone figured that this celestial electric arcing fixes every day some 50 tons of nitrogen which falls upon the sea and the mountains and deserts and on the 7.7 per cent of the land which is suitable for farming.

Nitrogen is also fixed in the earth by bacteria and molds which live in the soil. Some of these microscopic soil-dwellers fix the nitrogen directly in the soil; others, the more important group, go from the soil into the roots of legumes — beans, peas, alfalfa, and the clovers — and convert the roots of their hosts into storage houses for nitrogen. All plants, except such drones as mistletoe and orchids and the parasites, take nitrogen from the soil and incorporate it into the cell structure of their leaves and stems and, in a more concentrated form, in their seeds. Animals which eat the plants concentrate the nitrogen still further in their bodies, for nitrogen is the essential element of all protein, whether of plant or animal origin.

Both plants and animals in their natural state eventually return the nitrogen which they have used to the soil. This would seem to create a situation in which we had an ever-increasing supply of nitrogen in the soil, and it would be so except for two factors. There are denitrifying bacteria which spend their time unfixing nitrogen and releasing it back into the air; and the water which flows over the earth and percolates through it carries away the nitrogen in solution to dump it into the sea. Man has joined in with his modern sewage disposal and washes millions of tons of nitrogen into the sea every year.

In a few spots on earth the naturally fixed nitrogen has collected into concentrated deposits. The most important of these is in Chile, where sodium nitrate, called Chile saltpeter, is found in a great yellowish strip two miles wide and several hundred miles long. From 1840 until the First World War the exporters of saltpeter held a virtual world monopoly of the nitrate supply. They were challenged feebly by the relatively small but constant supply of nitrogen which is recovered from coal as a by-product of our coking ovens. Once we learned how to fix nitrogen synthetically, this monopoly was broken forever.

2

NITROGEN was first fixed synthetically in 1774 by the English chemist, Joseph Priestley, who created nitric acid by passing an electric spark through air which was confined over water. Priestley was duplicating the natural fixation of nitrogen by light-

ning — though he was not aware of this at the time. Over a century later, this arc process of nitrogen fixation was begun commercially in America at Niagara Falls and in Norway, where abundant electric power made the process possible, though costly.

A second process was developed by the French chemist Moissan and was first used on a large scale in Italy in 1906. This method, called the cyanamid process, fixes nitrogen by blowing air through extremely hot calcium carbide to form calcium cyanamid. This process is only slightly less expensive than the arc method and has been virtually abandoned.

It was not until 1912 that Fritz Haber, the German chemical genius, discovered the process which is in common use today. His finding, which was developed in complete secrecy, freed Germany from her dependence on the Chilean deposits and the shipping problems involved in securing saltpeter and made it possible for her to launch World War I. After 1918, the Allies, who had gone through the war running the German submarine blockade to secure nitrates from Chile or fixing nitrogen by the more expensive methods — as we did at Muscle Shoals — acquired the Haber process. Haber himself, incidentally, went on to develop a process for extracting gold from the sea which, had it been successful, would have paid off Germany's reparations in short order.

The Haber process consists of mixing specially purified nitrogen gas from the air with hydrogen to form ammonia. The mixture is made at very high temperature and under several hundred atmospheres pressure in the presence of an iron catalyst. From this stage the ammonia can then be used to form many other nitrogenous compounds.

Shortly after the war (World War I) Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation, whose chemists, along with many others in the world, were working toward the same solution to the nitrogen fixation problem which Haber had reached earlier, built the first ammonia plant in America at Syracuse. Du Pont, American Cyanamid, and other chemical concerns also moved into this vital field, and by the beginning of World War II we were fixing around 400,000 tons of nitrogen a year. Expansion during the war increased our capacity by over 300 per cent to 1.4 million tons of nitrogen a year in the form of ammonia. Korea and the cold war brought a further expansion of our plant and by 1951 we were fixing 1.65 million tons with a goal of 2.9 million tons within the next few years. Some idea of the size of this development is given when we realize that for every ton of nitrogen produced in a year, industry has a plant investment of some \$250.

Even this enormous fixation capacity and the vast investment it will finally take to produce it will only begin to fill our future need for nitrogen. As we have increased our fixation capacity, the de-

mand for nitrogen in agriculture has more than kept pace with that portion of the supply which was allotted the farmers from the defense program. In Indiana, for example, consumption of nitrogen has gone up 700 per cent in the last seven years; in some sections of the state, farmers are using eleven times as much as they did back in 1946. If all farmers in America began using nitrogen at the rate Yontz Bonnett, an Illinois corn grower, and Roswell Garst, an Iowa hybrid corn raiser and cattle feeder, find effective and profitable, 3 million tons of nitrogen a year wouldn't be enough to fill the needs of Illinois and Iowa, let alone the rest of the country.

Bonnett, who has his 360-acre farm in a rotation of corn, corn, corn, and more corn, shreds the cornstalks in the field after he has harvested the crop and then plows them under with a heavy application of fertilizer. The nitrogen which he puts on in the fall feeds the soil bacteria so well that they are able to work on the stalks and reduce them to humus. In the spring, Bonnett plants his corn and adds another heavy application of fertilizer. Later in the summer, he side-dresses the crop with still more fertilizer. During the year Bonnett applies enough fertilizer to supply each acre with 150 to 200 pounds of nitrogen. This fertilizer program has enabled him to grow such a large crop and plow such a huge amount of cornstalk trash back into the soil that, after five years of continuous corn, his soil is more fertile and has a higher humus content than it did when he started.

Roswell Garst, who farms the rich rolling land around Coon Rapids, Iowa, goes Bonnett one better — he uses as much nitrogen as Bonnett does on his corn production and he also uses nitrogen, in the form of urea, to supply almost all of the protein in the feed of 6000 steers in his feed lots.

Nitrogen is not, of course, the only element needed to make a crop. It is, however, the first of the three major elements — nitrogen, phosphorus, and potash — and of a score of minor elements. Though any of these elements can limit crop production, nitrogen is the one most generally in short supply. Until recent years, our agricultural advisers have been making the same recommendations as those given to Roman farmers by Pliny the Elder — plant legumes and let them fix nitrogen in the soil. It has only been in the last few years that we have had enough synthetic nitrogen to make it worth while for our soils men to bother making recommendations as to its application. The recommendations which the agronomists now make are keeping the demand for nitrogen at an all-time high. When farmers found that a pound of nitrogen costing them around 12 cents would produce an extra 30 pounds of grain which they could sell for around a dollar, they were not slow in following the advice.

Yontz Bonnett has produced 117 bushels of corn per acre for the last five years in Illinois, where the

average production is 51 bushels. Roswell Garst produced 65 bushels per acre by heavy applications of fertilizer on a worn-out farm which had not yielded a crop worth the harvesting for years, and he consistently produces around the 100 bushels to the acre mark on his good land. These are two of our hundreds of corn production records which make us feel that an abundant supply of nitrogen is the key to our future food supply.

3

WE HAVE been talking about the production of corn, a sturdy crop which can stand a lot of fertility and which demands 2.5 pounds of nitrogen for each bushel produced. Wheat and the small grains are another problem. These grasses produce their seed at the top of a thin, rather brittle, stalk. When grown on very fertile soils there is the danger that the heads of grain will be so heavy that the stalk won't support them and they will fall to the ground where only a small part of the crop can be harvested. The answer to this problem of lodging lies with the plant breeders.

"The new frontier of agriculture is fertility," Dr. C. M. Caldwell, one of the nation's outstanding plant breeders, has said. He and his associates have pushed into this unknown area by producing Vigo, a new, high-yielding wheat which can be grown on very fertile soils without danger of lodging; and they are now working on a new, short-stemmed variety which holds promise of pushing beyond Vigo. At the colleges and agricultural experiment stations in Washington, Montana, Nebraska, and Kansas, plant breeders are developing other varieties of wheat, oats, barley, and rye which will fit the particular conditions of these grain-growing areas. When fertilized with high nitrogen content fertilizers, some of these new wheats have produced 50 and 60 bushels to the acre as compared with the scant 13 which is the national average yield for wheat.

One of the most significant developments in the whole field of animal feeding since the time man first domesticated animals has been the discovery that we can feed a synthetic nitrogenous compound, urea, as a replacer of protein in the ration of our ruminants. Protein, which is essential in the diet of every animal, is 16 per cent nitrogen. Here, quite literally, we are taking feed from the air, combining it with our cheapest and most abundant vegetable produce, cellulose, and converting it into milk and wool and meat. When fully exploited in the rations of dairy cattle, beef cattle, and sheep, this discovery will release thousands of tons of soybean meal, cottonseed cake, linseed meal, and other proteins which can then be fed to our chickens and hogs. This new feeding technique is based on the discovery that the billions upon billions of bacteria which live in the rumen, or first stomach, of cattle

sheep, goats, deer, camels, and the other members of the paunch-carrying family can take the nitrogen of urea and synthesize it into a protein which the animal then digests.

In effect, we are pouring the raw materials — nitrogen, sugar, starch, cellulose — into the bubbling fermentation vat which is the rumen, where the bacteria convert them into the usable proteins and carbohydrates needed by the animal. We feed the bacteria and they feed the cow. Apparently the bacteria are also able to synthesize many of the necessary vitamins (B_{12} — the vitamin which is a distinguishing factor between animal and vegetable proteins — was once known as the cow manure factor because cattle synthesize such large amounts of it that significant quantities were recoverable from their manure).

Roswell Garst was one of the first farmers to begin commercial cattle feeding with urea. "My conversion to urea," Garst has said, "began when I got to thinking about the general problem of protein and cellulose. I began by wondering why grass was such an excellent feed in the spring when it was young and green and such a poor feed in the fall when it was dry. I did a little reading and found that the only difference between the young and the old grass is that in the spring the grass has about 16 per cent protein and the dry grass is almost pure cellulose. So, I hit on a formula which went like this: 'Cellulose, in combination with protein — *and only in combination with protein* — makes an excellent feed for ruminants.' And what is cellulose? Why, just corncobs and cornstalks and straw and bagasse and all of the other plant material which we can produce in unlimited quantities and which we have been treating as a refuse."

This was a most stimulating thought for a man whose hybrid corn business produces a mountain of corncobs every year which, in the old days, were burned or at best used for cattle bedding. Garst's formula was given real significance when he learned of the cheap source of protein, urea, which was just then being used in cattle feeding experiments by the late Paul Gerlaugh and by Wise Burroughs, W. M. Beeson, Gus Bohsted, and other animal nutritionists. Garst decided to do a little experimenting himself. He began by penning off a few head of cattle and feeding them ground corncobs, molasses, and protein supplement which was about one-third urea and the rest high-quality vegetable protein. In a second pen he fed other cattle cob meal, molasses, and a protein supplement which was half urea. Both pens did well. "At that time it was felt that too much urea would poison the cattle, as it will nonruminants, or as it will cattle if it isn't properly mixed, and we just didn't have

the guts to push our ration beyond the half-and-half stage," Garst recalls.

The following winter Garst put 1800 head of Western steers on a feed of ground corncobs, molasses, and a protein supplement which was half urea. "I put the molasses in because I felt that the steers would rather eat corncobs and molasses than they would dry cobs, just like I'd rather have some molasses on my hot cakes," Garst said. This intuitive feeling for what a steer finds palatable was particularly fortunate. The Iowa nutritionist, Wise Burroughs, has since conducted a number of tests in artificial rumens which show that without the molasses to give them a quick source of energy, the bacteria wouldn't have taken to the dry cobs and urea with any enthusiasm either.

Garst has since stepped up the numbers of cattle he feeds and has increased the proportion of urea to natural protein. He feels that it may be possible to feed a ration in which urea replaced all of the natural protein other than that contained in the corncobs or other cellulose roughage. A number of leading nutritionists agree with Garst and also agree with him that a great deal more experimenting should be done in this matter.

With a national population of over 94 million dairy and beef cattle and with around 30 million sheep, the savings in animal feed which cellulose and urea feeding will effect will be like adding millions of acres of land to our country. With this additional food supply and with the increased production which we can achieve with nitrogen fertilizers, it looks as though we shall be able to continue to grow and to eat well, too, for a time. But at the rate we are growing we shall have to make full use of nitrogen and all of the other production stimulants to keep up.

Does this mean that we will never have a surplus again? As far as individual crops are concerned, the answer is no. Through shifts of acreage to any one crop, we may occasionally pile up a surplus. And then there are crops, like potatoes or cotton, which may be in oversupply because of shifts in our food habits and in our synthetic fabrics. Or situations like the one last year may occur, when a drought caused large numbers of farmers to sell cattle because of a feed shortage and cattle and beef prices were forced down. But as far as the total food supply is concerned, we are in no danger of overproduction. A depression might make it difficult for us to buy what we produce, but our ability to consume all that we can grow will go on unimpaired.

Last year, with bumper crops, we imported more food than we exported for the first time in our history.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



As a writer for Young & Rubicam since 1940, with some time out for his army service, TED PITTENGER has published articles and sketches in various advertising trade magazines. This is his first serious attempt at fiction. A native of Newport, Rhode Island, who was educated at Kenyon College, Mr. Pittenger is now living in California and is at work on a novel entitled A River of Moonlight.

SAYONARA

by TED PITTENGER

ON New Year's Day in Yokohama Terry photographed the three sisters, Myoko, Toyoko, and Itsuko Watanabe. He met them in cold sunlight at the top of the hill on the cobblestoned street that winds up through Nogeyama Park. They bowed low and murmured a Japanese greeting: "*Nee-chang Terry-san — Mr. Elder Brother Terry.*"

Because this was New Year's they wore kimonos instead of the baggy everyday uniform of slacks and matching tucked-in blouses. Terry photographed them against evergreens, against a lichen-covered wall, and against the sky. His camera was a rare 18-ounce Sport Rolleiflex. In what you now called "The Early Days" the camera cost two cartons of cigarettes worth twenty-seven dollars a carton.

The girls led him out the far side of the park three quarters of a mile to the main street of Ishizakichō precinct, where there was one of the little hummocks of houses and stores the B-29s had left standing in Yokohama.

In Ishizakichō people were promenading and shopping. A few men fingered Terry's musette bag he carried on a strap slung across the shoulder of his combat jacket. They hoped he had food for sale.

He bargained with a hawker who offered him two live lobsters. Itsuko whispered: "*Takhai! Takhai!*" They were too expensive. Terry replied: "*O-ishi — I like them.*" Itsuko did not want him to spend so much money. He put the tip of his right forefinger on his nose, lifted his eyebrows, and said loudly: "*O — eeSHEE!*" That always worked. He bought the lobsters for 60 yen, as much money as Itsuko earned in one month as a clerk in the Yokohama Post Office.

Itsuko, eldest of the three sisters, was twenty-five. Myoko was twenty-three and manager of the Watanabe household. Toyoko, a messenger in the post office, was twenty. She took the lobsters, tied with string, and held them away from her kimono.

Myoko asked Terry in Japanese: "Where are you now?"

"Here?" he asked.

"Yes. What is this place?"

"I don't know."

"You are lost?"

"Yes. I am lost."

"Toyoko will take you to Papa-san."

"Thank you. I am hungry at six o'clock."

"We shall have a feast."

Itsuko said: "Gude-bye!"

"Sayonara," Terry said.

The Watanabes lived in the Nishi-ku section of Nishi-tobemachi, west of Nogeyama Park. Nishi-ku was a saucer of land and the fires had burned as far as the rim, sparing terrace upon terrace of houses below. There were two luxuries in Nishi-ku you could not find in most of Yokohama's fifty square miles: electricity and piped water, a little of each.

The Watanabe house of two rooms and a latrine was built on a platform raised two feet above ground. At ground level in front of the house there was a tiny cooking area on the left and a tiny entry on the right. To enter, you slid back a light wooden door and stepped onto a packed-earth floor. You sat on a ledge made by the front edge of the platform and took off your shoes. You slid back another door — a shoji latticed once with panes of rice paper, but now with coarse, woody stuff — and you lifted

yourself inside a nine-by-four straw-matted room. The room behind, closed off by latticed doors, was nine by nine. A thick wall-to-wall mat Terry thought made of jute or sisal covered the floor. There was no furniture. He had lived in this house with the three sisters and Papa-san for nearly three months.

He stood in the entry, leaned into the house and put the contents of his musette bag in a pile on the floor: six cans of beer, a tube of Colgate toothpaste, a box of Fig Newtons, a bar of Ivory soap, a bottle of Palmolive shampoo, two butter sandwiches, a box of Kleenex, and a large Hershey bar. He did this correctly, not speaking, emptying the bag as though looking for something in the bottom. Toyoko ignored his pile of treasure and thus neither insulted the other.

"I go. I come back," he said. She bowed.

2

IN a roundabout way, with several changes of streetcars, he rode to the main pier area. At the corner of Nippon-Ōdori and Honchō-Dōri he got off and walked five blocks to the Hongkong-Shanghai Bank where he was billeted with two other master sergeants. From their third-floor windows they looked down on Yamashita Park bordering Yokohama Harbor.

Terry packed his foot locker and duffel bag and put the tags on them. In the morning he would go with them in a truck to a collection center for soldiers who were going home.

He put the gear on his cot, left the building and walked slowly west. This was the part of the city he liked best, an island on the edge of Yokohama, a mile and a fifth long, three fifths of a mile wide, cut off from the city by the Hori-Kawa and Ooka-Gawa canals. The Japanese called them rivers. To Terry they looked like canals. He had found "canal" in the Watanabes' enormous Japanese-English dictionary and showed them the word. All three sisters and Papa-san had solemnly shaken their heads at him.

At the end of Yamashita Park you come to Yokohama's largest pier. Half a block farther west you pass the British Consulate. The guard was changing. They were sailors, but they clocked through the change as though the Empire would crumble if they were not absolutely and perfectly wizard about the ceremony. You expected to see the pavement crack when they slammed their feet down, or their rifle butts splinter with the shock of being slammed down. GIs missed meals to watch the changing of His Majesty's Guard. Terry squeezed by a small crowd of soldiers and Japanese watching, and walked on past the graceful, arched colonnade of the 8th Army Headquarters building, to the Third Military Railway Service's Motor Pool. He thumbed a jeep ride a dozen blocks south over the

Hagoromo Bridge, past the big Matsuya department store and the new Quonset hut area, and almost as far as Nogeyama Park.

Papa-san was home, dressed in his best kimono and seated cross-legged on the floor of the front room, next to a brazier of burning charcoal. He was an underfed, bald-headed little man with an expression of being at once defeated and amused by Fate. He rose to his knees and bowed several times when Terry climbed into the room. Terry sat close to the brazier. Papa-san said: "I went to work this morning."

Terry murmured the polite nothing: "Ah, so?"

"However, I did not work this afternoon."

"At what time?"

"At two o'clock."

"At two o'clock you did not work."

"That is correct. You understand."

"I am charmed to hear your speech."

"I bathed."

Terry looked blank. Papa-san scratched the top of his bald head. "The public bath," he said.

"Oh, yes."

"There Papa-san was."

"With hot water?"

"Lukewarm."

"Oh, that is a sorry state of affairs."

"No. My friends were there."

"Was it good?"

"Yes. It was very good. The water was lukewarm."

The lattice door separating them from the back of the house slid open. Toyoko stepped into the room. She was dressed in her slack-uniform and she had been sleeping. She and her father spoke to each other too rapidly for Terry to understand. She went outside and returned with the two lobsters now boiled red. More rapid conversation. Papa-san evidently wanted to do something with them and Toyoko did not. Terry assumed they argued how to serve the lobsters. Myoko and Itsuko arrived and joined the argument. They joined Toyoko against Papa-san. There was laughter among the girls and wounded dignity from Papa-san. Then Myoko spoke slowly to Terry. He couldn't understand her from the only words he recognized: "custom," "outside," "lobsters," and "door." She drew a sketch for him on a pad of precious PX paper. With this and the dictionary they communicated. He was to referee whether they should hang one lobster outside over the door — a Japanese New Year's custom. Papa-san wanted to hang the lobster. The girls did not. Terry searched his mind for all the ready phrases he knew. He said: "Many people are hungry." Toyoko clapped her hands.

Papa-san bit his lower lip and wagged his head. "You speak the real," he said.

They ate the lobsters for dinner. The meat was put into a common bowl and they helped themselves with their chopsticks. This was a banquet. They

had a thin soup made of greens; rice and soybeans cooked together; five-inch ribbons of seaweed (with an overhand knot tied in each one) cooked with canned salmon; slices of lotus roots; strips of dried octopus which they crisped over a single-coil electric hot plate; carrot patties, and tea.

After dinner they placed a quilt over the brazier and put as much of themselves underneath the quilt as would fit. Their feet toasted and their ears froze. Overhead one electric bulb spilled soft light out of a paper reflector. On Terry's right Papa-san dozed. On his left Toyoko, the youngest, repaired some pulled threads in the sergeant's stripes on his combat jacket. She had parted her long, jet hair in the center and braided each side, catching the ends of the braids with rubber bands. Myoko sat on her left, embroidering a kimono sash. Itsuko turned the pages of the Japanese-English dictionary which was larger than the Columbia Encyclopedia. Terry smoked a cigarette. He did not know how to tell them he was leaving. Itsuko suddenly said: "*Hah!*" and pushed the dictionary around so that Terry could see what she had found. She pointed to the phrase and asked: "What is this, Elder Brother Terry?" "Woman Suffrage," Terry read. He thought: "My God, how can I explain this one so she'll understand it?"

He said: "I, man; you, woman; is that not so?"

Myoko asked: "What are you discussing?"

She had to be shown "Woman Suffrage" and Toyoko had to be shown. Papa-san snored.

Terry repeated: "I, man; you, woman." They nodded their heads. "We are equal," Terry said.

Myoko said no, that was not so; Itsuko said she was crazy. Toyoko said: "We do not understand your interpretation, Elder Brother."

Terry sat ramrod straight, folded his arms across his chest, looked at them with mock seriousness and growled: "MacArthur says so."

"Ah, McOsser," Itsuko said; and then the three sisters spoke in excitement.

Itsuko was the aggressive one, tossing her head when she talked so that bobby pins were flung off the thick, shoulder-length hair they strained to hold back over her ears. She was also the most alert to Japan's new order of the ages. Perhaps too alert. Terry had twice seen her talking to a professional communist who was always waiting for a streetcar on Honchō-Dōri in front of the Yokohama Post Office. Alongside the post office was Memorial Hall, 8th Army's labor pool center. From a third-story window of Memorial Hall, Counter Intelligence Division men worked a 16 mm. Bell & Howell equipped with a 6-inch telephoto lens, taking moving pictures of the communist and everyone who talked with him. They called him "Moscow Moto." Terry did not tell Itsuko that her "friend-o," if he was as much as that, was the subject of a dossier almost as thick as her dictionary.

Myoko stopped the girls' conversation by putting her hands on her sisters' arms on either side of her and saying: "Terry-san does not understand. I am sorry, Elder Brother."

"You are all dried-up old women," Terry said, provoking so much laughter from them that Papa-san awoke, giggled his approval, and went back to sleep. Toyoko wanted to tickle his nose with a piece of straw but Myoko would not let her.

3

TOYOKO had been Terry's introduction to the family. One of his sergeant roommates had approached her in Yamashita Park, waving a piece of notepaper. The message, written in Japanese by one of the headquarters Nisei girls, said: "This soldier is looking for a Japanese girl to sweep his room every day and make the beds." Toyoko and a girl companion followed him to the bank. Whatever apprehension they felt they did not show, nor did they show their astonishment and delight when they were paid with three slices of bread and butter. Terry got himself a Japanese note asking Toyoko to pose for him. "Saturday," she said.

He had her stand in the twisted steel wreckage of a building, staging the picture with the unharmed main station of the Yokohama Fire Department in the background. Then he said to her: "Your house?" — and she guided him there, walking in front of him, pretending they were not together.

That had been in "The Early Days" when you still carried your weapon with you. Terry's carbine, loaded clip protruding, had frightened the Watanabe family.

And now he did not know how to tell them he was leaving.

If you had to be Army this part was good and something to remember. He had sat in this room and used three hours to explain to the Watanabes how he had gone to the port of Aomori on the northern tip of Honshu, the only enlisted man in a group sent to survey the city as a possible major base. The B-29s or the carrier boys had hit Aomori once and neglected to tell Ground Forces. They destroyed the city. A few weeks after Terry had been there, the still uninformed infantry had raced ashore at Aomori with their bayonets fixed. "Nippon coal there," Itsuko said.

Hers had been the finger that pointed to the phrase in their dictionary to show how they felt about Hiroshima and Nagasaki. "It is sad," Terry read. He looked from one Watanabe to the other and remembered to chuckle after saying: "I am sorry," so they would know they had not embarrassed him.

They called him *Nee-chang*.

They asked him why the American Army destroyed Japan's only cyclotron. Itsuko brought him

a note someone had written for her in English: "The Nipponese Cyclotron was made to do cancer research on and always that." Terry tried to discover why the instrument had been destroyed and who gave the order. He found two Harbor Craft on which the dismantled pieces had been deck-loaded, taken to sea, and dumped overboard. The commanding officer referred him to Transportation Corps Headquarters. They sent him to the Engineers, who sent him to the Provost Marshal, who sent him back to the Engineers. Then Terry's commanding general had sent for him. "I hear you're asking questions about a cyclotron," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

"Routine, sir. It's part of the 8th Army's history."

"Better lay off, sergeant."

"Yes, sir."

"I mean it. Lay off. Destroy everything you've written, or both of us might wind up on Hokkaido. It gets pretty cold up there."

"General, I've never even heard of a cyclotron."

"They're sending one of the Emperor's white horses back to the States. Ought to be a good story there."

"I'll get on it, sir."

"What the hell is a cyclotron, anyhow?"

"It's an atom smasher, sir."

To the Watanabe family Terry could only give a high shrug of his shoulders for an answer.

4

IN this room Terry had sung the little nonsense poem some unremembered GI had put together to the tune of "London Bridge Is Falling Down."

Mushy-Mushy, ah no nay? ah no nay? ah no nay?

Mushy-Mushy, ah no nay?

As so DESS KA!

(Hello, are you there [on the telephone]? are you there? are you there?)

Hello, are you there?

Is THAT SO!)

Papa-san was baffled by this but the girls were delighted. Terry was made to sing the nonsense often after dinner and once, when he finished, Itsuko surprised everyone by singing: —

Lunnon briss is fawing down, fawing down,
fawing down.

Lunnon briss is fawing down,
My fair radec.

Terry improved her pronunciation. Tonight he said, as he often did when they had been quiet for a long time: "London Bridge!" The girls smiled. He and Itsuko sang the English. They all sang the Japanese. They sang softly. Papa-san did not awaken. His kimono had fallen open and you could see a GI sweater underneath. A label sewed inside

read: Made By The Colorado Chapter Of The American Red Cross. The sweater was a present from "Santa Clowse" to Papa-san.

Terry had found that he could not get through the language barrier around Santa Claus. The Watanabes understood Christ and Christmas, but they got Santa Claus inextricably mixed up with Uncle Sam, so Terry thought the hell with this and quit trying to explain. He had brought them one of the small Christmas trees which were distributed to the troops. The decorations were bits of Kleenex, strips of red and green Scotch Tape, and three ping-pong balls. Terry put five presents under the tree, after the Watanabes went to sleep on Christmas Eve, one for each of them and one for himself from Avis, his wife. In the morning he had pretended astonishment that the presents were there.

"What is it?" Papa-san asked.

"Santa Claus came," Terry replied.

"Pardon me. I do not understand you."

"Unca Sam," Itsuko said.

"Truman," Terry said. "Never mind. It is nothing. Pay it no attention. It is a present." He held up his. "This is mine," and pointed to the others: "Myoko, Toyoko, Itsuko, Papa-san."

"A joke," Papa-san said.

Myoko said in her gentle voice: "*Nee-chang*, tell Watanabe."

Terry lifted his eyebrows as high as they would go. "I say it! Santa Claus! You're an old woman!"

"Ha, HAH!" Papa-san said. "You're an old woman!"

Terry took the wrapping off his package. They watched. Underneath was a small wooden box. They used a knife to pry open the top. Inside was a hundred-dollar bill wrapped around two rolls of priceless Ansco Supreme film. He showed them the bill and told them the value: three thousand yen. Itsuko said: "*At!*" She recognized Benjamin Franklin.

Terry had given each of the girls a PX compact, a silver pin, and a white silk scarf. He gave Papa-san the sweater and a pair of socks. They did not open the presents while he was there. He ate Christmas Dinner with the Third Military Railway Service whose mess hall was once used as a school to train chefs for the NYK Steamship Line.

For the Watanabes he took back oranges, bread and butter, nuts, and a carpenter's plane someone had left on the open tail-gate of a two and a half ton truck owned by the 1st Cavalry. Papa-san would know how to use a carpenter's plane.

Christmas seemed now a long time gone. What had Avis once said as a conception of Time? Time is a river of swift rapids, twists, bends, falls, rocks, and long, calm pools — and the Universe rides in it, against its current, toward its source.

"I need a drink," Terry said.

Myoko looked questioningly at Itsuko. Itsuko lifted her eyebrows and shoulders.

"Wheeskee," Terry said.

"Ah," Myoko said. She went to the cooking area and came back with a bottle and a small teacup. The label on the bottle told you that this was "very old aged in the wood whiskey especially blended in Osaka for the American Forces."

Terry tossed down a cupful of the liquor, shuddered, and waited for the length of time he used to smoke a cigarette before he poured another cupful. This was good Time, but rough. Avis might call this a calm pool of Time, with rocks.

Aloud, Terry began a game invented for the girls. "Mark Twain," he said.

Toyoko, on his left, hid her face in her hand for a few seconds and then said: "Thomas Edison."

Myoko was ready with "Daniel Webster."

Itsuko rolled hers out: "Olliverr Wemmel Hollmes."

Terry said: "John Marshall," a new one to them, and they repeated the name to each other and learned who Marshall was before they continued with Toyoko's "Albert Einstein." Then the game went hesitantly around the circle, with Terry's name a new one each time his turn came.

Myoko: "Booker T. Washington."

Itsuko: "Patrick Henry."

Terry: "Frank Lloyd Wright."

Toyoko: "Edward Everett Hale."

Myoko: "Nathan Hale."

Itsuko: "Robert Fulton."

Terry: "David Lilienthal."

Toyoko: "James Bryant Conant."

Myoko: "Norman Thomas."

Itsuko: "John Dos Passos."

Terry: "Harpo Marx."

The game ended because Harpo Marx proved as complex as Santa Claus. Papa-san awoke and said this was "American baseball man."

Terry thought: "Now is a good time," and he said a phrase learned from them which he suspected was tea-ceremony language: "May I have the honor of addressing a humble nothing to you?" They became instantly expectant. "There is something sad tomorrow," he said.

Myoko said: "*Ashta?*" — drawing out the second syllable in disbelief that anything sad could possibly happen tomorrow.

"*Ashta*," Terry said, and he chopped the syllable off short. "I go home. America home."

Papa-san nodded his head. "That is sad," he said, without emotion, confirming a fact.

Toyoko was sitting very straight. Her eyes filled with tears and the tears overflowed. She did not utter a sound. Myoko bent over her sewing. Itsuko put her fist under her chin and leaned her elbow on the dictionary in her lap. "America!" she said. Terry filled his teacup a third time. "Papa-san?" he asked.

"I have had too much, already," Papa-san replied.

They went through the ritual and Myoko got a cup for Papa-san. Terry said: "Skol!" Papa-san laughed. A choked-off sob came from Toyoko. Papa-san looked at her severely and shook his head. Another sob escaped. Itsuko loosed a barrage of Japanese at Toyoko, who rose to her feet and edged around the group to go into the back room.

To Terry Papa-san said: "She is sick."

"Ah, so?" Terry said. Well, this was making a mess of your good-bys. How much better to have gone, as if to duty, in the morning and never to have returned.

Myoko went into the back room to get the family bedrolls out of the room's storage wall. Itsuko took the dictionary in. Myoko brought Terry's army sleeping bag and a quilt into the front room.

In the morning, at six o'clock, he drank two cups of tea. Because he did not eat anything, neither did the Watanabes. They rolled and tied his sleeping bag. He sat on the edge in the entry, feeling the raw, wet cold of the morning, joking that Myoko needed so much time to warm his combat boots. When he had laced and buckled these, he turned around to face the room. The Watanabes were all kneeling. Toyoko handed him his musette bag and he could feel the camera inside. She handed him his sleeping bag. He said: "*Sayonara*," inclining his head. They knelt forward until their foreheads were almost touching the floor. He backed out the door and got away before they raised themselves. Toyoko ran after him and tugged at his arm until he let her carry his sleeping bag to the streetcar stop.

She asked if he would write, and he said he would on one condition. "Condition of sale" was the phrase he used, but she understood him. He said that she must go back to Secondary School, finish, and go to the University. They compromised. She would finish Secondary School.

He told her to be sure to look in Myoko's teapot where she kept household money. He told her Santa Claus had been there. He had exchanged Avis's hundred dollars, getting five thousand yen easily by finding a soldier who had a lot of yen and no way to send the money home. The yen were in the teapot now.

They were the only people waiting on a lifeless dimly lit stage setting of crossroads for Terry's streetcar. The clanking of the car approaching was the one sound you could hear. Toyoko said "*Sayonara*" to him in the softest of tones, a way he had never heard her use before.

She was alone then in the grayness and cold, watching until the streetcar was lost in the tunnel where her mother and younger brother had been caught and suffocated in The First Fire Raid.



"The development of a living active organism from a seemingly inert egg, while you watch and wait, is a miracle that never palls," writes N. J. BERRILL, Professor of Zoology at McGill University. Atlantic readers will remember "Detectives of Time" which Mr. Berrill wrote for the July issue, and his book Journey into Wonder, an account of the explorations of the great naturalists, of which we printed three chapters last year. The following article is taken from his new book, Sex and the Nature of Things, to be published soon by Dodd, Mead.

THE VIRGIN EGG

by N. J. BERRILL

1

MUCH of my time as a biologist has been spent looking through a microscope at the beginnings of individual lives, partly in an effort to understand a little of how animals develop from eggs, partly and perhaps primarily in sheer fascination at the unfolding picture. It is something to be seen, although seen as action, and more and more you realize the truth of the philosopher Whitehead's statement that the process itself is the actuality. When you sit down in the early morning and watch a myriad of dancing specks of spermatozoa buzzing around an egg, itself no larger to the naked eye than the smallest speck of dust, you are held entranced. When you see that egg divide into two, into four, eight, sixteen, and more cells all closely united, and watch the ball of living substance gradually change its form until by evening, still small, it has a body and a tail, a simple eye and an organ for balance — a miniature tadpole — you believe it has happened only because you have seen it.

You can look at the events scientifically and do things to the egg or the embryo or the water in which it develops, and see what effect your interference has upon the outcome, as though you were winding up a clock or taking out this part or that to see what difference it might make to the way it runs; but in the end what holds your mind and eye is the way the clock keeps time and the steady transformation of an egg into a tadpole, or whatever else it might be, between dawn and dusk. The development of a living active organism from a seemingly inert egg, while you watch and wait, is a miracle that never palls. So is the explosive vigor with which the process starts, when a sperm first enters an egg and releases the trigger.

The egg is launched on its course the instant the sperm hits its surface. Up to that moment its life has been sluggish, in a metabolic way, and the touch

of the sperm is electrifying, like the kiss that wakened the sleeping beauty. And this is no idle metaphor, for in every true sense of the word the egg is revitalized, and develops in consequence. Whether the eggs are minute like the eggs of the sea squirts, or enormous shell-protected gobs like the eggs of ostriches, or small but inaccessible, like those of elephants and human beings, the process is the same. An infinitely small spermatozoon, so small that ten thousand or more can be placed side by side and not cover an inch, must reach the surface of the egg; and it must reach the egg while there is still some of its limited energy left in the little lashing tail.

Such are the sex cells. Any small egg is much like another, no matter what kind of animal it finally becomes — a starfish egg and a human egg are about the same size and look much alike, semi-transparent and about one two-hundredth of an inch across, small enough by any measure except that of a spermatozoon. This is our starting point. All of the nature of sex and the meaning of sex stems from it. Sex cells must be brought together so that eggs may be fertilized; and eggs and sperm, for the most part, must come from different parents. And not all of it is for the sake of reproduction.

If nature as a whole can be said to have an obsession it lies in the need to produce fertilized eggs and to launch them upon their career. And it calls attention to the difference between the sex cells — why should they be so different? The perennial human question concerning the equality of the sexes goes far beyond sex as we know it and finds its roots in the sex cells as such. Why are eggs and sperm so unlike, and what are their respective contributions to the organisms-to-be?

Much of it is simply a division of labor. It is difficult to be a jack-of-all-trades and do any particular job well. And the cell that is to develop into

a new plant or animal must unite with another cell, and between them they must possess enough material to make something much more complex than they are to begin with. So one kind stores the substance and the other does the traveling. In this way they get together and have enough to build with.

Even the smallest egg is large for a cell, many times larger than a white corpuscle in your blood, while the egg of an ostrich may well be the largest cell in the universe. We will never know. But storing up material makes eggs round and large, and this alone renders impossible any movement on their part to meet a sperm. So it is all left for the sperms to do. All the responsibility for reaching an egg is theirs and theirs alone. They are simply cells with a delicate tail for swimming and everything else reduced to a minimum.

Numbers are important too. At best the chances are slight that any particular sperm will ever make contact with an egg, and astronomical numbers are always necessary for successful fertilization. The largest possible number, and therefore the smallest possible size, is the rule. In the case of eggs the problem is different. For the larger the individual egg becomes, the farther it can progress along its course before it has to be an organism fending for itself. Large eggs are better than small eggs. Yet every animal and plant works on a budget and can set aside just so much material for producing sex cells. Large eggs mean fewer eggs and that is not so good. The greater the number of eggs produced the more likely some of them will survive to carry on the race. And so every race and species is torn between producing large eggs and enough eggs. It is a difficult choice and there is no single answer — it all depends on circumstances.

2

CELL for cell the sexes are not equal — a sperm is minute compared with even the smallest egg. Yet a male may hope to console himself with the thought that matter is not everything. What else is there? As a rule an egg must be fertilized by a sperm in order to develop, but it is only as a rule and far from being always. Masculine self-esteem gets shakier the more you look into the question.

It all started more than half a century ago when biologists were looking closely for the first time into the nature of the fertilization of an egg and of the processes involved — sheer curiosity of the kind that led to the making of an atomic bomb. Only this merely put the male in his place.

The experiments have been repeated ever since. Every summer in marine laboratories on the coasts students and others place ripe starfish eggs in seawater that has been tampered with, usually by the addition of a little organic acid, and they watch the eggs develop in consequence without the aid of spermatozoa at all. Apparently all the potentiality

for development and the making of a new starfish is there in the egg itself. All it needs is a little push to get it started.

Frog eggs are equally susceptible, although they need a somewhat different kind of push. It is a fascinating process and its practice is a common classroom exercise in most of the colleges throughout the land. It gives you an unwarranted godlike feeling. You need only some female frogs a month or two before the onset of their breeding season. If you inject one of them with extract of pituitary gland, that small but all-important gland that lies beneath the brain of every backboned animal from fish to man, the frog lays her eggs within twenty-four hours. It works almost every time and it is about the only way you can get fully ripened eggs entirely free from any sperm. For, once they are laid in a pond it is too late, and there would be spermatozoa around to confuse the issue.

The release of the eggs by pressing a physiological button is impressive enough, but making them develop by mechanical means is more than that. The jelly that surrounds each egg is carefully removed by rolling it gently on blotting paper, so that the naked egg is exposed. Then, with extreme care, you prick its surface with the point of a fine glass needle. It is a delicate operation and the steadiest hand is all too clumsy, but out of a hundred so treated a score or two will start to divide and develop into a tadpole. And all such tadpoles will be males.

Actually there is a clue here to sex as distinct from sex cells. The fully ripened egg of almost any kind of animal, if it will develop at all without being fertilized by a sperm, develops into a male. It takes a double dose of something to become a female. In the case of frogs and human beings there are two kinds of sperm, although they all look alike. One kind carries that extra component that added to an egg makes a female, the other kind does not. Since the two kinds are produced in approximately equal numbers, the chances are the same that one or the other kind will fertilize an egg. The result is that males and females are normally produced in equal numbers. Pricked frog eggs lack the spermatozoan contribution and are doomed to develop into males, if they develop at all.

Parthenogenesis — the long name for a short process, and meaning origin from a virgin — has been brought about by methods such as these in a number of different animals, particularly among the so-called lower forms. Simply raising the temperature will often do it in the case of frog eggs. It has been only natural to wonder if it can be accomplished in a mammal.

In spite of ancient notions concerning conception and the general belief that all conceptions in human beings were the result of a spirit of some kind entering the womb of the woman, there is no good evidence that in mammals, whether human or other-

wise, eggs ever naturally develop without being fertilized by spermatozoa. Such an occurrence is not implausible for it does happen in bees and other creatures, but not in mammals. And I doubt whether it is ever a natural event in frogs or starfish.

Yet the thought lingers; and sooner or later, as you might expect, someone would attempt to make mammalian eggs develop without benefit of paternity. The victims have been rabbits. Ripe but unfertilized mammalian eggs are notoriously hard to obtain, and they are always few in number. Nearly thirty years ago in France the embryologist Champy discovered among a group of unfertilized rabbit eggs cultivated outside the body, although at the body temperature, that some eggs underwent divisions as though they had been fertilized. Gregory Pincus, in America, followed this up and tried out all of the tricks we know that have made the eggs of lower animals develop spontaneously. But only an occasional egg ever reached a recognizable stage in embryo formation. The possibility of parthenogenesis seemed to be present, yet something was wrong.

Apparently it is one thing to cause a mammalian egg to divide, it is another to keep it going in a normal manner — which is not surprising when you consider that the mammalian egg is adjusted to develop in the tubes and womb of the mother. So Pincus treated the unfertilized eggs as before and then transplanted them into virgin rabbits. Out of a large number of trials, some of these virgins bore normal rabbits. In many others the embryos were well advanced but died prematurely. It is not very promising, though perhaps one day we may breed our cows without utilizing bulls. Perhaps it would be better if we should not be able to, for the human race so far shows no sign of knowing when or where to stop.

3

THE immediate interest of these rabbit experiments, to me at least, is that all the born and unborn offspring that have come from these unfertilized eggs have been females. The explanation goes back to the ripening of the egg. Starfish eggs, frog eggs, rabbit and human eggs all ripen normally in essentially the same way. When the fully grown egg leaves the ovary, whether to be shed into the sea if it is a starfish or to enter and lie in the oviduct if it is a mammal, it has to go through a process of division before it is ready to be fertilized. It divides, not into two equal parts as a cell usually does, but into a minute polar cell and one so large it looks like the original egg. And the event is important out of all proportion to its magnitude.

This particular division of the egg cell is possibly the most important in all of nature and throughout earthly time. For it is during this division that the differences arise that make one egg different from

the next, that supply the raw material for evolution and adaptation to a changing world. Here is the general importance of it. The egg is different because of the division, and the polar cell is simply a by-product of the process. Yet sometimes the polar division is suppressed and the egg may still develop. That, according to another French investigator, is exactly what happens in those eggs that produce parthenogenetic female rabbits. The eggs retain a double quantity of the female component and develop into females. The rabbit eggs that do not retain the substance of the polar cell but ripen fully do not develop at all unless they are fertilized by a sperm. I doubt if this indicates the final fate of the human male, but it does suggest that if we ever succeed in producing a race with eggs that develop spontaneously the result will be a purely female population capable of carrying on more or less indefinitely without the male — in fact, no males could be expected, unless the system became elaborated.

This may seem to be a fantastic speculation; but it has happened to other creatures, and it goes on in spring or summer in almost any pond or pool where you can find the water fleas, *Daphnia* in particular. They swim with a jerky movement — hence their name — but they are as crustacean as a crayfish, and are not insects at all. Like all living things they belong to their environment, and what they have to do, in an almost literal sense, is to make hay while the sun shines. For they are specialists in living in small pools and even barnyard puddles, feeding on everything that is microscopic, whether it be plant cells, debris, or bacteria. As long as there is food of this sort and a certain amount of water, *Daphnia* and its kind can flourish. Sometimes when you come across a pond or a meadow pool the water is cloudy with them, the swarms are so dense. If you look closely you can see each small individual beating its way through the water with a pair of oarlike appendages, directing its movement with a solitary eye.

Daphnias are creatures of a transient and intermittent world — they flourish when the water comes, like flowers in springtime, and when the water has gone there is no more to be seen than the seeds of an annual plant.

The eggs hatch out as miniatures of the parent, a statement that means more than it usually does, for not only does a young *Daphnia* look very much like an older one, but also it is a female like its mother. Every member of the brood which hatches out after rains or melting snow returns water to the pools in spring is a female. There are no exceptions.

As the water warms and food becomes more plentiful the first broods of females mature and they in turn produce successive broods, each brood being carried in a sheltered pouch on the upper side of the parent. And each such brood in turn is entirely female. No males are present and none is required —

the eggs develop without them and parthenogenesis is the rule. How it is that the eggs of *Daphnia* are able to develop spontaneously in the absence of spermatozoa I believe is beyond our present understanding, although it concerns the metabolic peculiarities of the eggs growing in the ovary. The reason that the *Daphnia* broods are all female is the same as for the rabbits of virgin birth — the polar cell of the ripening egg is retained, the double dose of the sex determinant is present, and the outcome is female.

Yet this is far from being the whole story, and when you put it all together it seems that the *Daphnia* is exquisitely adapted to the little world in which it lives. Given the ideal conditions, the *Daphnia* community remains exclusively female; but this is an ever-changing universe, whatever its scale may be, and *Daphnia*, no more than we, can keep things perfect. The better the conditions the faster they breed, and the more they breed the more crowded the community becomes and the less food there is to go around — the time of trouble arrives. The response is almost miraculous.

The signal may be the lack of space that comes from overcrowding, perhaps the irritation that even the lowliest forms of life exhibit when the course of travel is continually being interrupted; it may be the sudden shortage of food that follows a population peak, or a sudden drop in temperature. A cold night and a chilly day may indicate the end of summer; overcrowding may forecast either lack of food or lack of water to live in. Whatever it is, and all may be effective, the response is the same and it is a striking one. There are two steps in it.

The first change is that broods of males appear in addition to the females. The males when grown are smaller, redder, and more active, for their role is to catch onto and mate with a female. Their redder blood may or may not be significant. What brings them into being is another matter. All that is necessary is that the eggs complete their ripening before development starts. The polar cell is given off, only a single unit of the sex determinant remains within the egg — and a male develops instead

of a female. The environmental change affects the maternal organism so that the polar division of the grown egg is no longer suppressed, and the rest follows. It leaves us with the original problem — how do the eggs manage to develop without the stimulus of a sperm?

Only some females in the community react like this and produce male offspring. Others go right ahead producing female broods, which shows that even in a purely amazonian community of parthenogenetic females, individuals react differently to a given set of circumstances. They are not all alike no matter what they seem to be.

A scattering of males through the virgin paradise is the first step only. If the signal was a false alarm no harm is done: the females go on producing female broods and the males simply live out their lives without any propagative purpose — as thwarted as in the Greek play *Lysistrata*, where all the women went on connubial strike for the political welfare of the state.

Yet in *Daphnia* society if conditions go from bad to worse the second step is called into play. A cell in each female ovary grows to form an egg larger than any produced before — and it completes its final process of polar division. If it could develop spontaneously it would be a male. But this time it does not and fertilization by one of the males already present is essential. These are the winter eggs that become enclosed in cases so tough that they are impermeable to water and are able to survive from one season to the next, like the well-protected seeds of plants. Females emerge — never a male — because the sperm contributed the additional unit of sex determinant that usually came from the polar cell. And they emerge only in the spring or after such time that the shells have been cracked by alternate freezings and thawings or drying out. Only when water gets in do they complete their development and start the cycle over again. This is sex and reproduction exploited to take advantage of the peculiar little universe of their choice — all for the sake of racial survival under difficult conditions.





An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A native of Iowa, KARL HARSHBARGER has spent his summers working out on farms, in labor camps, on construction, in the wheat fields of Oregon, or selling electrical appliances from door to door in the country by motor scooter. He began writing in his junior year at the University of Oregon, and it was at Eugene that the Editor of the Atlantic met him and became interested in his work.

DEL

by KARL HARSHBARGER

THE storm broke away slowly, leaving a few low gray clouds and a damp fresh air that welled from the thick foliage. On the highway, the transcontinental Diesels pulled into the night.

Del edged among the men. Some weeks ago, out of boredom, they set up a game of horseshoes, and now, under the single illumination of the yard light, pairs of men took careful steps and threw. Red cigarettes jiggled and rested in the darkness. An occasional match glowed yellow, showing tired, unshaven faces. Del watched this. The gray labor camp stood against the high broken sphere of clear stars. The impact of the horseshoes sloughed into the night.

Del moved along — into the barrack. He twisted the light bulb on above him and rested his head on the drab green upper bunk. A Mexican boy ran his fingers across guitar strings, tuning them.

A man said, "Going to bed, Del?"

Del turned slowly. "Reckon not."

He opened his foot locker, found the magazine he'd brought from home, and slipped down into the bunk quilt. He tried to read. A mosquito whined and bounced on the screen above his head. He let the magazine drop to the floor.

"Got some stamps?" asked the man.

The man writing the letter and Del and the Mexican boy were the only ones in the barrack. Del found some stamps in his foot locker, crossed the aisle, and gave them to the man and leaned on the window sill above the man's bunk.

"I don't know," said Del. He slid his chin across his elbows. "I don't know," he said blankly. "Read a good story this afternoon."

"Good," the man said.

"It was good. Seemed kind of the same though. Just did."

The man said, "Guess they end pretty much the same."

"This was a good one, though. I don't know. Up here something goes wrong. A fellow lays around all day and most the night when we don't go out, and there ain't nothing to do but read. And it gets so even the good ones ain't good."

"Yeah," said the man.

Beyond the window the hill down to the cannery merged into hundreds of winking fireflies.

Del said, "God, it's summer out." He pressed closer to the screen. "Something about the air. Gets this way every summer. Always like this back home."

"Like what?" the man asked.

"God, I remember on the farm like this in the evening. Nothing to do in the evening. Plow corn or pitch hay — dirty and hot all day long — always worked, but nothing to do in the evening. Everything quiet. Most usually walked somewhere. Always warm. Usually walked alone. Anyplace I cared to. Most often walked past the river. There was a bluff where I sat above the highway and watched the Diesels go by. After work almost every day I'd go down to the hill to watch the Diesels and wonder where they were going and I wanted to ride with 'em. I wanted to ride 'em anyplace they happened to be going. All day in the fields I'd think about going somewhere away. At night I'd go down and watch 'em. And sometimes I thought my heart was going away with them."

"Where'd you live?" asked the man softly.

"Some nights I'd get out behind the barn on the haystack. I used to get out there and lay on my back and watch the nighthawks ride in over the hills. You've seen 'em, haven't you?"

"I seen 'em."

"I laid on the haystack and looked out across the fields and seen hundreds of 'em, right up to the horizon, rising and falling like black specks. Hundreds of them, and each one the most beautiful flying thing you ever saw. Rising and dipping right above you, and skimming the ground. Sometimes I'd pick out one to watch. Sometimes I'd blur my eyes and watch them all."

"Never thought of 'em that way," said the man.

Del stared out past the screen.

"Guess that's a nice way to look at 'em, though," the man said. "I'll write my wife that."

The Mexican boy strummed and modulated long chords on the guitar.

The man said, "You married, kid?"

"No," said Del.

"How old are you, boy?"

"Eighteen," said Del.

"Oh," said the man.

"No, I never even thought about it. Getting married. Weren't any girls. Not where I come from. We never had any girls much at all. We worked all day and were out far from anyplace. That's what I mean, walking alone and laying on the haystack."

"Never lived on a farm," the man said.

"Reckon you don't understand. You lived where there were plenty of girls. Lots to pick from. Things to do. You always had lots of things to do. That's the way you had it."

Del watched the fireflies position the night and slowly lost himself. "Me. We lived on a farm. Away from the cities. We worked all day, and night made more difference than it does other places, and the few things you did propped you up inside. When anything good happened you were like a king and you never forgot being one and on nights like tonight, when the air's the same, I remember being one. Like having something better than anything else happening to you. And one summer only it was like that. She was the only girl that ever lived around us, and she only lived there a summer. She wasn't pretty, not what the other fellows call pretty, and we didn't do like other kids do. Her name was Eva. Eva Brown. All we ever did was walked. I never touched her or kissed her or nothing. But all day in the fields I couldn't do nothing but think about her, and I'd get chores done soon as possible, and then, like a king, I'd walk easy-like over to her farm while the nighthawks were playing, and she'd come out and we'd walk wherever we happened to go. It was always wherever we happened to go that made it good; sometimes a wood bridge; sometimes a grove of trees or a hollow; and sometimes we'd go down past

the river and watch the Diesels go into the night together. Every night we did that. And every night I came home feeling like I'd never felt before — all rich and fine inside. Sometimes, after she left, when the air was like it is tonight, I'd go back to the places we'd been. Can you imagine what that did to me then? Can you imagine what it does to me now, remembering it?"

"Where's home, kid?"

"Stanton."

"East of here?"

Del nodded.

"Poor country. I seen it," the man said. "Been there long, kid?"

"All my life there."

"No way to spend a life."

"Hear 'em?" asked Del.

"Hear what?"

"The Diesels. Out alone on the highway. Where d'ya suppose they're going?"

"I don't know," the man said.

"Listen to 'em. Hear 'em. Wonder where they're going?"

"Chicago. Denver. West Coast."

"I like to hear 'em," Del said.

The man got up from his bunk. "Mail's going out soon. Better give 'em my letter."

"All right," said Del.

"Good night, Del," the man said softly.

Del picked his coat off his bunk and opened the barrack door. He stepped out and down the gravel path that led to the creek and the tunnel under the railway track. The warm summer air ruffled inside his clothing. The muffled guitar chords gave way to the steady pulsing of crickets. In the tunnel the air had a rancid smell and the metallic croak of the frogs echoed on the damp walls.

The cannery stood harshly in the tall blank batteries of lights. Trucks waited in a double line while the conveyer belt, riding on a high long steel trestle, carried waste corn fodder that fell loosely into the open truck beds. Del walked past the truck drivers squatting on the ground and found a place by the tool shed to sit unnoticed.

The machinery whined and spewed and each unit clicked gravely as it slowed and stopped. The cannery had run through what little corn had been picked in the afternoon and was shutting down until tomorrow. Already, in the receiving end, clean-up men in black rubber slicker suits swept waste before their fire hoses. Del watched the many catwalks and the T-shirted men and large aproned women who descended to find their lunch pails, talk pleasantly, collect in small groups, and fade through the company gate.

Del sat and waited. One by one the tall batteries of lights dimmed and blacked. The last truck, carrying half a load, crawled from the conveyer belt. Long after the truck rumbled out of earshot, Del waited, still, as if dead, listening to the small

sounds, the queer corner sounds issued from the cannery. Then silently, leaving the tool shed, Del stole past the wood pump house, past quality control, past the scales, around by the warehouse docks, and there, powerfully, like a great cat waiting weirdly in the darkness, stood a Diesel tractor and trailer. Dimly Del made out the words — "Pittsburgh-Chicago-West Coast." Quietly he approached the tractor and touched the high strong fender and looked up at the cab above his head. The motor throbbed deeply, echoing inside itself.

Bracing himself on the running board, he reached and jerked the door handle. The cab door swung open. Del scaled the rungs into the cab and closed the door. He waited, breathing heavily, causing the leather seat cushions to squeak slightly as the minutes passed.

In the distance a door slammed, boots clattered down a stairway, someone was whistling, and steps approached the truck. Del sat very straight. Behind him he heard the two large steel doors slowly swing and echo shut. He waited. The lock fell in place. A flashlight bobbed forward and from his height Del watched a tall thin man wearing a billed

hat shine the flashlight on each tire. Whistling again the man pulled a notebook from his pocket, found a pencil, wet the end of it, wrote something, replaced both notebook and pencil, and effortlessly swung up into the seat behind the wheel. The flashlight rested on Del.

"Sorry, kid. Company rules."

Del turned and looked up at the driver. "Please."

"Company says no riders."

On the dashboard the clock ticked softly.

"Sorry, kid."

Del turned away, opened the cab door, found his footing in the darkness, and let himself down to the ground. The Diesel hissed and slowly cased forward. Del watched it crawl onto the highway and heard it wind and glide through its gears.

And once again the sadness welled inside him. All was gray and smelled of wet fodder. Slowly he went through the cross-wired company gate, to walk under the oak trees and shadows of patterned leaves softly printed on the sidewalk; to walk by the yellow-lighted windows, half-cautious dogs, men in armchairs; the brick streets and ways to turn at the corner . . .



THE CASTAWAY

by R. P. LISTER

IT WAS an aged castaway upon a desert strand;
The wind had blown his mast away, he drifted to the land,
And all his life had passed away upon the desert strand.

And human speech was strange to him, he had forgot it all,
And change was no more change to him; he had a cavern small
That was a moated grange to him, his harborage and hall.

The shark he hunted jauntily, the turtle and the bird,
And songs he sang most chauntily that had not any word,
And wore bright feathers flauntily, and thought them not absurd.

There came a brave ship's crew to him, when he was ninety-four;
The words they spoke were new to him, for speech he spoke no more,
They brought a tin of stew to him, that had enough in store.

Whatever things they said to him, he had no word to say;
The outer world was dead to him, he would not sail away,
The cavern was his bed to him, sufficient was the day.

They wagged their heads most drearily, that he was so serene;
They pulled their oars most wearily, back to their brigantine.
He waved at them most cheerily, and ate a mangosteen.



Books and Men



Poet, playwright, and master of fantasy, LORD DUNSANY has been writing

or nearly half a century, and in that time he has helped more than one young writer to find his way into the Atlantic, among them Mary Lavin, the Irish novelist. Of his many and delightful books, we remember with special thanks *The Book of Wonder*, *The King of Elfland's Daughter*, and *My Talks with Dean Spanley*.

IRISH WRITERS I HAVE KNOWN

by LORD DUNSANY

I

ALTHOUGH I think little of literary movements, believing that great work comes from an individual rather than from a limited company, yet it must be admitted that of the world's writers of this half century the number that came from Ireland is out of all proportion to the size of the country. I do not know what made this sudden flowering of genius in Ireland. It may even not have been a sudden flowering at all, but merely a harvest; and there may have been in all centuries as many singing on Irish hills as were singing when this century was young, and, for all I know, they may have been without opportunity or recognition. Indeed this is quite likely; for a singer upon the hills whose words never came to print cannot be estimated in other centuries, except by those who are in close touch with legend, which preserves the memory of such singers among a simple folk. But we grow less simple every year; and as we read more and more, the voice of legend grows fainter and fainter in our ears. In the Irish literary harvest of the early part of this century one of the granaries was the *Shanachie*, and I remember one number containing among other good things a fine piece of prose by George Moore and a magnificent story by Bernard Shaw. Bernard Shaw did not write many short stories; but this one, which I remember to this day, was worthy of a place among the masterpieces of Kipling, de Maupassant, or O. Henry.

And in those days in Dublin magazines one might come on one of the lovely poems of Padraic Colum, made of pure Irish air and the sunlight on Irish hills. Alas that he so rarely writes one of them for us now. Another granary of that harvest, as all the world knows, was the Abbey Theatre, the presiding genius of which was W. B. Yeats and the munificent patroness Miss Horniman, who deserves more thanks than she ever got. The other principal benefactress of Yeats was Lady Gregory, who was also a writer herself; and the most famous sheaf of that harvest was Synge. Of course all peoples have a view of themselves, and all artists look out each through a window of his own, so that, when one of them

shows life on the stage, it may sometimes come as a shock to those in the house to find their well-known view being regarded from another angle. And so Synge and Shaw arrived with a shock to many.

England perhaps bothers less about what she is than about what is the correct thing to do, or at any rate did so fifty years ago; but both England and Ireland were shocked, the one by Shaw and the other by Synge, and both got over it. The genius of Synge, deliberately planted by him in the Aran Isles, where it grew and flowered for its brief season, was very dissimilar to the talent of Lady Gregory. He, having got an idea, would clothe it in the language of the peasantry, and so express it. But Lady Gregory always struck me as a lady with a notebook, with which she would go into market places or workhouse wards, as Florence Nightingale went into hospitals with her lamp, and there would accurately write down the actual phrases she heard, and make out of them a play. So she and Synge seemed to me to begin at opposite ends, Synge's seeming to me to be the right method; for, as the work of the architect comes before that of the bricklayer, so I believe that the primary work of the dramatist is drama, of which dialogue is merely an audible expression, whenever it expresses it at all.

I do not know whence Synge got his ideas, but one of them, and one of the most dramatic, he got from Rudyard Kipling, who also had some Irish blood in his veins: it is that great moment in *Riders to the Sea* when the woman whose last son has been drowned cries out: "The sea can do no more harm to me." The idea comes from Kipling's "The Gift of the Sea," written in 1890, the second verse: —

But the mother laughed at all.
"I have lost my man in the sea,
"And the child is dead. Be still," she said,
"What more can ye do to me?"¹

¹"The Gift of the Sea" is from *Departmental Ditties and Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads*, copyright 1890 by Rudyard Kipling, and is reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc., and Mrs. George Bainbridge.

When the shock of seeing that other eyes had looked at a familiar scene and found some difference in it had died down, a large number of writers was attracted to the Abbey Theatre, all inspired by Synge, and his influence upon them has not yet faded away. It was he more than anyone else who showed at the dawning of this century that the scene of all plays need not be laid in a London drawing room. A heroic life seemed to lure Yeats as jam tarts lure hungry children from the other side of a thick sheet of plate glass; and, as though dissatisfied with his own quiet days in peaceful surroundings, he wrote plays of heroes and ancient wars. I still remember three lines read nearly fifty years ago with which one of these plays ended:—

The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am trodden by their passing feet.

Æ, a contemporary and friend of Yeats, but a very different man, searched for no opposites to his own life, but lived it naturally, always himself. He was a prophet and wrote as a prophet, and spoke as one quite naturally. No one who saw the face of Æ and his inspired eyes or heard the ringing notes of his organ voice could ever have doubted that all he said was sincere. With many men I have had interesting conversations, but with Æ I always felt that he was prophesying unto us. And with the voice and eyes and face of a prophet he had also the generous heart of one, and not only helped, but made, some of the younger writers.

That voice is lost and there will remain only his poems when the memory of the man has faded with the last of the generation that knew him, but the beautiful melody of those poems, in which is enshrined so much of the twilight on Irish hills, should be enough for posterity to know him as the greatest poet that Ireland ever produced. Alas that these poems were so few. This was the fault of my uncle, Sir Horace Plunkett, who found him in a shop, where he was doing no harm, and set him down at a desk to work for the rest of his life at a trivial journal—very useful of course and well-informed, but ridiculous when compared with the works of genius at which such a bard were better employed. As well harness a desert-wandering dromedary to a roller—which I once saw in the Canary Islands far from its deserts, and always thought of afterwards whenever I saw Æ at his trivial work. Once a year he escaped for a month and fled to Donegal, whence he came back with some of its twilights captured with canvas and paint. It is something to have known a prophet.

2

PERHAPS nobody boasts like a collector, because a pebble or an egg or a wrongly printed stamp is to him such a treasure (according to which he collects) that he cannot help displaying it with pride and de-

light, though neither egg nor stamp nor pebble owes anything whatever to him. And when I was kindly invited not long ago by the Irish Literary Society to a dinner in London, and irked by the rather difficult question that I was asked as to what title I should give to what remarks I might make when the dinner was over, I was rescued from my difficulty by a sudden idea, and said that I would call my talk *Reminiscences of a Collector of Genius*. For I have had the rare luck to make a small collection of genius, my first piece collected having been Francis Ledwidge; and, knowing the speed with which he wrote and his amazing fluency, his Keats-like diction and his piercing eye, peering into the innermost of the beauties of nature, I say now what can never be proved: that had he survived the First World War he might have been the greatest of all living poets. That can never be proved now, but at any rate, to take a very small thing, the blackbird, I can challenge anyone to find any more beautiful words written to it anywhere in the world than were written by Francis Ledwidge.

When I said the speed with which he wrote, I should rather have said the speed with which he assimilated new influences. For once I gave him a book of Keats to read, and in a few days he was writing with a similar beauty—not with any kind of imitation, but as though his genius had transmuted some rare element to another, such as platinum into gold, or gold into platinum. I will quote three of his lines that have never been published:—

A large moon rose up queenly as a flower
Charmed by an Indian lute. An owl went by.
A snipe above them circled in the sky.

I know no clearer mirror reflecting Irish fields than the spirit of Francis Ledwidge.

And then there was James Stephens, that leprechaun of a man who came into cities and saw their ways and laughed at them. I think that if a leprechaun were caught on an Irish bog and dressed in modern clothes and taken into a city and forced to work in it by our economic conditions, his attitude towards such unwonted surroundings would be just that of James Stephens. There is so much truth in the old Roman saying that poets are born and not made that I can hardly say that James Stephens was made by Æ; but, were I not bound to recognize the truth of that Latin saw, I should say that Æ had made him. I remember meeting him at Æ's house in Rathfarnham before his first book was published, and his very natural, almost childish, delight in the anticipation of it. And I remember his first novel being rejected and Æ writing to say that it must be published; and Æ's advice was taken. And so, sheltered by the cloak of Æ, he grew to his full stature, when he needed nobody's cloak to shelter him any more. Let it be remembered of James Stephens that he went from Ireland to London without any particular sympathies for England; and happening

to find himself there when the war started, he stayed there all through it, and endured there for all those years all that was endured by those that were native to London. His verses remain like the shapely lines that the waves leave on the sand, but the liveliness and charm of his conversation were like the glitter of the sun on those waves, to be missed by all who knew him.

Of all those Irish writers whom I knew and who are now dead, the most lovable was Æ. Bernard Shaw with his querulous postcards had the reputation of being gruff; but, as I never knew him to be rude to me, but always kind, I have never believed that gruffness to be any more than a pose such as those with which some poets will sometimes choose to cloak themselves. I never had a quarrel with George Moore, but many seem to have quarreled with him, so that it might be that quarrelsomeness was no pose with George Moore. He seems to have been a Parisian by nature, and to have thought better of it when he came to live in Ireland, from which before the end London lured him away, as though he were always susceptible to the gravitational pull thrown out by a capital city. If Æ was most like a prophet of all the men I have known, George Moore deliberately uttered one very clear prophecy, in his *Confessions of a Young Man*, which I read during the war. He said that the increase of the population made it mathematically certain that the streets would run with blood. And he was perfectly right: they did. And I believe that the sole cause of war is that very increase. Only, George Moore had not given Europe credit for its vast powers of organization, and believed that the bloodshed which he so accurately foresaw would be a domestic concern.

And then there was Dr. Edith Somerville, whom I knew but slightly; but to write of the Ireland of the last fifty years without mentioning her and her companion Miss Martin, from whom she would not allow even death to separate her, would be as blind as to tell of seventeenth-century Holland without

mentioning Rembrandt or Cuyp. For Ireland lives in their stories as bygone scenes live on in the pictures of the Old Masters.

And to this list of dead writers whom I knew I should like to add one name little known, the name of a lady who took to writing too late to make much mark in her lifetime, Mrs. Hamilton, whose autobiography, diaphanously veiled as fiction, and entitled *Green and Gold*, is a very charming picture of life in Ireland. And then there was Katharine Tynan, a poet of much charm, who was one of the galaxy of poets that shone on our land in those days.

And among all these writers that I have mentioned, and among many more, Oliver St. John Gogarty went to and fro like Mercury among the other gods, and with something of Mercury's volatile nature, cheering them with the brilliance of his conversation and chaffing them when they needed it, and every now and then writing a book, himself, either of poetry or garrulous prose — which scarcely scintillate with quite the wit of his conversation, as the reader may upon fortunate occasions judge for himself, for that wit is still luckily with us, though America seems just now to be taking more than its share.

I do not think that the poetry of today equals the work of any of these Irish poets I knew, because, worse than the magician's apprentice who stole one of his master's spells, too many modern writers have turned away from that magic arrangement of syllables that we call meter, to try to touch the hearts of men by some other means. But it cannot be done. Only the old spells have power to reach with their rhythms the hushed attention of the generations, or to hold them listening for longer than such brief period as is given to hear a new or an odd thing.

But novelists we have, of which the newest is Anne Crone; and storytellers, of whom the most brilliant is, to my mind, Mary Lavin. And when had Ireland not storytellers?



THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

THE change from green to brown comes with such dismaying swiftness in the New England summer. One minute we are rejoicing in the tender unfolding foliage and the fresh turf of late May, and then, almost before we have adjusted our wardrobe and chemistry to the summer's heat, the brown patches begin to appear in the Public Garden and on golf links. Sprinklers take up their losing battle on the lawns. The hay comes in from the buff-colored pastures, and the leaves on elm and oak have a sun-drenched, dusty look.

In the North country from which I have just returned, there was a more sinister change from green to brown in the work of the budworm which ravages the spring growth of the balsam-fir and spruce, and which by now has infested more than five thousand square miles of forest in New Brunswick. As many as a quarter of a million budworms may be found on one tree, and under such an attack that tree will probably be dead in four years.

This is an old story. Less than half a century ago, the budworm ate his way through the New Brunswick forest as he is threatening to do today. The lumbermen cut as much as they could save, but in the past the budworm could only destroy himself by destroying the forest on which he fed. So the trees came down, the pools in the great salmon rivers were denuded, and until the new growth had taken hold, the runoff was so fast that many a river was shriveled by early summer.

In the summer of 1951, the alarm was sounded by Dr. R. E. Balch, head of the Dominion Entomological Laboratory at Fredericton; he said that if the epidemic ran its normal course, there would be widespread tree mortality throughout the balsam-spruce forests of the Upsalquitch watershed in northern New Brunswick. He also warned that there was no telling how far the contagion would spread. His words fired the initiative of Barney

Flieger, forester, artist, and a moving spirit in the Canadian International Paper Company, and in September the decision was taken to prepare Operation Budworm for the spring of '52. A sixty-acre airstrip was bulldozed out of the solid bush on a high plateau deep in the infected forest, and Budworm City, a town for a hundred and fifty men, was built and chinked before the heavy snows. When the woods roads were frozen into hard, solid highways of snow and ice, supplies including more than forty-five hundred drums of special DDT spray and gasoline flowed in. In May the forest entomologists arrived, and on May 29 came twenty-one planes with souped-up engines and underbelly tanks, many of them flown from the Pacific coast — flown by combat veterans, ex-barnstormers, racers, and carnival stunts; cool, experienced pilots who could be trusted to spray at fifty feet above treetop level.

The budworm is most vulnerable in the first three weeks of June, when it is in the pupa stage. On June 13, the entomologists reported that the insects were ready for it, and the next day fortunately provided almost perfect conditions for spraying — clear, dry, with no wind drift. The planes worked mostly in tandem, cutting their white swaths just above the tips of the conifers. In this first spring there were only thirty hours when conditions were right, but ground crews and air crews crowded three thousand landings and take-offs into this time. It took exactly three minutes to refuel and refill the spray tanks of these light planes.

The pilots drew by lot for their areas; and by late August, when the final reports were in, Dr. Balch concluded that 99.8 per cent of the budworms in the sprayed plots were killed.

This year four of the big pulp and paper companies combined forces with the Province of New Brunswick and the Dominion in a nonprofit corporation, Forest Protection Limited. Six airstrips were built, seventy-seven planes went into the spraying, and one and a half million acres were covered. I saw it in operation, and like many others in the fight I kept wondering about the long-term results.

I wondered what the effect would be on the fish. Conservationists believe that the effect on the wild life is negligible and that the only fish damaged were the trout in some stocked lakes with screened outlets. Yet on the Tobique where I fished while the planes were overhead, the suckers were dying along the shore by the thousands. This was good riddance though it might also be ominous; our guides comforted us by pointing out that the parr,

the small salmon, were bouncing with energy, and that the trout, who are surface feeders, were taking the flies we had intended for salmon.

I kept wondering about the fish and about the birds, and, of course, most of all about the trees. The old trees with their wider spread are more effectively drenched by the spray; the young trees are more resistant. It was a shock to see literally millions of budworms dripping down on shining silk threads as the poison struck home. Only then did you appreciate their multitude and their virulence.

It is the aim of the sprayers to tide the trees over until the new foliage is protected. But the brown moth which the budworm hatches is a traveling Typhoid Mary, and thus far no spray has been effective in giving immunity to soon-to-be-infested areas, nor are the moths themselves susceptible to the DDT shots. So this might be a long battle on a gigantic front. To those of us who love a particular stream, as I love the Northwest Miramichi, this fight takes on a personal meaning. For to save the trees is to save the river as it is — to save it for the birds, for the salmon who cannot travel up a stream reduced to bedrock, and incidentally to save it for the angler.

The old Dutch

Alan Paton, the author of *Cry, the Beloved Country*, speaks with the voice and the conscience of the divided peoples in South Africa today. He was forty-three when he began his first novel; for eleven years he had been principal of a reformatory for colored boys near Johannesburg where he had educated his staff and the 650 young African inmates to a system of graduated freedom. He and his wife became members of the Torch Commando, and for the year past they have been working with a community of colored tubercular patients. Out of such experience and sympathy have come his two books and his election as a vice president of the new Liberal Party in the Union.

Too Late the Phalarope (Scribner's, \$3.50) is a novel in the Dutch tradition, a warmly lit, homely portrait of the van Vlaanderen family, Afrikaners, outwardly so stern, proud, and pious, yet inwardly at war with themselves. Their household is ruled by the patriarch, six foot three, with heavy-lidded eyes and lame leg, uncompromising (hating everything English and Smuts because he was reconciled), reading only the Bible, and a Boer to the bone. His favorite son, Pieter, a man of equal strength, is an Afrikaner of today. To his father's disgust he fought with, not against, the English and was decorated. Now a police official and star athlete, he is idolized by black and white alike and baffling only to the old man. For Pieter is a man of two characters; his grave coldness he has inherited from his father, his tenderness and suppressed laughter from his mother. It is his tragedy that Nella, Pieter's little

country wife, cannot give him what he wants. She can rouse but not requite his passion. So he begins to shut himself off, and the black mood so easily provoked by his father makes him more vulnerable than even his diary acknowledges to the temptations of the flesh. All this is seen and recorded by Tante Sophie, the maiden aunt, a second mother to Pieter, whose love would save him if only she could break through his reserve. She tells us that this is to be a tale of destruction: we know from the first time he comes in close touch with the girl Stephanie that the color taboo will be broken.

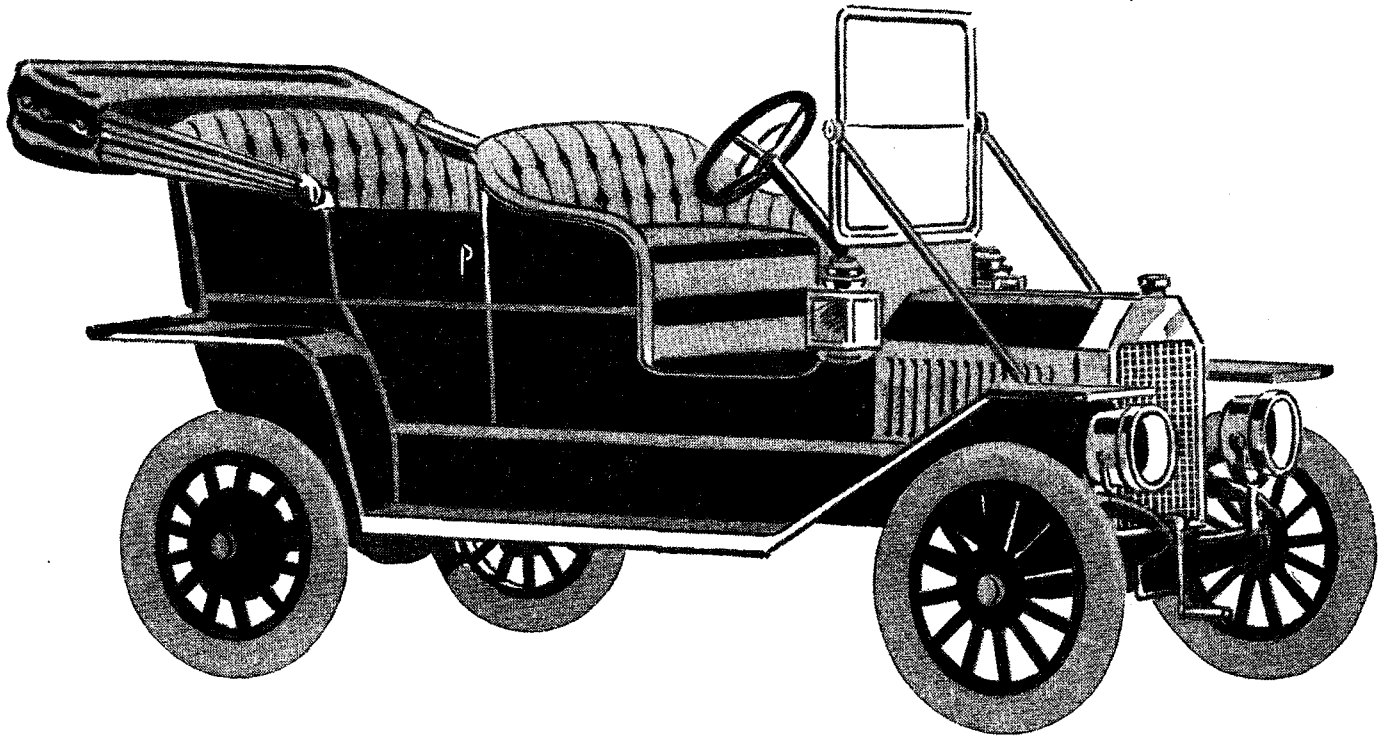
Pieter's fate is as inescapable as Macbeth's, and it is Mr. Paton's skill to show us, in scenes like the first preaching of the young dominee, the formal jollity of the father's birthday party, the heart-rending talk between Pieter and his most accessible friend, Kappie, why the golden lad was goaded to the point of desperation — all this in a prose that is Biblical in rhythm and clarity and intuitive in its discernment of human motives.

Dip reading

Summer is the time for dip reading; and this year the book I have had the most pleasure dipping, or rather swimming in, is a charming and unpretentious volume from England, *Period Piece*, "A Cambridge Childhood," by Gwen Raverat (Norton, \$3.75). Gwen's mother, Maud Du Puy, came from Philadelphia to spend the summer of 1883 in Cambridge, England, with her aunt, Mrs. Jebb. Maud was twenty-two, tall, with dark blue eyes and a lovely complexion, and it wasn't long before she was being courted by the more eligible Fellows in that sleepy, beautiful university town. The one she chose was George Darwin, son of the great Charles, a frail scholar, sixteen years her elder, to whom she brought health, happiness, and four children. Gwen was the oldest, and her memoir is the affectionate, high-spirited account of life as it was lived in the Darwin circle, in Grandmother's old house in Kensington Square, and in Down House in Kent. But Cambridge was the Darwin capital, and Gwen with her brothers and sister was brought up in Newnham Grange, a sprawling eighteenth-century house on a branch of the Cam, from whose bay windows one saw the Millpool and Queens' College.

"This is a circular book," she writes. "It does not begin at the beginning and go on to the end; it is all going on at the same time, sticking out like the spokes of a wheel from the hub, which is me." Her drawings, her delicious wit and judgment, give every incentive for turning these pages. For though she writes as one who has survived the Blitz, seen servants disappear, and is soon to be seventy, she also writes as a girl in springtime, brimming with zest and alive to the idiosyncrasies of such dear people as Aunt Etty, who made a cult of ill health and who used to order dinner in bed

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The automobile pictured above is shown in color, along with 28 other typical models, in World Book Encyclopedia's picture panorama, "60 Years on Wheels." Part of the 21-page article "Automobile," in the 1953 edition, it is just one example of the way World Book makes the process of gathering information a real "joy ride" for its readers.

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in her patent anti-cold mask ("an ordinary wire kitchen-strainer, stuffed with antiseptic cotton-wool, and tied on like a snout, with elastic over her ears"). The Darwins all held strong views on religion, and it was Aunt Etty who burst into Gwen's bedroom one night to exclaim without preamble, "I could *swallow* the Pope of Rome, but what I can *not* swallow is the Celibacy of the Clergy."

Gwen's memory is as true as her ear, and her phrases are turned with a twist of humor which preserves the imperishable Victorian character. She speaks of the Sunday picnics on the Cam when their boat passed through the pools where the undergraduates were bathing in the altogetherness, and where the ladies of the party hid their faces in their parasols, but not Gwen. She speaks of Uncle Richard, worth a chapter in himself, who "indulged in a special kind of intellectual sandwich, by reading certain passages of Greek plays, while listening to certain pieces of music." She is constantly comparing the now with the then, and not always to the advantage of the Golden Age. She tells us that she remembers very well the smell of the Cam, for all the sewerage went into the river, and how Queen Victoria, while being shown over Trinity by the Master, asked as she looked down from the bridge, "What are all those pieces of paper floating down the river?" To which Dr. Whewell, with great presence of mind, replied, "Those, ma'am, are notices that bathing is forbidden." *Punch* calls this enchanting family memoir a classic, and I really think it is.

Another book which I have enjoyed piecemeal is *America Rebels*, "Narratives of the Patriots," edited by **Richard M. Dorson** (Pantheon, \$5.00). This is certainly the best selection we shall have from the eyewitnesses and participants in the American Revolution. Some of the veterans set down their memories as a monument for their grandchildren; others, like those who had been long captive, because they were hard up and needed money; others because they were caught in the thick of it, like Jonas Clark who, having seen what took place at Lexington and Concord, preached a sermon to commemorate the murder and bloodshed on the anniversary in 1776. My special favorites are these: Ethan Allen and Thomas Dring for their description of what happened to American prisoners of war in England and in the Hell-ships in New York Harbor; Baroness von Riedesel for her spirited and captivating account of Burgoyne's disaster at Saratoga; Albigeance Waldo, the Connecticut surgeon, for his stark, sick impressions of Valley Forge; Nathaniel Fanning for his incomparable recollection of John Paul Jones and the *Bonhomme Richard*; Sally Wister for her flirtatious picture of General Smallwood's headquarters; and James Thacher, the Barnstable physician whose diary of Yorktown makes us see that momentous surrender in fresh light.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Adventure

NO PICNIC ON MOUNT KENYA by *Felice Benuzzi*. (Dutton, \$3.75.) Mr. Benuzzi eased out of a British POW camp with two companions, climbed Mount Kenya, and planted the Italian flag on a handy peak in what was certainly one of the most sporting ventures of World War II.

CAVES OF ADVENTURE by *Haroun Tazieff*. (Harper, \$3.00.) Humor, accident, erratic machinery, and impressive courage play a part in an unlucky speleological expedition. It's a terrifying story and yet makes the fascination of cave exploration perfectly comprehensible.

OUR VIRGIN ISLAND by *Robb White*. (Doubleday, \$3.50.) Various contretemps and a lot of pleasant description enliven this story of housekeeping on an uninhabited Caribbean islet.

A GUIDE TO THE MOON by *Patrick Moore*. (Norton, \$3.95.) No rocket plans included, but every question a nonastronomer could ask about the moon itself is answered in this lucid guidebook.

Fiction

THE MOUNTAIN by *Henri Troyat*. (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50.) The mythical overtones in this beautifully written story of two brothers and a mountain don't interfere in the least with the excitement of a tough climb.

THE SISTERS MATERASSI by *Aldo Palazzeschi*. (Doubleday, \$3.50.) Leisurely but not slow, the story of two hard-working spinsters fleeced by their charming rascal of a nephew has wit and a delightful Tuscan setting.

CECILE by *Benjamin Constant*. (New Directions, \$2.50.) So long lost that it had been given up as legendary, Constant's autobiographical novel about his waverings between the formidable Madame de Staël and his eventual wife has finally turned up, delicate, ironic, penetrating, and unfinished.

Stone and Color

SCULPTURE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY by *Andrew Carnduff Ritchie*. (Museum of Modern Art, \$7.50.) Sculpture from Rodin to Calder discussed and interpreted with great authority and a complete absence of aesthetic gobbledygook. First-class photographs.

PASTELS BY EDGAR DEGAS selected and with an introduction by *Douglas Cooper*. (British Book Centre, \$4.95.) The pictures are the main point here, well chosen, nicely reproduced, and all in color.

ART IN THE ICE AGE by *Johannes Maringer and Hans-Georg Bandi*. (Frederick A. Praeger, \$12.50.) A lovely book which includes considerable geological and archaeological information in its survey of prehistoric European art. Thickly illustrated, with a number of color plates of red and black cave paintings.

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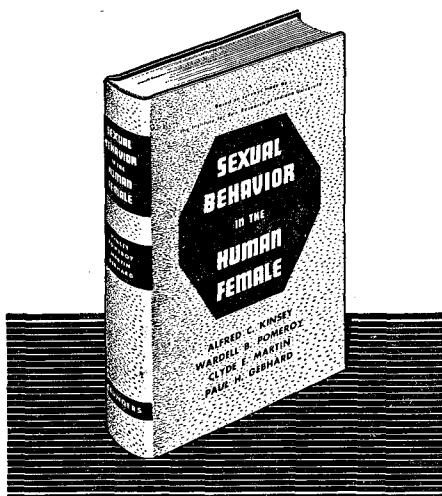
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



THE name of George Sand evokes the image of a woman who was the *grande passion* of Chopin's life; who liked to wear a man's costume; and who was the author of innumerable novels which nowadays are seldom read. She is one of the few writers whose life story — currently recounted by André Maurois in *Lélia* (Harper, \$5.00) — is more durably fascinating than any of their fictions.

Née Aurore Dupin in 1804 — the product of a background in which aristocracy and illegitimacy were picturesquely intertwined — George Sand became the queen of French Letters in her day; and her work was greatly admired by such masters as Flaubert, Dostoevski, and later Proust. But M. Maurois has not encumbered his narrative with critical apologetics for a neglected genius. Drawing on much hitherto unpublished material, including many intimate letters, he has given us a rich biography of a truly extraordinary woman — a close-up of the life of the heart in the Romantic Era.

Like most extraordinary beings, George Sand is — superficially — a creature full of paradox. This *grande amoureuse*, to whom no end of brilliant men succumbed, was a strikingly masculine figure with a fondness for smoking large cigars. This woman who jettisoned — and, some said, destroyed — so many lovers was ruled, above all, by the maternal instinct: what she sought out was weakness: she wanted lovers who would be sons. She epitomized in her life the Romanticism of her century, responded to all its doctrines and ideals; but no bourgeois could have been more unwaveringly industrious. One can readily understand the mortification of her lovers who, even in the first fine frenzy of a new romance, found themselves banished daily from Madame's presence while she turned out her statutory twenty pages of copy.

Heine has left us a portrait which does not altogether explain her tremendous appeal: "Beautiful auburn hair falling to her shoulders; rather lustreless and sleepy eyes, but calm and gentle; a smile of great good na-

ture; a somewhat . . . husky voice, difficult to hear, for George is far from talkative." Her magnetism no doubt stemmed in part from a stunning vitality. She would often write for fourteen hours at a stretch, then mount her horse and gallop miles to a lover's rendezvous.

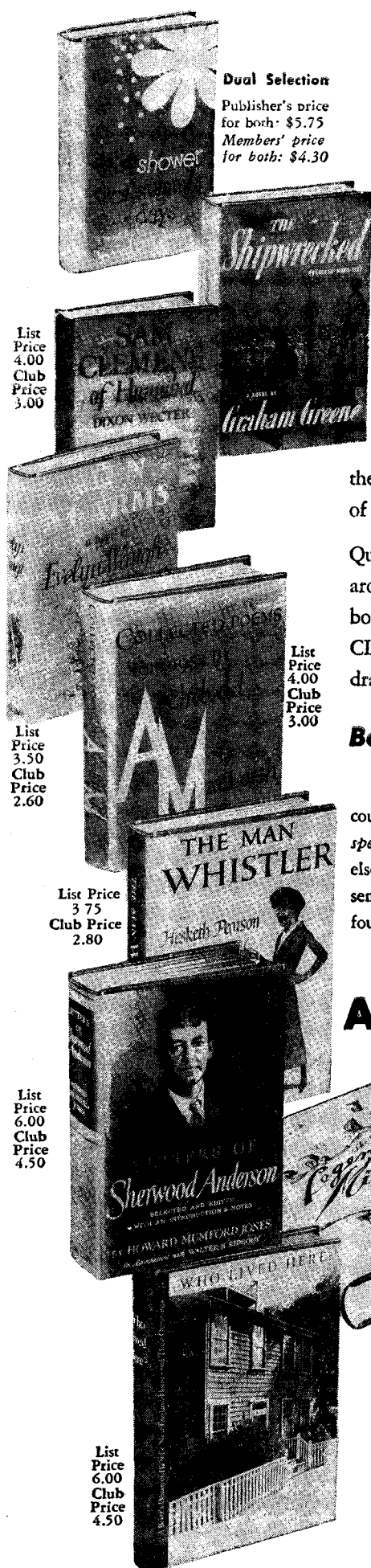
Maurois's biography of Madame Sand convincingly resolves the apparent paradoxes; and the life of its heroine is expertly fitted into the immensely lively picture of her times. *Lélia* (the title is taken from one of George Sand's novels) is perhaps the most solid achievement of a famous biographer whose works are always inviting but not always solid.

Lord of Arabia

H. St. John Philby — the author of *Arabian Jubilee* (John Day, \$6.00), a biography of Abdul-Aziz ibn Abdul-Rahman ibn Faisal Al Saud, by the Grace of Allah King of Saudi Arabia — has long been a legendary figure in the Middle East. In 1917, he was sent by the British Government to enlist Ibn Saud as an ally against the Turks, and he has since spent most of his life in Arabia — as explorer, director of a mining concern, and intimate friend and adviser of the King. After his conversion to Islam in 1930, he joined Ibn Saud's court and today describes himself as a "citizen" of Mecca.

Philby writes, of course, as a partisan. But the notable thing is that, however deep his loyalties and strong his antipathies, he retains a firm grasp of the realities of the Arab World, a far greater clarity of vision than you find in most of the leading texts about the Middle East. There is no trace in his book of the silliness of some British Arabists such as Freya Stark, who, because she so dearly loved the Arabs, tried to convince her readers that the Arabs (when they confided in her over tea and cookies) were really pro-British at heart. And Philby is not seduced by the mystique of Pan-Arabism into wishful thinking about the extent of Arab unity, as was so scholarly an authority as George Antonius, the author of *The Arab Awakening*. He seems a tough-minded man, Philby, both passionate and shrewd.

Of the Arab League, he writes: "Whether [it] can survive the internal stresses of a house divided against itself is very much open to doubt." While wholly convinced that the Jews have no right whatsoever to Pales-



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tine, he concluded long ago that a Jewish state would come into being, and he affirms that the Arabs conducted themselves with a suicidal lack of realism. In 1939, he suggested that Dr. Weizmann enlist Churchill's and Roosevelt's support for a startling plan of which Philby was the author: "The whole of Palestine should be left to the Jews. . . . All Arabs displaced therefrom should be settled elsewhere at the expense of the Jews. . . . All Asiatic Arab countries . . . should be formally recognized as completely independent in the proper sense of the term." What misery, and how many current headaches, that proposal might have averted!

Philby describes, with a wealth of inside detail, Ibn Saud's dashing conquest of Arabia; the life of his court; the dramatic discovery of oil and the incongruous changes it has brought to the desert kingdom; Ibn Saud's role in the struggle over Palestine (he never seriously considered canceling the oil concessions); his present relations with the other Arab countries and his attitude towards the global conflict between Russia and the West. The salient features of this story have been presented to American readers before — in simpler terms and bolder colors. But to anyone with a special interest in the Middle East, *Arabian Jubilee* is a fascinating volume. It is certainly a notable addition to the basic writings about the Arab World.

From Beirut to Nepal

Early in 1952, Eleanor Roosevelt set out to the Middle East and India "to get an insight into the people and their problems." *India and the Awakening East* (Harper, \$3.00) is her warmhearted, open-minded, Girl Scoutish report on that journey, which took her from the Lebanon to the Himalayas, via Syria, Jordan, Israel, Pakistan, and India.

Mrs. Roosevelt talked with chiefs of state, leading women, welfare workers, American officials; she visited mills, schools, refugee camps, the homes of the poor. She was especially interested in Point Four activities, social work, and the status of women. She also went shopping in the Damascus Bazaar; saw the Taj Mahal by moonlight; attended a durbar in Baluchistan; rode up the Khyber Pass; nervously made a speech on a two-tiered stand mounted on wheels and harnessed to camels; was often late for formal dinners and fol-

lowed the practice of her imperturbable Aunt Edith — she just showed up in her traveling clothes.

In an untidy sort of way, Mrs. Roosevelt manages to be extremely readable, and she has a good deal to say that is well worth saying, even if much of it is moderately familiar. What is best in her book is 1) its sympathetic picture, drawn in human terms rather than statistics, of the struggle that India and Pakistan are putting up to cope with their gigantic problems; 2) the thoughtful discussion of why Asiatic nationalism has been so receptive to Communist propaganda and so distrustful of the West.

Another recent title deals, in an altogether different vein, with the gulf between East and West. In 1945, an American girl from Kansas met, and presently married, a poor, poetry-quoting Persian who lived in a Greenwich Village basement and was rumored to be a Lord of sorts in his own land. Several years later, **Anne Sinclair Mehdevi** and her husband were summoned to Persia by her in-laws, and what happened there is described, with enormous charm, in *Persian Adventure* (Knopf, \$3.50).

At first, the author thought she had arrived at holiday time. The numerous members of the Mehdevi household just sat around sipping tea, cracking watermelon seeds, nibbling sweetmeats, and receiving a stream of visitors. It took her some time to realize that this was the everyday routine of most wealthy Persians. She was crushed to discover that the dishes on which her food was served underwent a special decontamination process — being an infidel, she was unclean. Her husband's father, Hajji Malek, the head of the clan, was treated as though he were the Shah-in-Shah. Every action was directed toward winning his favor or avoiding his displeasure. To earn his respect, his daughter-in-law learned, she had to outbargain him over the dowry which she did not want, but which custom decreed he must pay her. He is an entrancing figure, the tyrannous old Hajji Malek, with his capricious moods, his resolute hypochondria, his sly sense of humor and infinite cunning; and he has been portrayed superlatively well.

Mrs. Mehdevi visited Shaft by the Caspian and saw the misery of primitive Persia. She watched Mossadegh triumph over the opposition and rouse a mob to frenzy. She flew to Meshed,

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a Moslem shrine, and was remarried there according to Islamic law.

It is a long time since I have read so captivating a book of personal experience. The author succeeds in being consistently amusing without slipping into the annoying formula which has become fashionable in lighthearted books of this kind: "I was bitten by bed bugs, the roof fell down, and I woke up with appendicitis: it couldn't have been more fun." What is more, Mrs. Sinclair Mehdevi is a highly perceptive observer, and she leaves you with the feeling you have grasped a thing or two about the psychology and mores of the puzzling Persians.

Fiction: three flavors

At fifty-two Charles Anderson — the hero of James Hilton's new novel, *Time and Time Again* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75) — is No. 2 man in a British delegation at an international conference in Paris, at whose conclusion he has decided to retire. His life has not exactly been a success, nor has it been a failure. After a promising start in the Diplomatic Service, he forged ahead disappointingly slowly, and he has never been given a Legation. At Cambridge, he fell deeply in love with a girl not of his class and would have married her had not his father broken up the relationship. But later Charles made a marriage that was not only eminently suitable but also extremely happy. Though his wife's death in the Blitz has left a painful void in his life, it has not crushed him. A trim, handsome man, with suave manners and a pretty if erudite wit, he has in him enough of the stuffed shirt to have acquired the nickname "Stuffy Anderson" — but his colleagues use it with respect and affection.

Charles Anderson, in sum, is a thoroughly decent and pretty normal upper-class Englishman, whose only claim to distinction is that he is the greatest living authority on the Sanjak of Belar-Novo on the Macedonian frontier, and whose life contains little of the drama which helps to keep the wheels of fiction turning. And therein lies the special merit of Mr. Hilton's novel. Out of the unspectacular career of a minor British diplomat, he has fashioned a quietly moving and continuously absorbing story.

The father-son relationship is the central motif, and we are shown Charles's difficulties with the eccentric, unstable Sir Havelock in counter-

point to Charles's efforts to get to know his son, who has spent the war years in America. But what really matters is "Stuffy Anderson" himself. He is probably Mr. Hilton's most solidly realized characterization — a figure with dignity, backbone, and pathos; curiously interesting in his just-above-average-ness; and completely believable in his every thought and gesture, as he grows from a romantic but slightly stuffy undergraduate into a stuffy but slightly romantic middle-aged diplomat.

The Bridges at Toko-Ri (Random House, \$2.50) by James A. Michener — a novella "commissioned" by *Life* magazine and published there in its entirety — brings me up against the tiresome business of exaggerated claims on the dust jacket. It is certainly no fault of the author that the publisher should label his work "one of the masterpieces of war literature." But this kind of inflation does disservice to a book which invites unreserved applause for what it is: a vivid, stirring piece of semi-journalistic fiction describing the heroism of the men of a naval task force operating off the Korean coast. Once the sign "masterpiece" has been slung up, one is nettled into saying that that is precisely what *The Bridges at Toko-Ri* is not, and never comes anywhere near to being.

Mr. Michener is at his best when he is closest to reportage. He brings to us the face and feel and complex facts of modern war with an immediacy and a precision I have never seen matched — the pilots moving into action in their grotesquely cumbersome accouterments; the catapulting of nine-ton jets from the wind-swept deck of the carrier; the intricate, dangerous maneuvering of the great ship and the split-second timing required to make possible a landing by the jets; the rescue by helicopter of a pilot who has bailed out into the freezing waters.

The story's secondary characters have a sharp individuality: I can see Beer Barrel bringing in the jets with incredible skill; Admiral Tarrant, "battle-wizened" and austere; Mike Forney, the helicopter pilot, with his green-painted opera hat and Kelly green scarf. The hero, Brubaker, is less satisfactory. I am sure that there are hundreds of young men in Korea very like him, but it is not enough for a fictional character to have his prototypes in real life: he must have a life

of his own, and Brubaker does not — I felt he had been put together according to specifications that would make him a representative type. And when Michener is spelling out his theme, the responsibilities of free men, the accents of an editorial creep into the story.

These failings do not prevent the novel from achieving its main objective with complete success. Michener has written an honest and a gripping tribute to sacrifices too easily forgotten, and he has pictured for us more tellingly than the camera the kind of war that the men on the carriers and the jets have been fighting in the stormy waters off Korea.

Calatea (Knopf, \$3.00) by **James M. Cain** — the maestro of the he-man, she-wolf school of fiction — reads like a dismal parody of James M. Cain by a hard-boiled hack writer who has wilted under a vegetarian diet. Health salads are the *deus ex machina* in this ludicrous triangular drama, in which the amorous hired hand pits his love against his loved one's three hundred pounds of — I quote — “blubber,” while the mean husband piles on the calories and the ghost of John Wilkes Booth tries, with a total lack of success, to make the reader feel that something more sinister than avoirdupois is at stake.

Early on, a tree falls on the fat girl and she collapses in front of the hired hand “naked as the day she was born” — except for the normal amount of underwear. Right here, any Cain aficionado should realize that the master is pulling his punches. But I never dreamed I'd see a Cain hero go about the pursuit of happiness by chopping up raw vegetables for a wench so overnourished that he can't even get his arms around her. There is, to be sure, a murder and a trial. But by this time our heroine is as svelte as Esther Williams and it's obvious that the lady's not for burning. Cain, henceforth thy middle name is Gayelord.

Potpourri

CIANO'S HIDDEN DIARY: 1937-1938 by Count Galeazzo Ciano. Dutton, \$4.00.

This first volume of Ciano's diary had not been recovered from the German S.S. when the rest of the diary was published in 1946. The author was clearly something of a fool; but his absurdly high moral tone, his inordinate vanity and bombast, his

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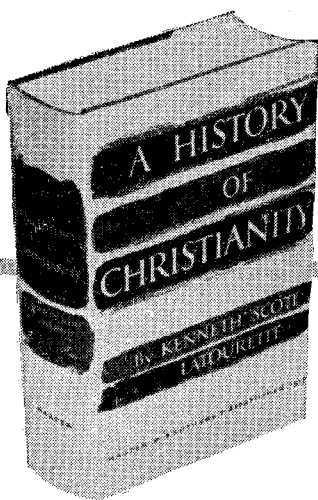
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fawning on the Duce, lend piquancy to the narrative and make it all the more revealing as a chronicle of Fascist policy. The main topics are Italy's role in the Spanish War; the negotiations with Britain and France aimed at erasing the policy of sanctions; the formation of the Axis; and the Munich crisis. The book confirms the folly of appeasement, but it also suggests that Mussolini was pretty set on eventually going to war. There is much detail that is of considerable historical interest, and there are many amusing trivia: Mussolini thought that Hitler used rouge to hide his pallor; he wanted his epitaph to be: "Here lies one of the most intelligent animals who ever appeared on the face of the earth." Goering made Ciano think of Al Capone.

FRANZ VON PAPEN MEMOIRS. Dutton, \$6.50.

Von Papen's memoirs are at once a document of first-rate historical importance and a skillful *apologia pro vita sua* and *pro* Germany as distinct from its Nazi leaders. The author was Military Attaché in Washington in the First World War; Chancellor of the Reich after Bruening and later Vice-Chancellor under Hitler; Ambassador to Austria until the *Anschluss*; and finally Ambassador to Turkey. His argument, in a nutshell, is as follows: The policy of the victorious Allies was responsible for the rise of Hitlerism. He (Von Papen) invited the Nazis into his government in the belief that responsibility would "tame" them. Though revolted by Hitler's excesses, he continued to work with him because he hoped to oppose "radical tendencies" by "the application of Christian principles."

It is clear that Von Papen was genuinely at odds with many features of the Nazi regime, but his defense implies that he was guilty of the crassest misjudgment and it sounds shaky coming from a man with his reputation for exceptional shrewdness. However tendentious their reasoning, these memoirs make infinitely absorbing reading.

MEMORIES by Desmond MacCarthy. Oxford University Press, \$3.50.

The late Sir Desmond MacCarthy, critic of the London *Sunday Times*, was a discriminating commentator on books and authors, endowed with the happy faculty of warmly projecting his enjoyment of literature and his boundless interest in the quirks of human nature. The people he writes about in these agreeable essays are for the most part well-known figures such as Trollope, Maupassant, Arnold Bennett, Wells, Lytton Strachey, Maugham, Joyce, Max Beerbohm. But MacCarthy usually has something fresh and personal to say about them. His book is a cheering reminder, at a time when most books of literary criticism are hugely forbidding, that criticism can at times be very pleasant stuff to read.



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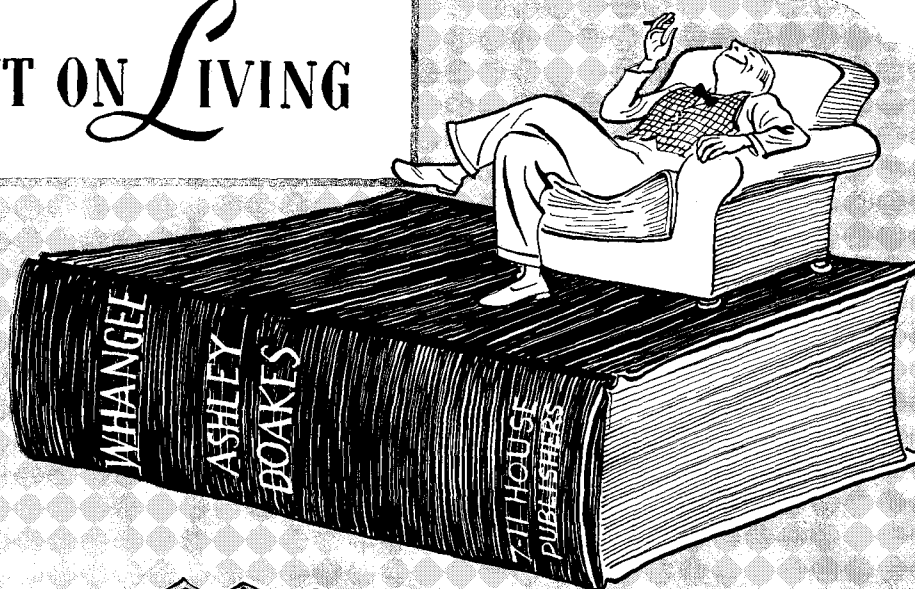
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ACCENT ON LIVING



A GOODLY number of book publishers, whenever a new best seller begins its climb toward the top of the list, come unhappily to light as those who Turned It Down. They appear as men who had their great chance and muffed it, incapable not only as judges of literary values but even as crass businessmen in pursuit of profits. How could any editor have failed to foresee that Ashley Doakes would sweep the country with his new novel *Whangee*? Anyone who had barely skimmed *Whangee* must have sensed that here was a big — a very big — book, bound to go places, a natural, a cinch. The movies grabbed it, promptly; Hollywood is smart. There's a musical in the making, too, and new printings, 25,000 at a time, are reported every few weeks. The eventual struggle for *Whangee* by the reprint houses will be a wide-open brawl. How to account, then, for the publishers who were offered *Whangee* but who doltishly let slip the chance?

We learn of them when Ashley Doakes muses to an interviewer on his long search before finally finding print for his masterwork. Doakes himself bears them no ill will; the steadfast artist is above such concerns, he explains. The public can

only conclude that publishers are a queer lot who don't read half the books submitted to them, and who probably wouldn't understand them if they did. Their main activity is the ruthless rejection of deserving and highly salable manuscripts.

The fact is that publishers are a rather queer lot, although not in any wise for the reasons implied by Doakes to his interviewer. Each publisher has his cherished beliefs. If some persons insist that wearing a bit of copper wire will cure rheumatism, so will certain publishers insist that the public won't buy books about the war. Others are convinced that no market exists for cartoon books, or cookbooks, travel books, historical novels, or whatever their particular myth may dictate. The same publishers suffer equally from affirmative delusions, and each will support some favorite category hopefully, year after year, in the face of repeated refusals by the public to take the least interest in his ventures. But these are merely publisher's

quirks, like a tendency to baldness or a taste in salad dressing, and they should not blind us to the realization that the book publisher is rarely the simpleton he is cracked up to be.

What, in reality, did happen between Ashley Doakes and the several publishers he solicited with *Whangee*? The facts are far from what Doakes implied in his interview.

Doakes, who was operating a photographic studio at the time, was, as usual, dead broke. He told the first publisher on whom he called that he stood ready, for a beggarly \$2500 advance, to begin work on a novel. Doakes argued that, unlike other novels, his book could be illustrated by actual photographs that he himself had taken, and the publisher could have the pictures at a special reduced rate. Doakes walked out in a rage when the publisher — after taking a good look at Doakes — decided that the yet-to-be-written manuscript did not sound like a good \$2500 risk.

Doakes managed over the next year to hammer out an incoherent novel about a Vermont schoolteacher who became the victim of small-town gossip, and two more publishers refused him. One of the editors told

Doakes his farmer hero was too dull for the heroine and to get some action and color into the character.

By shifting the scene from Vermont to the East Indies, Doakes converted his farmer into a dashing Eurasian gunrunner, and the school-teacher became a cabaret performer, down on her luck but the toast, nevertheless, of the whole gunrunning trade. As a born plagiarist and a fervent reader of the pulps, Doakes had no trouble in letting this run on to some 1100 pages. A fourth publisher, who already had an East Indian gunrunner novel on his next year's list, turned the new version down. He thought, rightly, that it was baloney.

The fifth publisher mentioned by

Doakes to his interviewer had never been approached by Doakes at all, and Doakes tossed in the name simply for good measure. A nameless assistant editor proved to be the ultimate rescuer of Doakes and his book at its final port of call. By throwing away every other chapter, he brought it down to a manageable length. The remainder, after more cutting and revising, he typed into a clean new copy, correctly spelled.

Doakes had titled the story *Where the Dawn Comes Up Like Thunder*, but the assistant editor substituted the now famous *Whangee*, a reference to the small swagger stick which the gunrunning ex-farmer was forever flicking airily at life in general. This afforded the book, also, a jacket

showing the hero administering a savage cut with the whangee to a ruffianly Asiatic, while the cabaret girl cowers behind an overturned table.

Whangee, as published, bears only a vague resemblance to the story as Doakes wrote it, and the same will be true of its sequel, which the assistant editor is even now fashioning from the alternate chapters discarded from *Whangee*. He hasn't yet hit on a title for it, and he is hoping for a ten-dollar raise.

Doakes, meanwhile, is lecturing up and down the land on his struggles to make a place for himself as a creative artist, despite the stupidity of the publishing world.

CHARLES W. MORTON

THE PALIO

by CARL DE SUZE

CARL DE SUZE interrupts his radio and television broadcasts each year with travel overseas. Here is an item from his most recent trip to Italy.

THE Palio, a breakneck horse race round the Piazza of Siena, has taken place twice a year for some seven centuries. It is no Turf Classic; the race itself is merely part of a general festival; the winner is chosen beforehand, and both jockeys and horses are rank though enthusiastic amateurs. Nevertheless, July 2 and August 16 see the ancient walled city flooded with tourists, reporters, and newsreel cameramen. Half pageant, half uproarious party, the Palio is unmatched as a spectacle.

It all began in 1260, when the newly constituted Siennese republic looked around for a satisfying substitute for the intramural skirmishes which had hitherto entertained its sixty (now seventeen) *contrade*, or neighborhoods. Warfare, having been pronounced an unseemly sport, was replaced by boxing and tilting matches, with a *palio*, or banner, awarded to the winning *contrada*. These contests were followed in turn by bull hunts and buffalo races, under the brief Spanish rule of the seventeenth century. Thereafter the Palio took the form it has today: a bareback race through the streets of the town, though it is now confined to the central Piazza del Campo.

Each of the seventeen *contrade* is represented by one horse, but in each Palio the entries are limited to ten, these determined by lot. Thus the seven *contrade* left out run later in August against the three best runner-up horses from the July Palio. Not only the horse but the rider as well is chosen, and there is a no-sub-



stitution rule in case of injury or other misadventure. As most of the horses, bought from local farmers, are new alike to racing and to their particular jockeys, this rule often causes considerable anguish.

The excitement begins the day before the actual Palio, when an elimination race is run off. All the entries run again next day, but the rehearsal serves as an indication of form to the Palio *segreto*, which decides that night who shall be allowed to win.

Representatives of each *contrada* meet in the Mangia Café (named for the prodigious campanile across the square), and dicker over their Chianti. Those *fantini* (jockeys) who have agreed to hold back bargain with those due to win, place, and show; the money is used by their *contrade* toward the purchase of better horses for next year.

Meanwhile, all the other Siennese march through the town, from bar to bar, with their *contrade*. Becoming flown with insolence and wine, they bellow forth the medieval Palio song. It has, by this time, acquired hundreds of unprintable verses, but the general purport is that

The tower in our ward is beautiful.
The tower of our opponent is like dirt
and a disgrace to the city.

The clamor reaches such a pitch that Siena's dark, listing old houses seem about to topple inward onto the rioting marchers. Venerable nags, heroes of former Palios, are part of the crowd. After years of celebrating, their palates are so finely developed that they can detect a bar at a thousand paces, and will not pass its doors until given a drink.

The next morning is spent in recovering from the preliminaries. At four in the afternoon the Palio begins officially with the Blessing of the Horses at a neighborhood church. Then the *contrade* form for their parade to the Duomo. The brilliant

procession floods into the open, sunlit court like a spreading whirlpool. A clangor of trumpets and drums announces each contrada. The marchers — mace-bearers, knights, captains, pages, and others — are richly caparisoned in gilded armor, fantastic head-dresses, and the flowing silks of the High Renaissance. *Alfieri*, or standard-bearers, with pennants and gonfalons strut by the cheering crowds. As each contrada reaches the Duomo steps, there is a great ruffle of drums, and there, before the glittering, flamboyant façade, the *alfieri* perform their renowned *Gioco delle Bandiere*.

The two men unfurl their great flags, blazoned with the ensign of the contrada — for Valdimontone, for instance, a white ram on an orange field. With extraordinary dash and elegance, they weave their banners under their legs and around their necks and waists. The strain of the writhing silk is so great that it has been known to snap the thick poles. The *alfieri* crouch in unison, and the silk describes slow serpentine above their backs; a somersault, and they are erect, spinning the banners in pinwheels so swift that the colors blur. Fluid and symmetrical, their performance has the hypnotic quality of a ritual dance, and it culminates in a superb salute.

A banner is awarded to the most brilliant executant, and this honor is so highly prized that certain contrade support their *alfieri*, to ensure a year-long dedication to the art. This point of view, like the Palio festival itself, is typical of Siena, a city which prides itself on being more Italian, even to the purity of its accent, than any other. The wild enthusiasm surrounding the Palio is vented to the fullest by the crowd. Each contrada, passing the stands, is greeted by violent cheers or the most venomous booing. Those unfortunates who have not won a Palio for thirty years or so are received with scornful fury. The parade takes about four hours; but, by eight o'clock, with the horses champing at the starting gate (two hemp lines) the excitement is unabated. The *fantini*, bareback on their sweating farm-horses, wear the archaic harlequin silks of their own contrade, and each carries a *nerbo*, a whip made of a dried tendon. It is used equally to encourage one's mount and intimidate one's opponent. All the *fantini*, consequently, wear steel helmets.

A cannon shot starts them off in a thundering scramble, for three laps



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of the track, bounded by two-story stands and enclosing an oval packed with screaming partisans. In that crazy charge, a fall would be fatal, so the fantini, aside from nerbo-failing, devote themselves to sticking to their slippery mounts. As they come thudding and floundering into the stretch, an insane roar rises from the crowd. Even the smallest *bambini*, high on their fathers' shoulders, shake their fists and howl imprecations.

The fact that the race was fixed has nothing to do with it. What you can't bet on you can still shout about — all night long, if you like. The Palio festival comes to its climax in a mighty banquet, with public tables set out by the women of the winning contrada. The streets reek with wine, garlic, and smoking olive oil, while the torches flare down on a sea of yelling, reeling celebrants. Most Italian of all festivals, the Palio is still a spontaneous party, after 700 years.

The fortunate visitor may be witness to some pleasing disaster. The Palio of July, 1952, for instance, will go down in fame. On that splendid night, the fire department joined the



party, being forced to run up the soaring Mangia tower, whose illuminated battlements hung like a fire-balloon over all Siena. It was almost too much of a good thing: the torches were about to burn down the bell.

NIMROD

by AMY M. REHMUS

I SHALL buy me a gun
And then go out stalking,
For people who phone and ask,
"Who is this talking?"

And then with some practice
I'll grow a bit bolder,
And hunt for the folks who read
Over my shoulder.



THE THIEF OF ASSWAN

by ALLEN JACKSON

Atlantic readers will remember ALLEN JACKSON as the University of Michigan football player whose extraordinary article "Too Much Football," appeared in our October, 1951, issue.

THE city of Asswan, near the first cataract of the Nile, is about eight hundred miles south of the Mediterranean Sea. In the summertime it is very hot in Asswan; the valley of the Nile at this point is narrow and the desert comes down close to the water. In the afternoon it is quiet in the town, and conversation in the cafés makes a meandering buzzing sound like sedentary flies on a veranda.

One afternoon I was sitting in a café sipping tea with an Egyptian named Azziz whom I had met on the train coming into Asswan two days before. Mr. Azziz was an official in a government office and he had taken it upon himself to make sure that I saw everything there was to see in Asswan. His zeal, however, was greater than his material; we had already gone to the dam two miles upstream, we had seen the unfinished obelisk of Queen Hatshepsut, and that morning we had climbed up the high bluffs on the other side of the river to see the tombs. Now Mr. Azziz was fretting.

"Perhaps you find our town a dull place, eh?" said Mr. Azziz. "A fine dam, yes. And some monuments and the cataract. But in order to see these things one requires less than two days, and then we are sitting in this café. But I wish you could know it as I know it. Asswan is my home."

"Didn't you say you were born in a mud village?" I said.

"Oh yes. Near here. But Asswan is really my home."

"Why don't we take a ride out to your village?"

"Oh, but what interest is that? Mud houses, that's all. One store, one café. It is very dull."

"They've got a café? All right, let's go there just to change cafés."

When we arrived Mr. Azziz showed me around the village, pointed out the house in which he was born, observed a number of times that the village was a dull place, and then, after asking me if I still wanted to sit in the village café, led me to it.

The café was made entirely of mud. A few idlers sat on the "terrace," a small area adjoining the café which was enclosed by light walls made of cornstalks and roofed over with reed matting. There were no chairs, but it was a cozy place and I stooped through the entrance and sat down on one of the mats which covered the dirt floor. The proprietor, a big burly man with a long scar on one cheek and a bright flashing smile, leaped to his feet as I entered, and dashed around into the mud part of the café.

"He goes to bring chairs for us," said Mr. Azziz. "It is all right for you to sit on the floor, but I must wait for the chair. He will bring two chairs. He is a good man and it will make him happy if you should sit on the chair."

The proprietor came back after a few seconds, all smiles, with the two chairs. Mr. Azziz and I sat on them, and the proprietor and the other idlers sat around us on the mats.

"Buon giorno," said the proprietor to me in a deep bass voice. "*Lei parla italiano?*"

"No," I said, somewhat taken aback at hearing the Italian, "sorry."

"He speaks some Italian and some Greek and some of the language of Yugoslavia," said Mr. Azziz. "He learned these languages when he was a thief. He used to be a great thief in Alexandria."

I asked Mr. Azziz how the man had come to be a thief and how he had learned the languages. Mr. Azziz spoke to him. The man was eager to talk and Mr. Azziz translated for me.

"He was born here in Asswan, but there was no work when he was a young man, so he went to Cairo. He is very energetic. He says he had enough food in Asswan, but he wanted to make an interesting life, and there was nothing to interest him in Asswan. He has a good head, I think. I think he left Asswan because he has a good head, but he had no education, and he did not know what to do. He

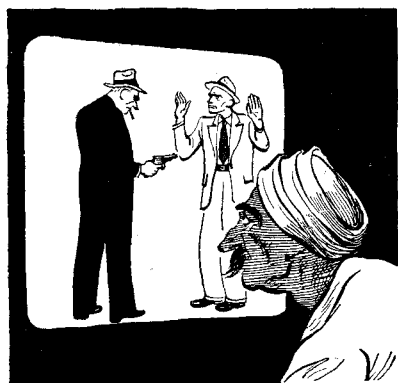
says he stayed in Cairo for some time and then he went to Alexandria because he wanted to look at the sea.

"He had never seen a sea, and it was a great miracle for him. When he saw the sea for the first time there were high green waves which broke themselves against the rocks; there was a strong wind and the white part of the sea was thrown high into the air; there was a great noise which filled up his mind so that nothing could enter, and he thought that God was speaking to him. He says he came to the sea in the afternoon and he stayed there in one place until late in the night. He could not go away because the noise of the sea stayed in his head, and so he slept there.

"When he woke the next morning the high green waves were gone and the noise was gone and God did not speak to him any longer; but he says he felt peace in his body and he wanted very much to go upon a great boat and to discover that which was on the other side of the sea.

"He had no food and no money and he knew nothing of working on the great boats of the sea. He went to the port and found some work by unloading the great boats. In this work he was paid very little money and he saw only the dark places of the boats and never the green waves. He worked for a year like this and he began to be afraid that all his life should pass in the dark places of the boats. It was then that he became a thief.

"He says he became a thief after he went to the American cinema. He did not know how to be a thief at first but he learned much from the American cinema, especially about putting some things in the road to make the



automobiles stop. After he became a thief he went to the cinema twice each week, just as a student goes to school, and he learned the most from George Raft and John Dillinger and

Billy the Kid. He also likes Popeye and Mickey Mouse, but he did not learn much from them.

"He says he was a thief for a year and he saved all his money to buy a ticket for a voyage upon the sea; but one day, just before he was prepared to buy his ticket, he was arrested by the police. He was in prison for three years, and each day in the prison he dreamed of the green waves of the sea. When he was finished with the prison he had no money again, but his desire for the sea was still very strong. He says he went immediately to a great boat and hid himself in a dark place, and the boat took him away from Egypt.

"He stayed in the dark place for three days without food, and when the boat stopped he jumped into the water at night and swam to the shore. The boat was in Naples. He stayed in Naples for a year. He says at first he was very disappointed with his voyage upon the sea. He wanted to see the green waves and he saw only the dark place of the ship. In Naples it was very difficult for him because he was not able to speak Italian, and he began to be a thief again. He learned to speak Italian. He says he was beginning to have a happy life and he had enough money in order to make a voyage upon the sea. Then he was arrested by the police, and they put him in the bottom of a dark boat and sent him back to Egypt.

"In Egypt he was in the prison again, but he dreamed still about the green waves, and when the prison was finished he went again and hid himself in the dark place of a boat. This boat stopped in Yugoslavia. He says in Yugoslavia it was more difficult than in Naples, and after five months he was arrested by the police, and they sent him back to Egypt. He was very discouraged, but he remembered still the first time he saw the sea and how the white part of the sea went high into the air and how the voice of God came from the sea; and after his prison was finished he went again to hide himself in a boat. This boat went to Greece.

"He says Greece was a happy place for him because he worked with two old men who caught fish with a small boat, and each day he went upon the blue sea. One day the two old men went to fish without him, and there was a storm and the two old men did not come back from the sea. He says this was the most sad day of his life. Then it was very difficult for

him. He was arrested by the police and they sent him back to Egypt.

"He says that altogether he passed fifteen years in the prisons of Egypt because he wanted to discover that which was on the other side of the sea.



Then he came back to Asswan. He says it is peaceful here, but there are no waves in the river Nile and the color of the water is brown. He goes to Asswan each time there is an American cinema about gangsters, but only to amuse himself. He says he should like to go to America very much. The other men here should also like to go to America. They should like to go to America by flying upon an airplane, but he should like to go by making a voyage upon a great boat — the top of a great boat."

A little later Mr. Azziz and I got into our carriage and went back to Asswan.

"He tells us he is no longer a thief," said Mr. Azziz as we rode along, "but that is not entirely the truth. He does not steal things himself, but he makes the plans so that others may steal. The things which are stolen are always small, but the plans which this man makes are ornamental. When something is stolen in Asswan the chief of police always knows if this man has made the plan, because his plans are very ornamental. This man has a good head, and it is something to give exercise to his head when he makes an ornamental plan in order to steal a chicken. Also it makes amusement for the chief of police, and he is happy that this man has come home to Asswan."

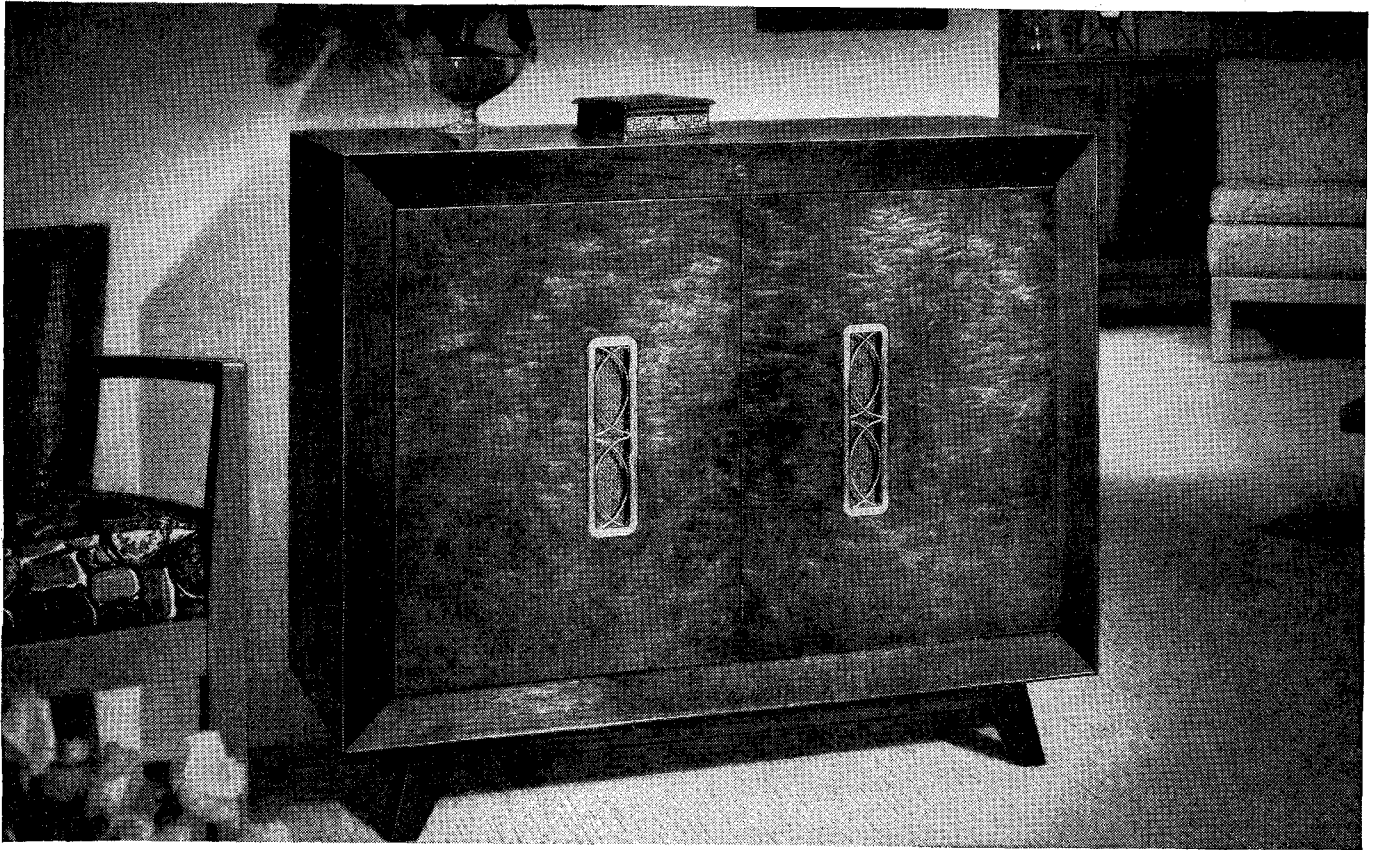
TRAFFIC HAZARD

by P. R. WALTERS

If a grave I'll soon be needing
it's because I drive while reading
BURMA SHAVE

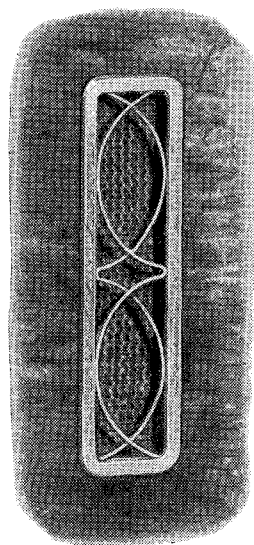
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cert stage right into the American living room."

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FIVE YEARS OF LP

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now on the staff of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

DR. PETER GOLDMARK claims now, in 1953, that he didn't know what he was starting, back in 1948. A hint of a glint deep in his eye as he says this, however, suggests that he may be merely observing the proprieties. It is all very well for a scientist to revolutionize an industry. But he is not supposed to realize what he's doing. It wouldn't be in character.

Dr. Goldmark is a competent cellist, a great-nephew of the composer Carl Goldmark, and vice president in charge of research at the Columbia Broadcasting System, a subsidiary of which is Columbia Records, Inc. He is not a demonstrative man. He is, in fact, a very quiet man. However, he is also fervently devoted to the aim of bringing more and better music to more people. And he is persistent.

Soon after World War II, it appeared to Dr. Goldmark that the time was ripe, technologically, for a great new stride in the advancement of his aim. During the last years of the war, tape recording had achieved real reliability. And vinyl plastics had shown vast and increasing versatility.

Dr. Goldmark thereupon proceeded to demonstrate how versatile the scientific brain can be. First he initiated some top-secret work in CBS laboratories — work involving tape, plastics, and specially fabricated disk-cutting equipment. Then he took off his lab smock, put on his business suit, and went about selling his idea to his commercial compeers in the corporation. The idea, it is probably

needless to explain, concerned some drastic changes in phonograph records.

At this juncture it must be admitted that this is a tale in which none of the dramatis personae show much tendency to obstruct a happy ending. To his mercantile fellow-executives, Dr. Goldmark's plan ought (for the sake of plot) to have seemed weird and outrageous, and they should all have blown their tops forthwith. The early postwar years were very good ones in the record business; indeed, 1947 merited the term fabulous. And, when a product is selling handsomely, it is not customary for its manufacturers suddenly to pronounce it obsolete. This is what Dr. Goldmark had in mind.

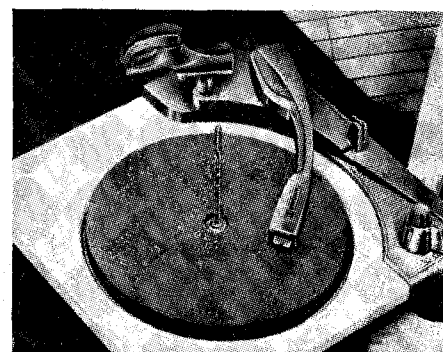
Alas for drama, no tops were blown. Instead, Dr. Goldmark's associates went about demonstrating, in their turn, how flexible business brains can be. Current sales were good, but there were portents of decline. In the background the monstrous specter of television was grimacing. Dr. Goldmark got a quick green light.

And so it was that Columbia Records, in 1948, made all sales curves meaningless by introducing Dr. Goldmark's invention — long-playing microgroove vinylite records, the greatest boon to living-room music listeners in a generation.

This past midsummer, LP passed its fifth birthday, quietly (since business birthdays are seldom celebrated in an off season) but triumphantly. To be sure, there still could be found benighted folk who mentioned microgroove uncertainly as "that new kind of record." And the habit persisted of referring to 78 revolutions per minute, the spin-rate of the old shellac records, as "standard speed," but this was merely testimony to the rapidity of LP's victory. In actuality, "standard speed" disks almost had van-

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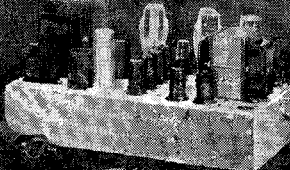
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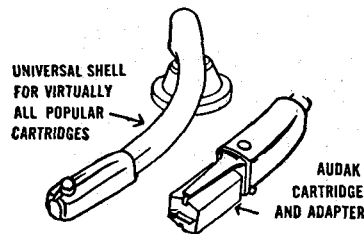

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ished, at least from the ken of serious listeners. Anyone who wanted the best versions of the Brahms Fourth or *La Traviata* had to take microgroove or nothing.

No longer did advertisements mention "all three speeds." Moreover, there had come into existence more than 150 new record companies devoted exclusively to the production of long-playing disks. And, finally, LP had seriously begun its conquest of the rest of the world, and the outcome was not in doubt. This was attested last month by a man who certainly ought to know, Remy Van Wyck Farkas, youthful artist-and-repertory manager of the great British Decca combine, leading international record company. In the downtown, dockside, New York offices of London Records, American branch of the combine, Farkas reported without hesitation: "LP is it, everywhere!" He added, not at all grudgingly, "I suppose the credit has to go to Columbia and Dr. Goldmark."

There was probably only one crucial point at which the future of the long-playing microgroove record was imperiled, and this actually came before its existence was publicly announced. It was when Columbia apprised its huge and formidable rival, RCA Victor, of its plans to go microgroove at once. Exactly what happened next has never been officially revealed. However, it is known that there was a meeting of representatives of both companies. This, together with subsequent, well-publicized developments, makes it relatively easy to deduce what went on.

It seems likely that Columbia offered its rival the only feasible *quid pro quo*: Columbia would delay production until RCA Victor was ready, if in return RCA Victor would use, and pay for, the Columbia process. If this was the bid (and it is hard to think of any other), RCA Victor refused it. Perhaps it underlined its refusal by producing and demonstrating, dramatically, some hand-crafted LP microgrooves of its own. This it was easily capable of doing; Columbia's advantage would have lain solely in having a supply of microgroove master disks already prepared, so it could start pressing at once.

RCA Victor made the only available countermove. It announced the advent of its own variety of microgroove records — the 45 rpm "doughnut" disks — and urged people to wait for them. Thus the famous battle of speeds was joined.

Until Brigadier General David Sarnoff of RCA writes his memoirs, it won't be known whether the little



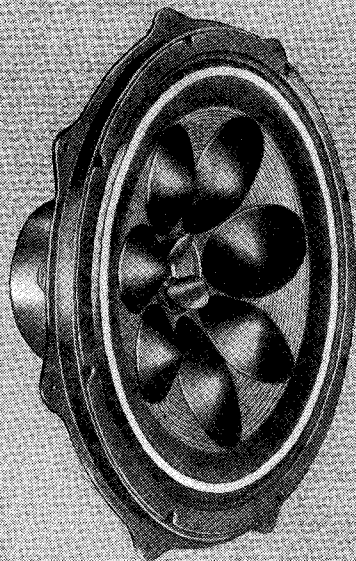
records with the odd speed and the big spindle-hole would ever have come into being without this challenge to RCA Victor, which had long held and highly valued its dominance in the American record market. Anyway, once the huge company was committed it poured vast

sums into the campaign, and marketed large numbers of 45 rpm record-player "attachments." For a while, the future of the 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm LP seemed far from secure.

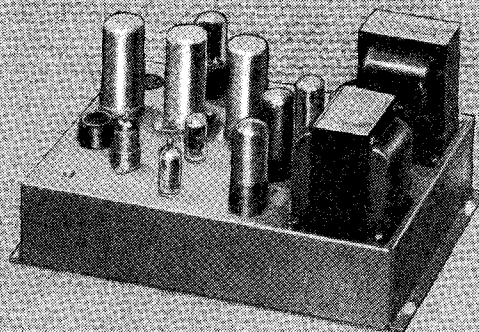
However, LP had certain strong technical roots. For one thing, 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ revolutions per minute was the first disk-speed to be worked out scientifically (apparently 78 rpm was an accident). It had been settled on, much earlier, by a man named Maxfield, who was endeavoring to synchronize sound-disks with films, because it met certain requirements. When it was used on a reasonable-sized transcription-disk, the disk could run as long as a standard movie reel. And, throughout its playing, it could deliver reasonably high sound frequencies, so long as the innermost groove-circle was no shorter than half the length of the outermost.

The movies didn't use disk-borne sound very long, but radio broadcasting promptly adopted it — together with the 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm speed. So all sound-equipment people learned to work with the speed which was to be that of the LP record. In the mid-1930s, as a matter of fact, RCA Victor itself issued a few 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm (non-microgroove) records, including a four-disk Beethoven Ninth in the Stokowski reading.

To the slow speed, Dr. Goldmark added the narrow groove — 1/1000 of an inch, instead of 2.5/1000 — which had been impractical until vinylite was available to replace shellac. This extended the duration of a record side nearly sixfold — at which

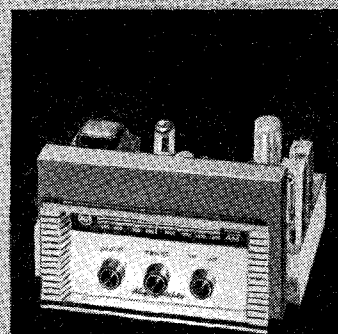
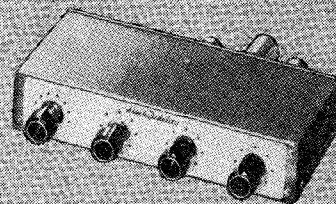


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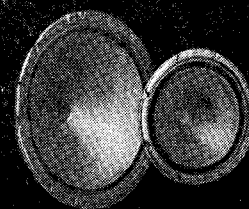
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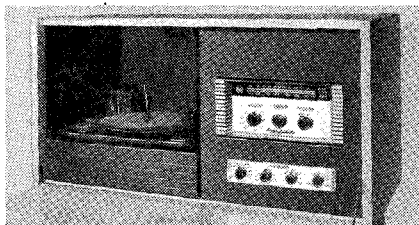
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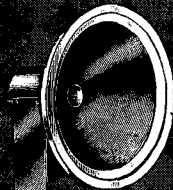
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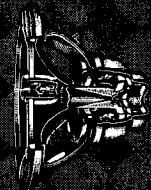
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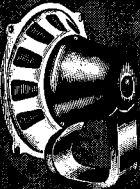
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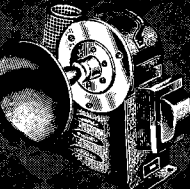
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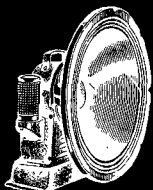
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First 3-way integral speaker



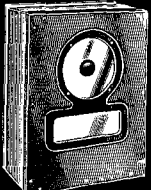
1931 Model PM-1
First PM speaker in USA



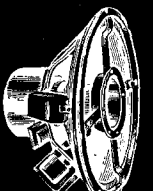
1933 Model Q
First H-F unit "tweeter"



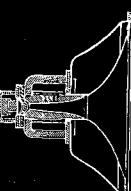
1935 Model L-18
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1937 Model KM-15
First "bass reflex" cabinet



1940 Model JHP-51
First commercially
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1946 Model HNP-51
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compression driver coaxial

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point, happily, it coincided with the duration of many a symphonic movement and opera scene. As a bonus, vinylite offered almost noiseless surfaces.

Remy Farkas thinks the record industry, in transition, should have added two more changes. LPs should have been designed to play from the inside groove out, so that the fastest-moving, highest-fidelity outermost grooves could have accommodated the crescendi with which most classical works end. And there should have been imposed a time limit, obviating the temptation to cram too many grooves on a record side. This always entails, says Farkas, a lowering of volume level, since the cutting stylus has to be curbed in its swings to save space. Dr. Goldmark, of course, considered the inside-out proposition early in the game, but it was thought wisest to stay with the outside-in tradition, partly to keep makers of multispeed record-changers from hopeless madness.

The more serious of the two problems, as a matter of fact, has been largely solved, through the ingenuity of Columbia Records' research director, William Bachman.

Early LPs *did* lose some of their fidelity as the stylus moved toward the inner, slow-moving grooves. The more abrupt the tiny curves the recording jewel had to inscribe, the rougher the job it did. Staff technicians spent hours sorting 1/1000-inch jewel points, trying to select those with the best edges for this tricky task. Bachman got tired watching them crouched over their microscopes, so he contrived a tiny coil, electrically heated, which could be fitted around a cutting stylus. The heat solved the problem. It softened the lacquer of the master disks just enough to let the styli cut smoothly. Now nearly all LP manufacturers use the "hot stylus" technique in their recording. And there is little loss of high frequencies or of smoothness in reproduction, as the playback arm of the home phonograph tracks nearer and nearer the center label.

The other problem — how to get a maximum of playing time on a record side without sacrificing dynamics — also has been cleverly attacked, notably at Columbia and at Mercury. The latter's technique is called "margin control," and involves lifting the cutting head slightly during soft passages, thus narrowing the grooves.

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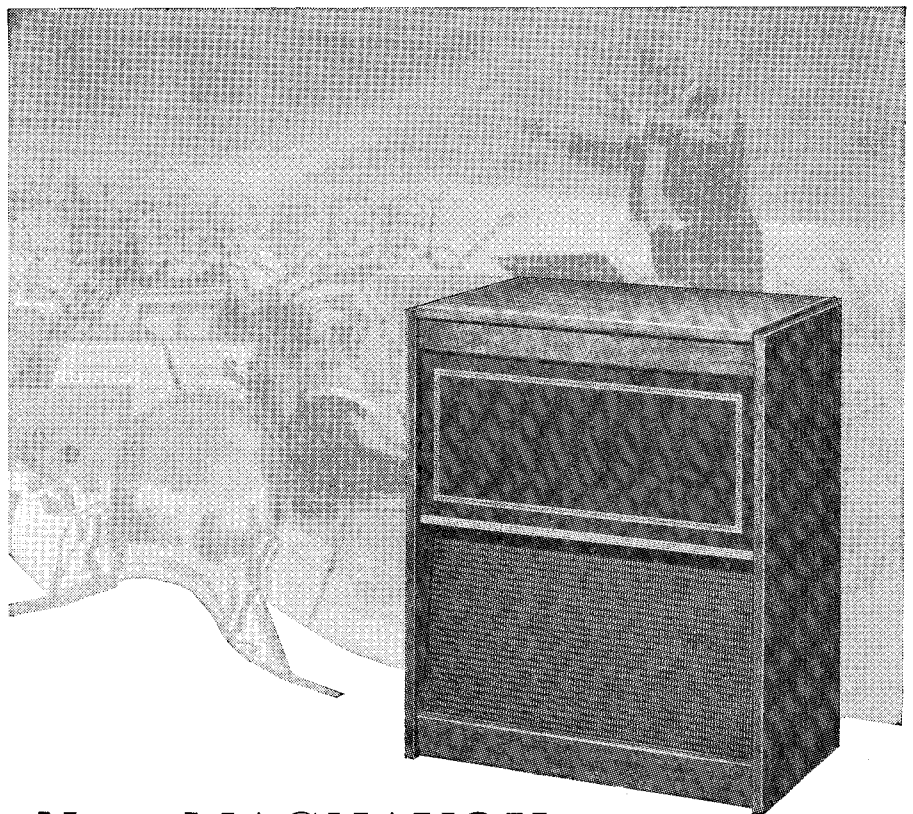
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In the Columbia system, dubbed "variable pitch," the between-groove space is simply broadened a little when a loud passage is coming up, so that the cutting stylus will have room to swing wide, and narrowed again when the volume is to decrease. In both cases, an automatic device "reads" the tape from which the disk recording is being copied, getting notice of approaching fortissimi in time to govern the behavior of the cutting stylus. In its first use of "variable pitch," Columbia managed to fit Beethoven's Second and Fourth Symphonies on one 12-inch LP. The pair ran well over an hour, but Bruno Walter's trumpets and drums emerged with robust volume. Nearly all manufacturers use kindred processes now.

The various technical and musical assets of LP probably would have made it the standard medium of classical music anyway, but actually the war of the speeds helped. Both Columbia and RCA Victor tried vigorously to convert the whole industry to their respective techniques. Both made their processes widely available; both went into the business of printing microgrooves for other companies. And it was this—together with the availability of tape recording—that seeded the crop of small LP companies which have so wonderfully enriched the recorded repertory.

It became a safe and simple matter for a small entrepreneur to go to Europe, packing his tape machine, and bring back recordings of such out-of-the-way works as, say, Stamitz's Quartet in A or Milhaud's *La Muse Ménagère*—so long as he knew he could get them competently cut and printed as disks by Columbia or RCA upon his return. And it is a fact that the big companies give such customers the same service their own recording directors get. At Columbia, for instance, Bachman okays no test disk until it has been played in synchronization with the tape from which it was made, the two being listened to alternately through the same loudspeaker for comparison.

It would surprise people to discover how little difference there need be between the tape and the disk copy—although some records are "tempered" a little, their dynamics dampened, in cognizance of the frailties of customers' playback arms and pickups. Other records are not. Westminster, probably the most suc-



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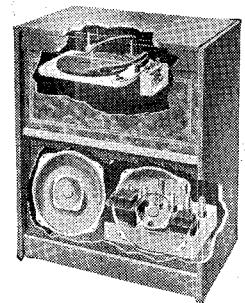
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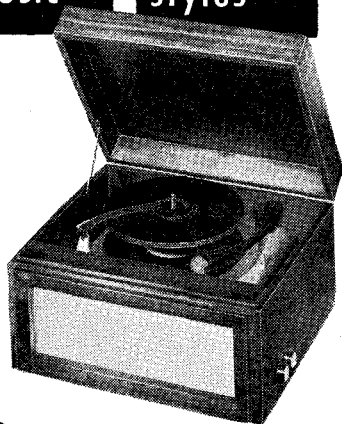
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cessful of the new "small" companies nurtured by LP, makes a feature of untrammelled dynamics. Mercury puts out a special series — the "Olympians" — pointedly calling attention to its volume range.

At London, whose "ffrr" trademark (full frequency range recording) was famous in high-fidelity circles even before LP began, full-dynamics records are issued as part of a campaign. "We've been consciously trying, all along," Remy Farkas explains, "to force up the quality of customers' record-playing equipment. Where we succeed, it makes people's records more important to them. And then they buy more records." The onerous part of this campaign, Farkas admits, is the recurrent shower of complaints that one full-dynamics London record or another is making a customer's pickup "skip grooves." When he has time, Farkas invites such customers to come in and play the offending records on the superb high-fidelity equipment in London's own listening room.

There, of course, the pickup doesn't skip, the records are absolved, and the customer gets a rapid-fire Farkas lecture on the joys of precision turntables and true-tracking tone-arms. "The hi-fi boys owe me a lot of commissions," Farkas says. "Not that I approve of them, either, you understand — sound-cultists who want to improve on nature. The policy of this company is that no London record is as good as the actual performance."

Dr. Goldmark concurs very strongly there. "We must stay as close to the sound of the original as we can. It is the only safe norm. If we abandon that, we are really at sea." Indeed, it is likely that nearly all record makers would cleave (verbally) to this ideal. What makes them suspect each other of betraying it is the wild variety, among them, of what is called "mike philosophy." Westminster and Capitol, for instance, tend to microphone the sound of a string quartet rather close to. London's or Concert Hall Society's microphone is likelier to work at a distance, leaving "air" around the performers. The latter technique, in the phonographic outcome, equates the listener's living room with the fifteenth row in a

concert hall. The former comes closer to making the listener's loud-speaker sound as if it *were* the string quartet. Either, it may be pointed out, can be spectacularly good — or bad.

Part of the effect, of course, depends on the loud-speaker and listening room of the listener. More of it depends on the ear and judgment of the man or men who direct the recording in the first place. The exact sound of modern recording is merciless to mistakes. And customers are increasingly critical as the enormous flow of LP output continues. Why accept a tasteless recording of Haydn's Symphony No. 88? After all, there are nine(!) other versions in print now and there'll probably be a couple more in a month or so.

It is difficult to find an exact count of how many major works have appeared on LP since Dr. Goldmark launched the phenomenon, but it might well run over 10,000. In the fifth LP year, nearly 3000 new titles appeared.

Here is an industry problem which almost no one wants to talk about — repertory. Where are the record companies, particularly some of the small ones, to find marketable new music to put on disks? In 1947, the last shellac year, American record catalogues carried 13 Haydn symphonies. On LP, now, there are 64. Haydn wrote only 104. In 1947, 7 works of Bartók were available on disks. Now 42 are — how much Bartók is left? Faced with something like the Beethoven situation, even big companies betray misgivings.

"I've never worried about repeating a work," says Goddard Lieberman, Columbia's executive vice president, "on the premise that you couldn't forbid an actor to try Hamlet simply because Bar-

rymore had already played him. But another Beethoven Ninth? When there are nine in the catalogues now, four of them ours? I'd hesitate.

"Matter of fact," he added, "the next time I decline to record something by one of our modern American composers, on the grounds that it's been recorded already, I know what he'll say. He'll say, 'But only *once!*'" Lieberman has pioneered, of course, at one possible way out of the repertory dilemma — publishing enough new



music, largely by living composers, to educate some of the public into liking it. "Either we're getting foolhardy," he says, "or we are beginning to sense acceptance."

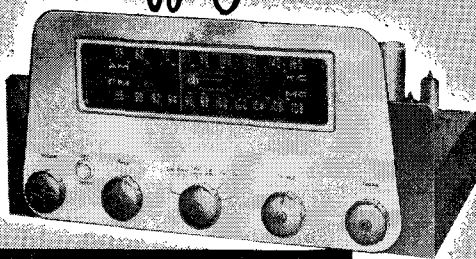
RCA Victor, followed by other companies, has opened up another territory, perforce neglected by LP — that of the classic or "semi" classic too short in length to be good LP fare. Such works, in 78 rpm days, sold very well as 12-inch singles. The RCA Victor device is the EP, or Extended Play 45 rpm, perhaps the ideal vehicle for such things as the full Boston Pops treatment of the *Emperor Waltz*. (The short-play 45 is by way of dislodging the 10-inch 78 from the popular music field. RCA Victor unostentatiously began making LPs as soon as the initial speed war had cooled down.)

Remy Farkas claims that London has no repertory problem at all — yet — because it bases its business on the world market. It makes perfect sense to turn out two Brahms D Minor Piano Concertos within a year, if one of the pianists is a sure seller in America and Britain and the other one can't fail on the Continent. It keeps people healthily aware that there is always something new to be found in Brahms. And there are two sets of profits instead of one, and they come home to the same place. London, or rather British Decca, counts on America for a little less than half the returns from the average LP. Probably the non-American percentage will go up as LP spreads throughout the eastern hemisphere. To keep its system operating profitably, London must keep an enormous number of artists under contract (it's liberal about letting them record for other companies, however, so long as they avoid their specialties), hold recording sessions almost incessantly, and turn out records at a spectacular rate. All of these, it does.

One of the more ingenious small-company operators recently solved his repertory problem very cannily indeed. This was Dario Soria, who describes himself as the bad boy of old Italian banking family. He defected to America, to become a very good promotion man, mostly in radio work (Edgar Bergen, among others, benefited from his talent). At the end of the war, Soria sensed among Americans a yen for Italian opera. He signed up Cetra, a small Italian record company, to make complete opera tapes; Soria marketed them here,

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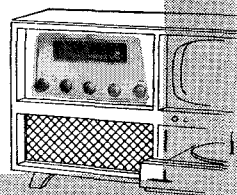
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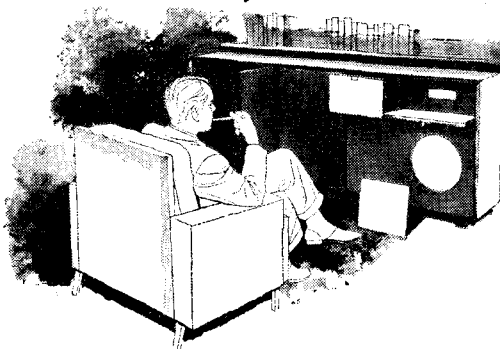
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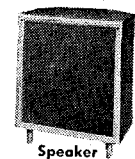
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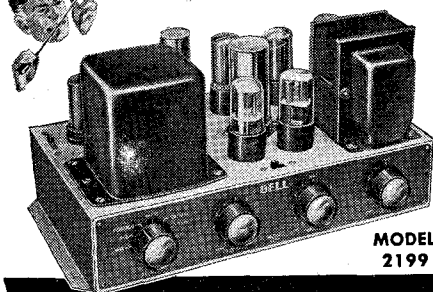
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As for Dr. Goldmark, he doesn't think LP's problem is finding new repertory. It is finding new people to buy records; the people who, now, don't even know what they're missing.

Record Reviews

Bantock: *Fifine at the Fair* (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; HMV-RCA Victor: 12" LP). Granville Bantock (1868–1946) was a cheerful Englishman and not a glum German; otherwise he would put one in mind of Mahler — there is the same mastery of the big orchestral song, the same fascination with oriental sound-effects. Browning's *Fifine* subject was perfect for his purposes. Beecham plays with fond vigor, and reproduction is rich.

Beethoven: *Concerto No. 1 in C Major* (Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). This eighteenth-century Beethoven is Badura-Skoda's best, and Scherchen supports him sturdily. The engineers let them both down; the sound is a little shrill, below Westminster's usual standard.

Beethoven: *Quartet No. 14, Op. 131* (Paganini Quartet; RCA Victor: 12" LP). A fine, full-bodied recording of the greatest of all works for string quartet. The performance is sensitive and forthright — but, alas, nothing like the interpretive miracle the Budapest Quartet wrought for Columbia.

Beethoven: *String Trios, Op. 9* (Jean Pougnet, violin; Frederick Riddle, viola; Anthony Pini, cello; Westminster: 12" LP). A vital, intimate recording of some vital, intimate music, from Beethoven's early years as a muscular young melodist. Lots of lift.

Britten: *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge*, with Warlock: **Capriol Suite** (Boyd Neel conducting Boyd Neel String Orchestra; London: 12" LP). Early, self-consciously

modern Britten, oddly mated with Warlock's fine, unaffected folk-melody arrangements. But both are eloquent, and the Boyd Neel band, in excellent frrr reproduction, is a real joy.

Chopin: *Mazurkas* (Guiomar Novaes, piano; Vox: 12" LP). Sweetly, sanely paced vivacity, endearing sincerity, and flawless dexterity from Brazil's gift to the piano.

Early English Keyboard Music (Geraint Jones, organ; Thurston Dart, harpsichord; Elizabeth Goble, virginals; London: two 12" LPs in album). Coronation year has brought a demand for things British, and nothing could be more British than this music of Byrd, Bull, Farnaby, and Gibbons. Elegant, authentic, intelligible, and, even when merry, grandly evocative of a great musical heritage.

Haydn: *St. Anthony Divertimento; Divertimento in G* (London Baroque Ensemble; Decca: 10"



LP). In a low-priced "4000-series" album, Decca has produced two sparkling "firsts," one of them containing the theme Brahms used in his famous variations. The recording is a trifle rough, but acceptable.

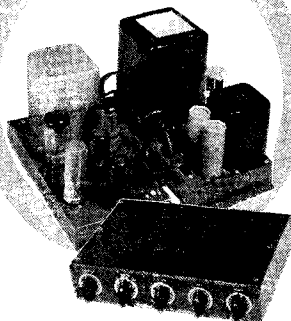
Haydn: *Symphonies No. 44, "Trauer," and No. 49, "La Passione"* (Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). The lovely, plaintive slow movement of the "Trauer" has even more "moonlight" than Beethoven's famous sonata. The "Passione" (which ought to be numbered 35) majors in drama instead. Both are big, mature works, and played as such by Dr. Scherchen in suitably vivid recordings.

Lalo: *Symphonie Espagnole* (Campoli, violin; Eduard Van Beinum conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra; London: 12" LP). Here is a true gem. For once this unpretentiously clever, gay music has received the attention it deserves; it rewards with relaxed delight. The recording is superb.

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ACCENT ON LIVING

Mozart: Symphonies No. 39 and No. 40 (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). Someone at Columbia is aware that certain recorded performances, regardless of age and subsequent competition, remain unique and treasurable. This Beecham-Mozart pairing is but one of eight (initial) issues in a new Special Collectors' Series. Others present Weingartner conducting two Handel concerti grossi and his own orchestration of Beethoven's *Hammerklavier* Sonata; Szigeti, Béla Bartók, and Benny Goodman playing Bartók's *Contrasts*; Emanuel Feuermann playing the Haydn Cello Concerto; Szigeti playing the Bloch Concerto. The re-recorded sound ranges from good to passable. The engineers should not have been so frightened of 78 rpm surface noise. Collectors aren't!

Ravel: L'Heure Espagnole (René Leibowitz conducting soloists and symphony orchestra of Radiodiffusion Française; Vox: 12" LP). This one-act opera about an elderly clock-maker, his cuddly young wife, and her "callers" has nearly the piquancy of Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*. Clocks—ticking, chiming, cuckooing—play a large part in the plot. It is witty and fascinating, and the recording is extraordinary—but why no libretto?

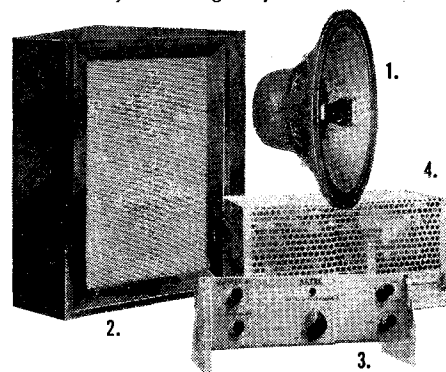
Shostakovich: Symphony No. 1 (Kiril Kondrashin conducting USSR State Orchestra; Vanguard: 12" LP). Only the good, but elderly, Columbia-Rodzenski competes with this, which is musically less firm and clear, but sonically superior—perhaps the best Russian-tape record yet to appear.

Strauss, Richard: Aus Italien (Arthur Rother conducting Radio Berlin Symphony Orchestra; Urania: 12" LP). The last theme to crop up in this youthful (1886) Strauss fantasy is "Funiculi, Funicula!" It is charming, if not very Straussian, and played with appropriate feeling.

Vaughan Williams: A Pastoral Symphony (Margaret Ritchie, soprano; Sir Adrian Boult conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra; London: 12" LP). To the Englishman, imprisoned by destiny on a small metropolitan island, the countryside is heaven; it is peace, and this sounds in every note of Vaughan Williams's 1922 symphony. Here is no drama, little playfulness, just serenity and beauty. The English love it. So will some Americans. The recording is clarity itself.



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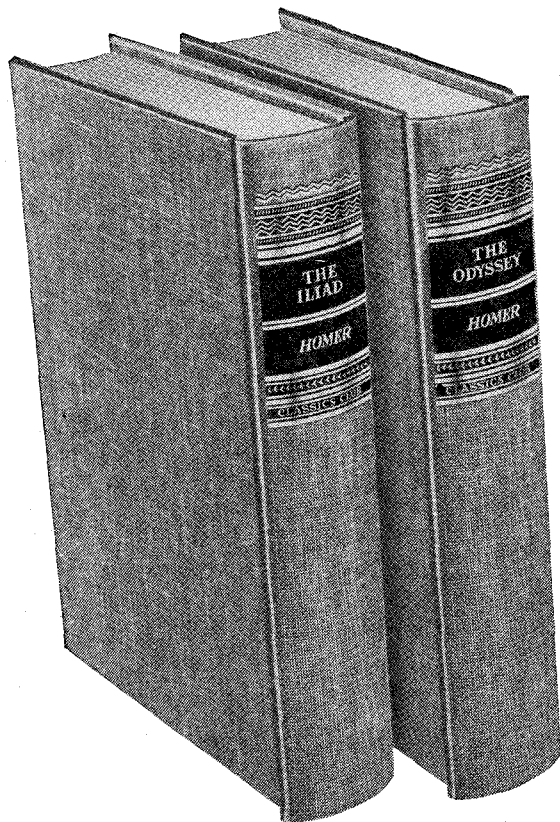
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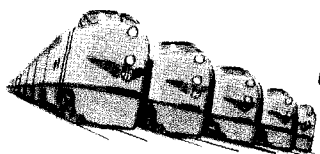
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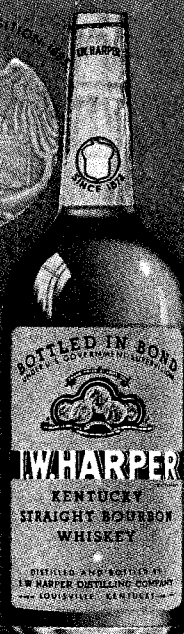
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